AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
AUGUST 1980 $2.00*
ABIGAIL
Naked salute of a sultry siren
THE AMAZING DUSTBIN SURVEY ...all the garbage from Neville Wran, Rupert Hamer, Archbishop Loane, Gough Whitlam, Sir Peter Abeles and other famous Australians
Dudley Moore's guide to the perfect "10" PLUS girls of Hawaii

Come to where the flavour is.

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Now the world's
No.1 selling cigarette.

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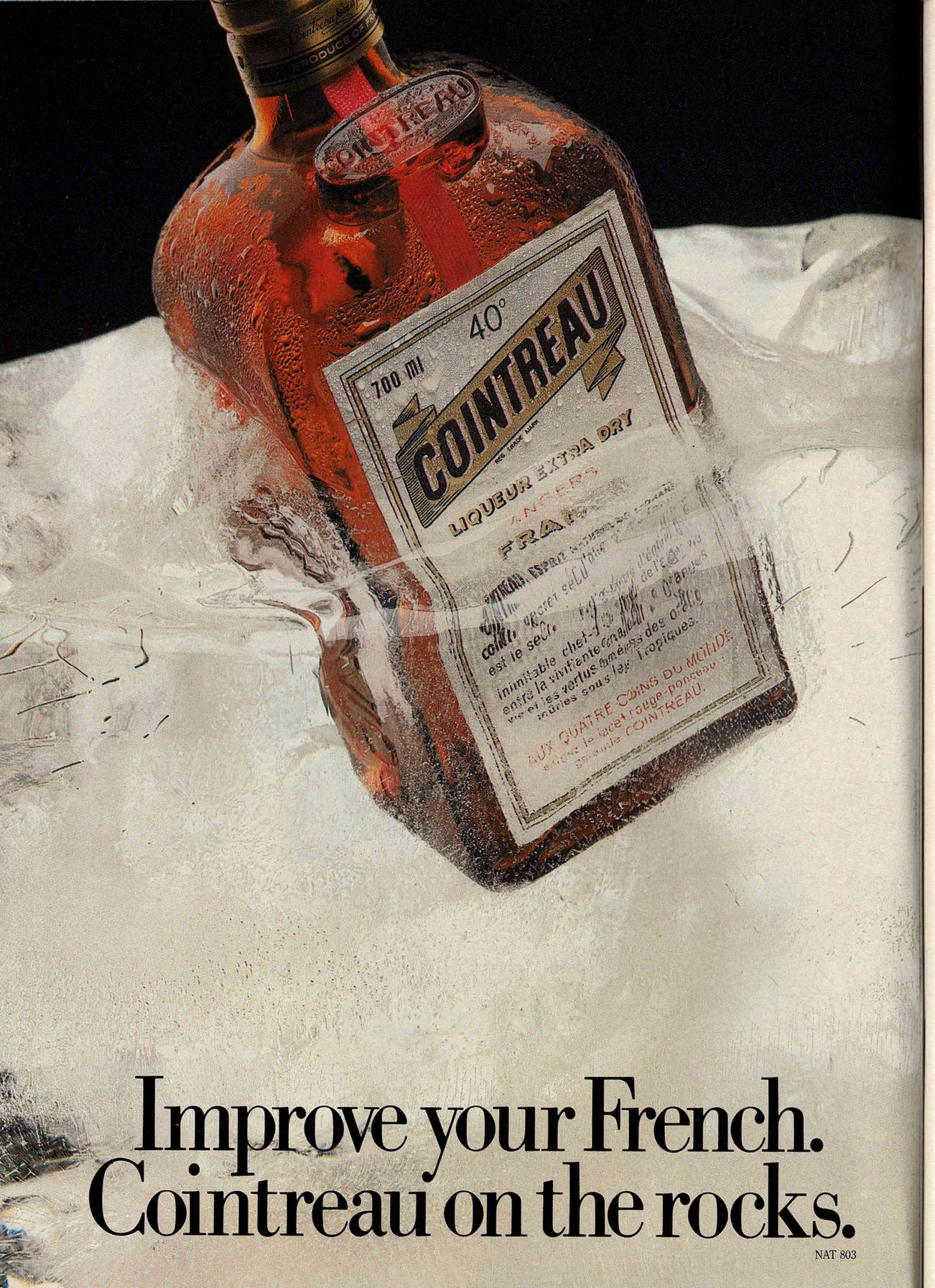


Improve your French.
Cointreau on the rocks.

NAT 803

PLAYBILL

Abigail! The name conjures up the vision of Australia's greatest sex symbol, the star of *Number 96,* the girl who caused so much speculation, who provoked so much admiration and interest, who had the men of Australia leaning towards their TV sets for years. Now Abigail is back from Europe where she pursued a healthy film career. We tried for months to persuade her to star in a PLAYBOY pictorial and eventually, just as we were ruefully giving up, Abigail agreed. So now you have it, the first nude pictorial of Abigail, sex symbol of the '70s, siren of the '80s. PLAYBOY photographer **Colin Stead** took the pictures.

In fact, Stead played a busy role in this edition. He also photographed sultry Susie Stark, *Playmate of the Month.*

Garbology. PLAYBOY's **Tony Maguire** has produced a feature that will provoke as much talk — and mirth — as anything we have published. Planting his tongue firmly in his cheek, Maguire set out to be an investigative reporter, except, in his case, he went delving in dustbins, the dustbins of great and famous Australians. He examined the contents of bins owned by the Chief Justice Sir Garfield Barwick, former Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, the Premiers of New South Wales and Victoria, Wran and Hamer. He took inventory of the contents and bins owned by business brahmin Peter Abeles, actors Paul Cronin and Noel Ferrier, and jockey Harry White.

There is lots more humor, too. **Dudley Moore** gives us his guide to the perfect 10, a sexy and funny pictorial laying down 10 ways to find the ideal body.

And this month Australian PLAYBOY provides two important profiles. Biographer **David Marr** has examined the career of Sir Garfield Barwick; the last judicial autocrat. One of Australia's finest illustrators, **John Spooner**, wrought the fine etching of the Chief Justice. (Like Marr, Spooner himself is a lawyer.) The other profile is a zany observation by **Stephen Maclean** of Australia's superstar Peter Allen.

Vincent Price, an actor who has terrified millions of people during his long career as a star of the horror genre, this time does something different. Price gives a sensitive account of what it's like to live the character of Oscar Wilde, the man he is now presenting to audiences around the world in a wonderfully successful one-man show. The superb illustration is by **Ron Laskie.**

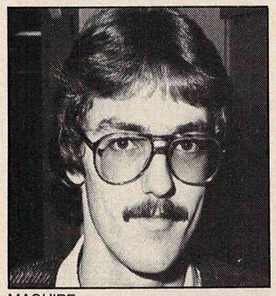
PLAYBOY staffer **Neil Jameson** took off recently to accompany Ian McKay on an outback cattle muster. Jameson's report is an adventurous story with a poignant theme — what will happen to these men of the outback now in the throes of a dreadful drought?

A newcomer to PLAYBOY, author **Geoff Pike,** gives a personal account of the Power of Ch'i. Ch'i is an ancient set of Asian breathing exercises designed to bring health to all parts of the human body. In Pike's case these exercises helped him overcome a terrifying battle against cancer.

Zing Go the Strings of My Vas Deferens. What? It's okay, simply writer **Richard Beckett** reflecting hilariously on vasectomy. The unkind graphic is by **Michael Farrell.**

The interview this month is everybody's TV favorite, Bert Newton. Newton, perhaps the most successful and popular television personality in Australia, speaks candidly about his career, life style, what goes on in those TV studios, and how he has fought to maintain a link with his humble origins.

Finally, if you wish to feel a subtle chill of terror, read **Paul Mann's** short story The Procurer: the scary tale of an Australian girl who becomes too involved with the mysticism of the ancient pyramids. August PLAYBOY is a feast of reading and viewing. Jump right in.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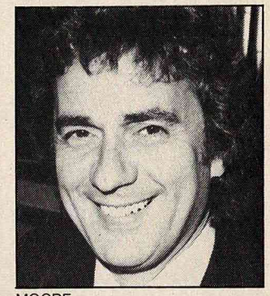
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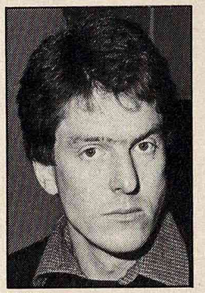
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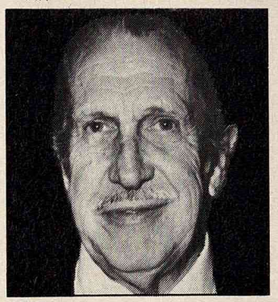
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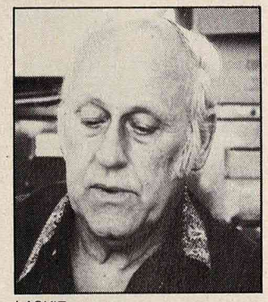
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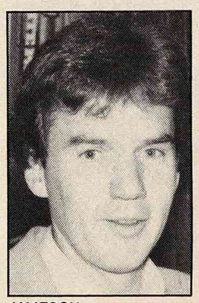
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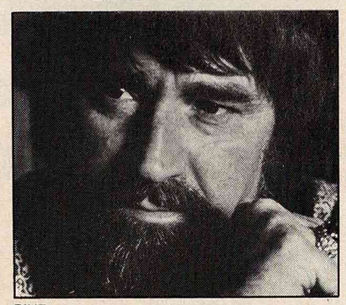
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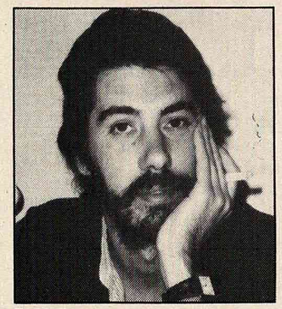
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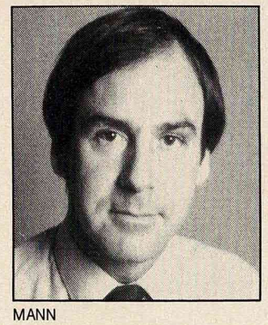
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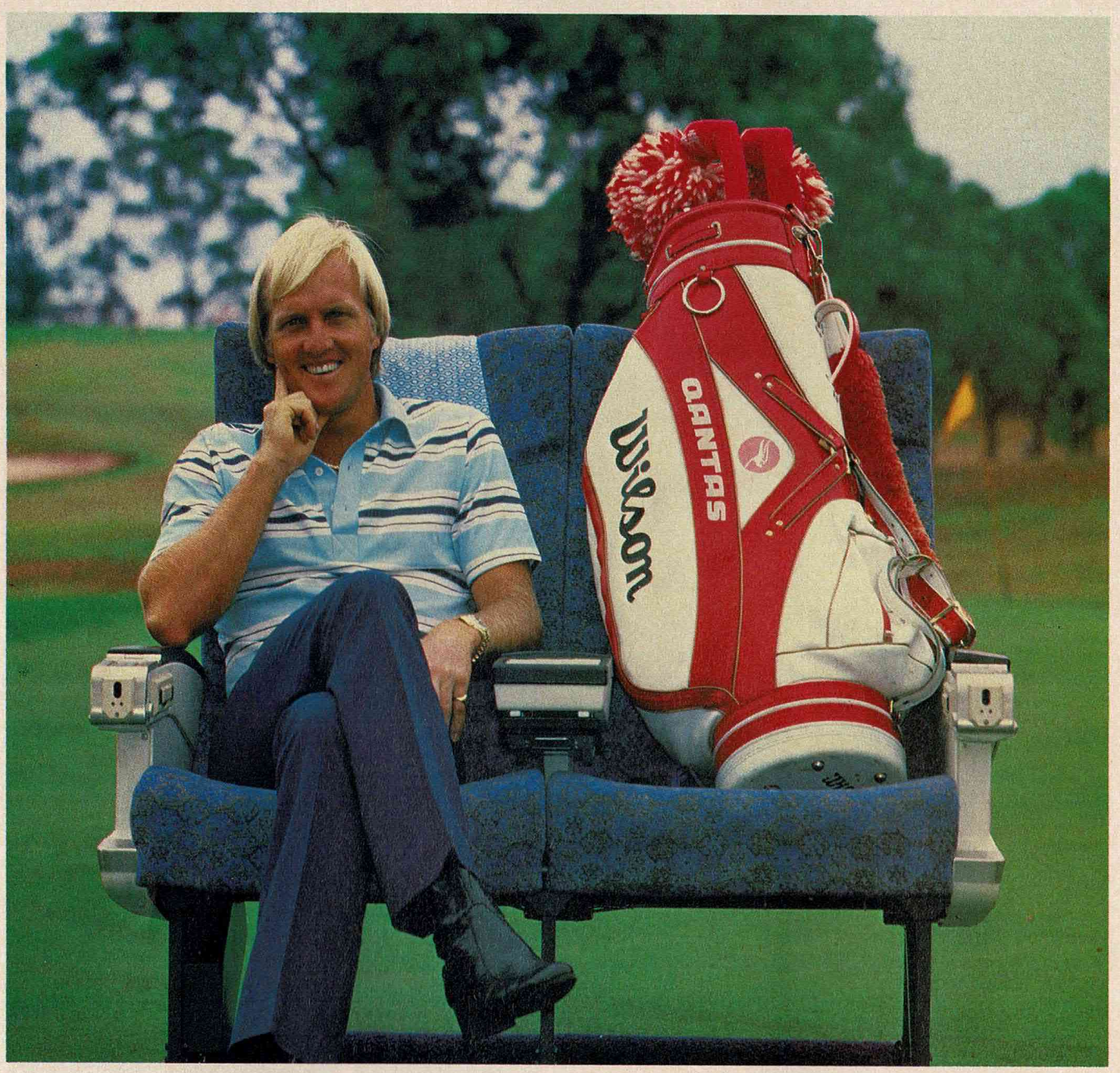

Greg Norman, top golfer and Qantas owner finds Business Class suits him to a tee.

Greg Norman is one of the 14 million or so Australians who own Qantas. His business is the tough world of professional golf.

Greg appreciates the extra comforts of Business Class. The exclusive cabin, the lounge chairs that some airlines would call first class, the superior menu and free drinks.

Certainly it costs a bit more, but then when you're on business you owe it to yourself.

See your travel agent or Qantas.

QANTAS
Stretch your wings Australia.

QFD 1275

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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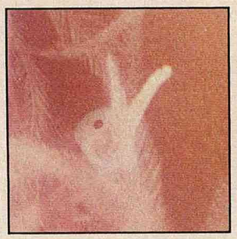

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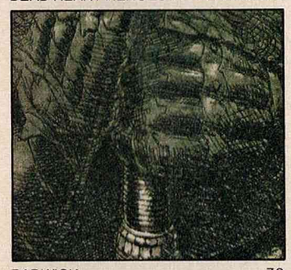

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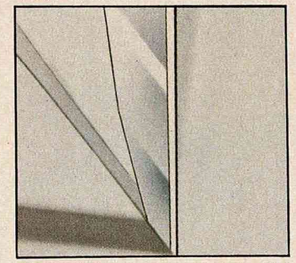

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

FLYNN FAN

Charles Higham's attempt to shoot down Errol Flynn (Was Errol Flynn a Nazi Spy, PLAYBOY, June) was rather pathetic, I thought. The evidence presented in the article is circumstantial, to say the least. It's my bet that Flynn couldn't have given a damn for politics of any kind — he was just out to live life to the fullest and if that meant crossing paths with Nazis and other strange (bed?) fellows, what the hell.

At least Flynn didn't suffer from what most people still seem afflicted by — the desire to be respectable.

G. Nairn
Townsville, Qld.

OVERCOME

Thank you for the Bob Hawke interview (PLAYBOY, May). He is truly the most interesting man in Australian politics. Debbie Cole (the May centrefold) is beautiful and those eyes of hers just grab you. But something which grabbed me even more were those beautiful boobs belonging to the lady on page 73 (Sex and Censorship in Australian Cinema). Any chance of a spread on her?

B. M. Brandt
Gladstone, Queensland

We can't promise anything, Mr Brandt, but we have to agree they're certainly hard to overlook.

ZY HIGH

Your June centrefold is the best yet. Zy Laurent shows such beauty and class that I would give anything to see more pictorials on her.

Gary Watson
Traralgon, Victoria

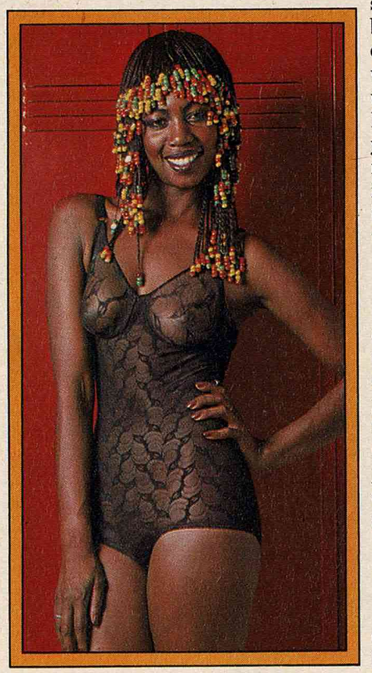
WORST INSULT

Three months ago I walked into my newsagent and, for curiosity's sake, bought a PLAYBOY without even looking at the features. I have been paid back threefold for my curiosity.

You have the best Australian magazine with the most informative articles, not to mention the hot and stunning women you have featured recently.

And now to reply to Kim Scofield and her astute remarks about the so-called effeminate phase Australian males are said to be going through.

All I have to say is it is pure bullshit. How is it that this magazine — a "girlie" magazine — is probably the most popular in Australia. Where I come from in "backward" Queensland, it is still an insult of the worst kind to be called a poof.



And, anyway, how is it that you, Kim — a girl, I presume — happens to be reading PLAYBOY? If that sounds like an insinuation, well it is the same sort of insinuation you're bringing against the men of Australia. And to me such accusations or insinuations stink.

Pete
Chinchilla, Queensland

SWEET SHOCK

I am an avid fan of your publication and would not miss a copy for the world. When I bought your June issue you just cannot imagine the wonderful shock I received when I reached *On the Scene.*

Right before my eyes was the most gorgeous bottom that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. What a turn-on it was to see that beautiful bare bum under a shower of coffee beans. I have been dying to find out to whom that beautiful work of art belongs. How about showing your readers a bit more of the beautiful bum and everything else that goes with it?

G.P.
Victoria

Our mystery dark lady has agreed to reveal more of her wonderful form for you, G.P. We understand coffee sales have shot up since people started subconsciously associating the beverage with her body.

LONG WAIT

Ever since I became aware of the beauty of the female form I have enjoyed thoroughly your magazine. Your articles, pictorials and stories are immaculate. I have only one complaint: I enjoy your magazine so much that I read it all within a week and have to wait another three for the next edition. May I suggest you either release two copies a month or make your magazine thicker.

B. Cairnduff,
Coogee, NSW

WONDROUS WEST

I would like to congratulate you on a truly top magazine with a great layout, great articles and the most gorgeous girls I have ever had the fortune to feast my eyes on. But there is one request that I must make — some more photos of Karen Pini. I'm sure your readers would appreciate a re-visit by such a beauty.

Joe Plaza
Warrawong, NSW

Much as we'd like to oblige, Mr Plaza, those girls from the golden West are coming into our viewfinders so thick and fast we don't have time to turn around for a retrospective.

SEX SURVEY

I am a regular reader of your magazine and enjoy it very much.

Your recent sex survey of various capitals was very interesting and I have been waiting for an article on Adelaide. Having lived there a few years back, I can assure you that there are plenty of massage parlors, gay haunts and singles bars. I hope that you can include a feature on Adelaide.

Congratulations on your choice of centrefolds — they are all great.

Len Maxwell
Surfers Paradise, Qld

We're planning to put more cities under the microscope in our occasional series on Sex in Australia Mr Maxwell, but we can't say yet when Adelaide will come under scrutiny.

RAGE ON

Dave the Rave, Terrance Harrison's satire on urban Australia, is the funniest poke at our way of life I have read in a long time. Anybody affronted by the way he sees how we live should take a look at themselves. Chances are, the more offended by his strip they are the more true to life his portrayal is.

Rage on Dave, there's a wealth of material to be exploited. Why don't you send your crazy hero raging round other parts of Australia?

Charles Thompson
Queensland

You'll never know until you try it.

There are so many fun-fresh things in life you've never tried.
Like the very different experience of Stimorol chewing gum.
Flavour-fresh, and that very different flavour lasts and lasts and lasts.
The unique long-lasting flavour of Stimorol. You'll never know it until you've tried it.

STIMOROL Chewing gum.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HOT PILLOW TRADE

In the hotel business it's referred to as the Hot Pillow Trade, and although everybody knows it goes on, nobody is willing to talk about the reason for the short-time booking of hotel rooms. Well, almost nobody.

Gary Lines, group sales manager of the Southern Pacific Hotel Corporation, which runs the Travelodge chain, frankly admitted to PLAYBOY: "Undoubtedly the Hot Pillow Trade is quite active." In fact, he said, the turnover gave some properties on a particular day the amazing occupancy rate of 110 percent (the average is 70 percent). And, although the room could well be booked for a legitimate business meeting, or by a woman wanting to freshen up before she meets her husband after a busy day's shopping, the chances are it's really the boss and his secretary getting together for more than dictation.

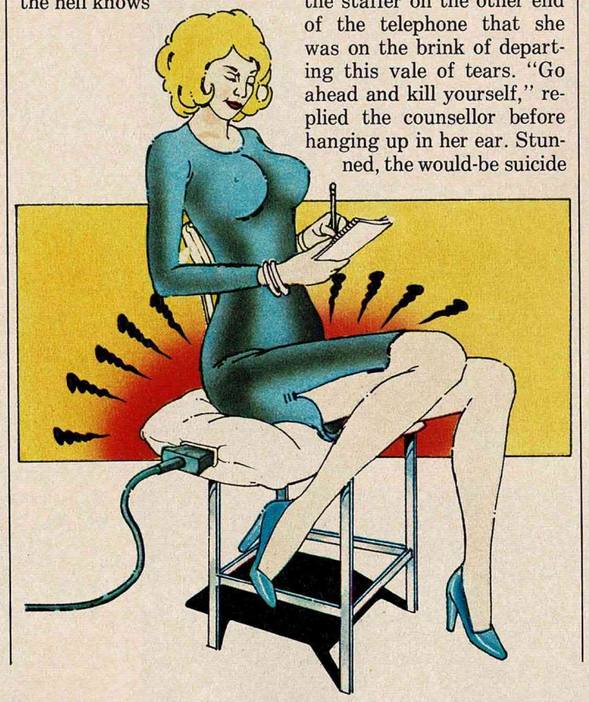
"It is a very popular exercise or habit with bosses and their secretaries today," Lines said. "Nobody even thinks about it if somebody asks for a room for three to four hours for a board meeting. But everybody assumes that they're screwing their heads off."

The Hot Pillow Trade has existed ever since hotels have, says Lines. But it is only of late people have stopped questioning who is doing what with whom. No hotel nowadays, he said, would refuse to book a room on pseudo-moral grounds. But some people are still bashful. "Quite often you get someone who takes a room for the night because they do not want to admit they want it for four hours," Lines said.

The group's hotel advertising these days is often sexually orientated — and there have been some complaints, says Lines, from people who object to what they see as the encouragement of sex in hotels. This notion he finds laughable "because everyone does it in hotels anyway."

So if there is a bashful boss wanting his secretary to take down more than just a few notes, the message is that nobody cares any more (with the possible exception of his wife).

As Gary Lines so clearly relates it: "Our properties have 300 to 400 rooms. Who the hell knows who's coming and who's not? Er . . . no pun intended."



BARE TRUTH

Transsexuals in Long Bay jail are complaining they are victims of an injustice. Although prison authorities classify them as men they are equally vehement that they are women. One problem arises when prisoners go sunbathing. This is not allowed for transsexuals. As one put it: "In this subject we are all agreed that once we remove our shirts we are immediately women, but with shirts on are men."

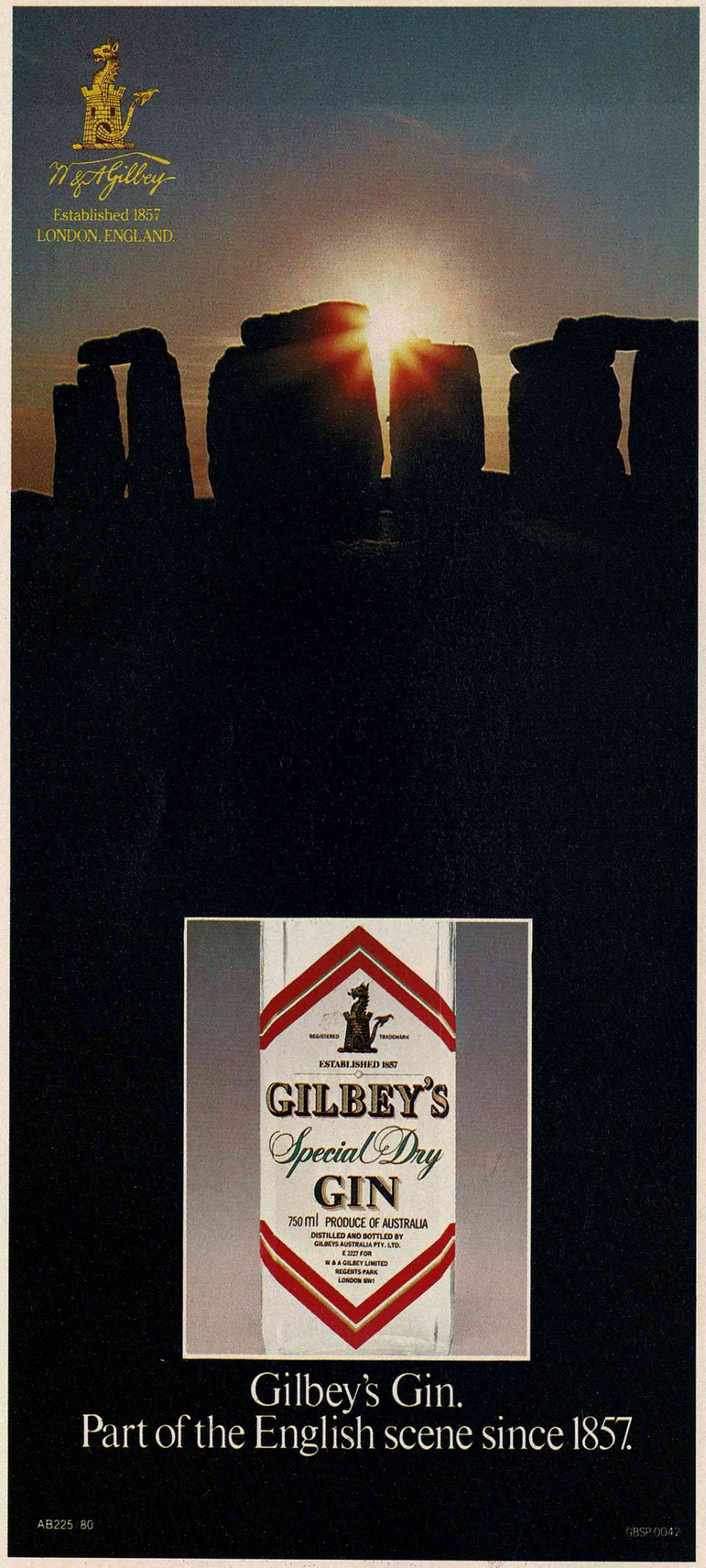
WRONG NUMBER

Feeling in the pits, a New York woman rang a suicide prevention hot line to tell the staffer on the other end of the telephone that she was on the brink of departing this vale of tears. "Go ahead and kill yourself," replied the counsellor before hanging up in her ear. Stunned, the would-be suicide called back. "It's none of my business," snapped the hot line worker on the second occasion. "Drop dead." New York hospital officials investigated the incident, but with very little prospect of achieving a more sympathetic approach from the hot liners. Most hot line workers, the authorities found, are volunteers drawn from college campuses and are ill-trained for emergency work.

LOVERS OUTLAWED

Uncertificated love and lust are dirty words in the mid-west American state of Wisconsin. Eight heterosexual couples were recently hauled before a magisterial bench for merely living together. The prosecution's lever was an archaic and puritanical law decreeing that cohabitation is illegal, immoral and un-Wisconsinian. The charges were dropped only after all of the couples had agreed to get themselves legally hitched.

In a related case, the Civil Liberties Union in the State capital of Madison is defending a couple's right to take love where they find it. A man and woman house-painting team found themselves caught between cupid and the cops after deciding to spend the night in the vacant building they were redecorating for a client. They were pleasurably entwined when the police burst in following one neighbor's complaint of noises in the supposedly vacant premises. After explanations, the burglary charge against the couple was dropped, but the fornication charge stuck. Civil libertarians are still trying to



Gilbey's Gin.
Part of the English scene since 1857.
AB225 80
GBSP 0042

get the $50 fine that they incurred for screwing squashed.

FM ECSTASY

Everybody knows that FM sounds better, but there was no adequate definition of just how much better until Rod Muir, executive director of 2MMM-FM, one of the new Sydney stations, offered this explanation: "The difference between AM and FM sound is like having sex compared to making love." To think that we've just been going through the motions all these years . . .

IVAN'S PROTEST

It won't cause a Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, but we can't help admiring the protest of one Sydney-sider at the Russian invasion. He is Ivan Koeford, a Campsie cellarman who decided to drop the "v" from his christian name. "I'm an Australian and I reckon my name stinks," said Ian of his old name.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT?

There are many stresses and strains involved in being the wife of a clergyman, says Mrs Pamela Hayes of Surrey, England. But there are compensations. "One advantage of having a husband at home during the day is that there is time for lovemaking in the afternoons." We were always told this was the time when they wrote their sermons . . .

MEEK OUTCRY

A graffiti artist penned the following on a Sydney railway station: "The meek shall inherit the earth — if that's OK with you." This was followed the next day by another ingenious message written on a nearby bistro wall: "The meek shall inherit the earth because they haven't got the guts to knock it back."

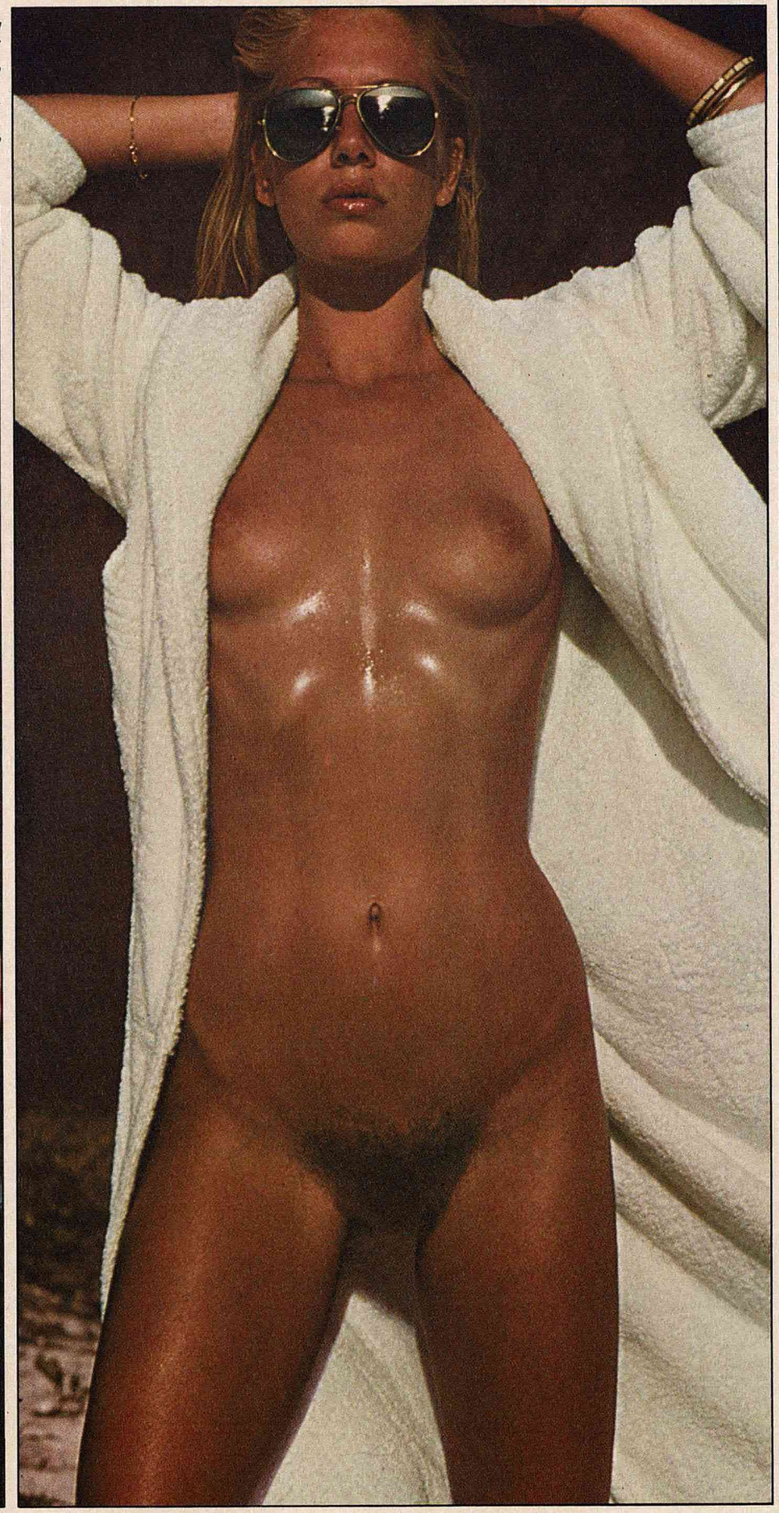
CRUEL WORLD

One letter from a Long Bay inmate in a recent issue of the NSW prison magazine *Inprint* made it seem almost as though prison is a refuge from the world, rather than a punishment:

"I would like to say that I was continually scared when I tried to put my completely uncontrollable 10-tonne jet fighter on the heaving deck of an aircraft carrier, which I managed to do successfully for eight years. I was even more frightened when I pointed a gun at a bank teller, even if it wasn't loaded, but I am absolutely terrified at the thought of returning to a rotten, cankerous society after I've completed the heavy lagging that I am about to receive for my stupidity."

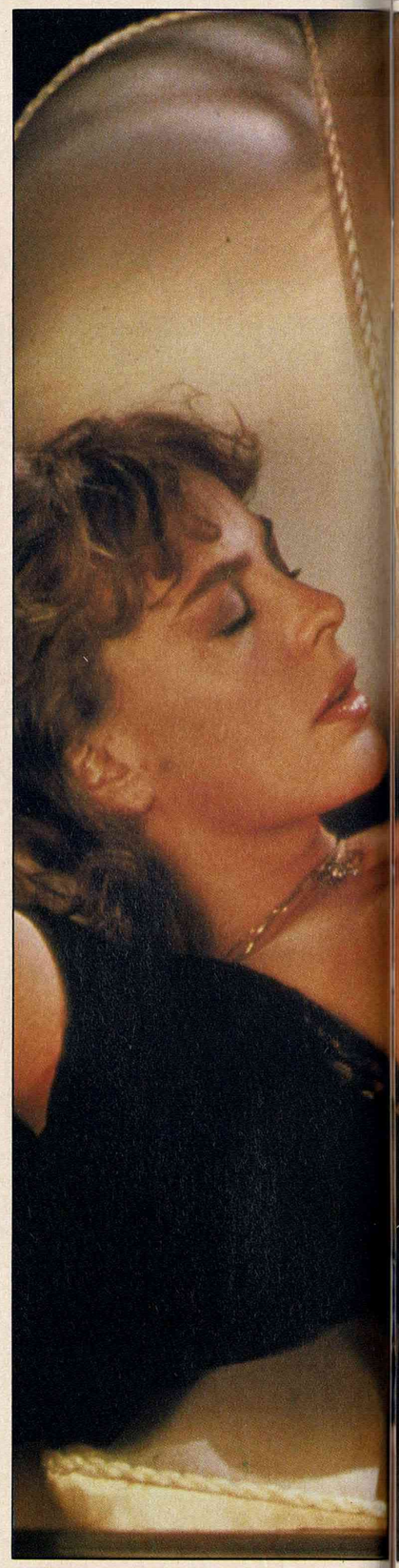
JEANETTE

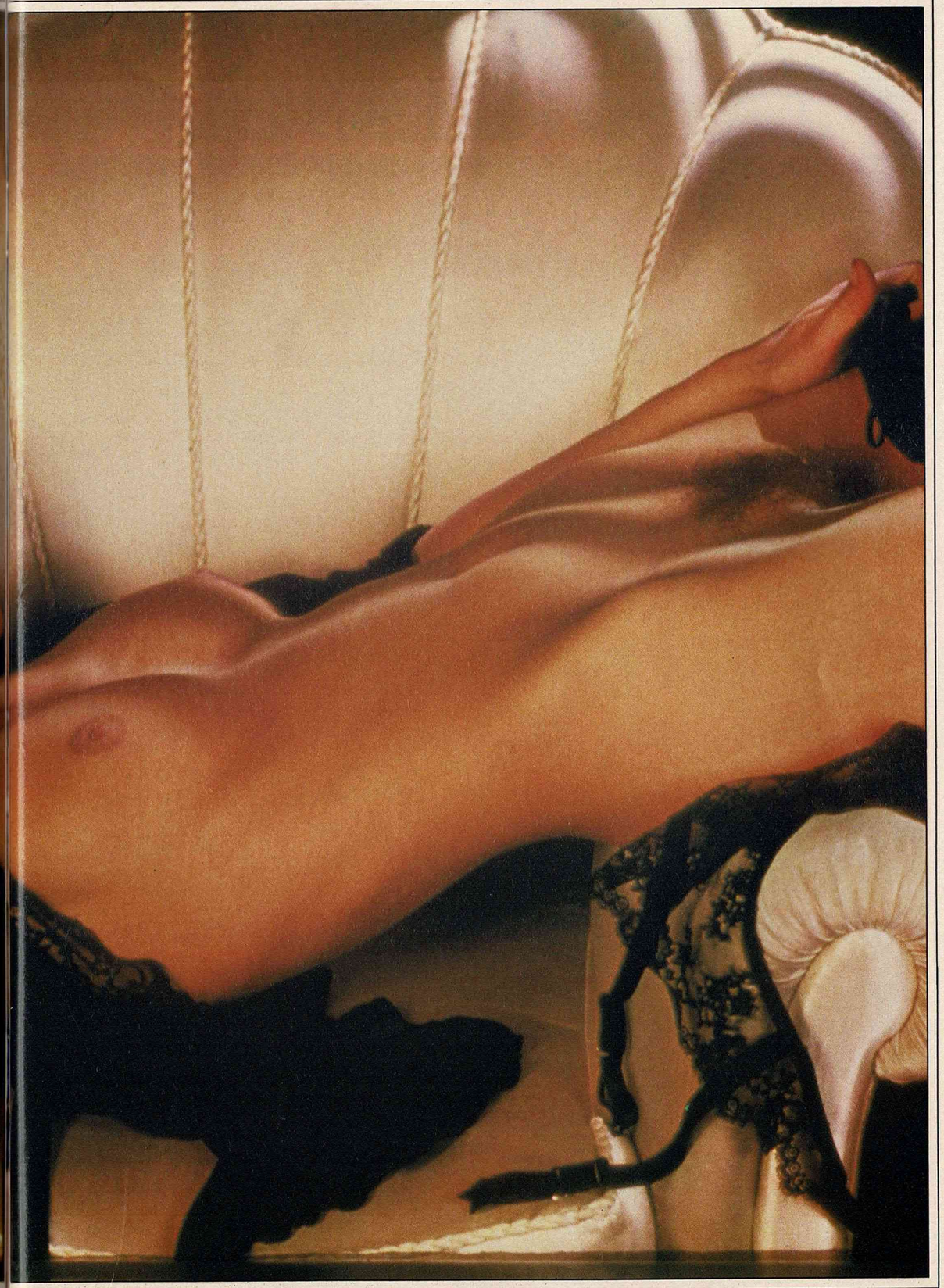
Born in Munich but bred on the road, Jeanette is only happy when she's going from one extreme to another — on her own.



LELLA

Looking at Lella, the product of a union between an Italian emigrant to Belgium and a Frenchwoman, one feels a healthy respect for the European Common Market. Working in a nightclub in Rome for the past year has brought Lella to the attention of many a would-be suitor, but she is devoted to her English fiancé — and her aspiration toward becoming a mother in the not-too-distant future. We can hardly wait for the results of that international trade agreement!

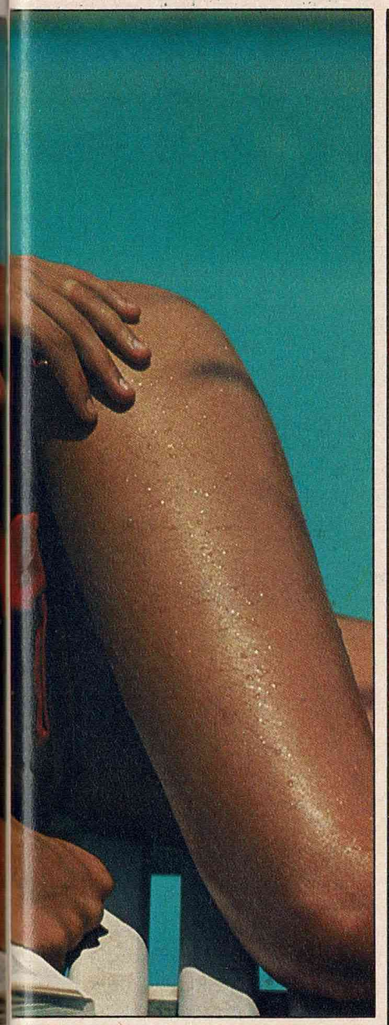




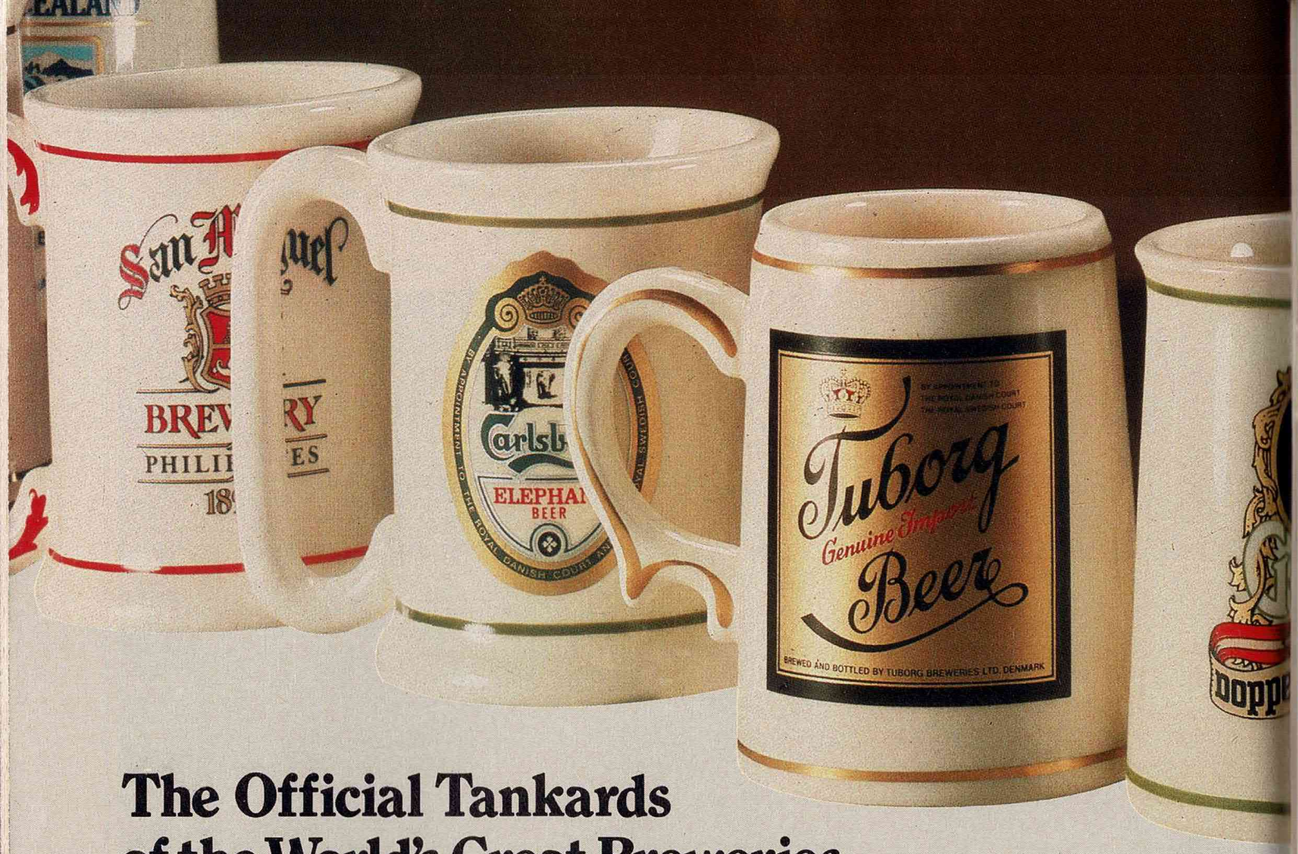
ANA LUÍSA

These two beauties from Brazil have more than their share of brains — as well as more tangible assets. Ana Luísa plans to forgo her sunny beach life in Rio for foggy

TAÍS



Berkeley, California, where she intends to study US history. Taís is a librarian in São Paulo, and we assume her presence behind the information desk helps improve the literary business.



The Official Tankards of the World's Great Breweries

A unique collection of finely crafted miniature tankards, bearing the official emblems of the world's most celebrated breweries.

Brewery tankards above shown actual size.

Each subscriber will receive a solid hardwood wall rack, specially designed to hold all 35 miniature tankards for display and easy access.

Issued in limited edition by direct subscription only.

Finely crafted miniature tankards have been admired and collected for centuries throughout the world. And especially prized are those tankards officially issued by leading breweries — richly embellished with the proud emblems that have come to signify pre-eminence in the brewmaster's art.

Franklin Porcelain has had the privilege of creating, for the world's great brewing houses, a number of privately issued miniature tankards. These individual tankards are produced — in very limited number — as presentation pieces expressly for the use of the issuing brewery. And, given the private nature of their issue, they are extremely difficult to come by.

But now, Franklin Porcelain — with the permission of the individual brewing houses — has assembled a collection of these unique miniature tankards from the world's great breweries. And we are able to offer *the complete collection* — exclusively by direct subscription — on a limited basis.

Collector's tankards from around the world

The collection will consist of 35 tankards from as many leading breweries — each bearing the official emblem that symbolizes the brewery issuing it. For example:

The white bull elephant of Denmark's *Carlsberg* beer. The key and crest of Germany's *Beck's* lager. Montezuma, the Sun King, on Mexico's *Dos Equis* ale. The Irish harp of *Guinness* stout. The stately coat of arms for Spain's *Aguila* beer. And other unique emblems from breweries in every quarter of the globe... *Sapporo* of Japan, *Leopard* of New Zealand, *Red Stripe* of Jamaica...

The complete collection of 35 brewery tankards — varying in shape, in colour and in design — will be totally fascinating. A country-by-country tour of the world's great breweries. And, indeed, that would be the only way that an individual — who had both the time and the resources — could ever hope to assemble such a collection of specially crafted brewery tankards.

Totally authentic in every detail

The tankards will be meticulously crafted in traditional earthenware, under the supervision of Franklin Porcelain's affiliate in Japan — each to the exacting specifications of the issuing brewery. The colours and emblems appearing on each tankard will be vivid and true. The decorative borders and handle flourishes will be individually applied by hand. Even the capacity of each tankard has been established to approximate the size of a brewmaster's tasting mug — a purpose to which these tankards are particularly suited.

Issued in limited edition...just $19.50 per tankard

The Official Tankards of the World's Great Breweries will be issued in just one edition...only by direct subscription...and only for a limited period of time. There is a further limit of just one collection per person.

The price is especially favourable — just $19.50 per tankard (subject only to any change in Government monetary policies). And this includes a solid hardwood display rack, designed to hold the complete collection, which will be sent to each subscriber at no additional cost.

To subscribe, simply complete and mail the attached subscription application hereon by the advance deadline of 31st August, 1980. In Australia a further opportunity to subscribe may be given, but cannot be guaranteed before the withdrawal of the collection by the issuing breweries at the end of 1980. The edition will at that time be permanently and irrevocably closed.

Remember that your application must be sent directly to Franklin Porcelain, 492 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, 3004 — no later than 31st August for delivery in November.

ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Official Tankards of the World's Great Breweries

Must be postmarked by 31st August, 1980. Limit: One collection per person.

Please accept my subscription to *The Official Tankards of the World's Great Breweries*, consisting of 35 earthenware collector tankards of breweries from around the world.

My collection will be issued to me at the rate of one tankard per month, commencing in November. I will receive my solid hardwood display rack at no additional charge.

I agree to pay the issue price of $19.50 for each tankard in the collection as I have indicated below.

Post to: Franklin Porcelain, 492 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, 3004.

☐ DIRECTLY. To confirm my acceptance I enclose my first payment of $19.50 made payable to Franklin Porcelain.

☐ BY BANKCARD. Please charge my Bankcard $19.50 for my first tankard.

No. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Signature_____
All applications are subject to acceptance.

Mr/Mrs/Miss_____
Please print clearly

No./Street_____

City/Suburb_____

State_____ Postcode_____

BT/PB

My Benson and Hedges Extra Mild was not the only treasure I rescued.

The commercial called for me to dive for sunken Spanish treasure in the shallows of the Florida Keys.

I carelessly dropped my cigarettes and lighter – carefully wrapped in a waterproof wallet – over the side of the camera boat. I dived in clear water and on retrieving the treasure, swam towards the nearby shore.

"Rescue me, James", a swimming voice called.

"George", I corrected.

"George", she gurgled.

So I lifted her from the water, and we relaxed on the beach and enjoyed a cigarette.

"That's what Benson and Hedges Extra Mild commercials are all about", she smiled, satisfied.

George Lazenby, an Australian International, enjoys Benson and Hedges Extra Mild . . . excellence in an extra mild cigarette.

BENSON and HEDGES Extra Mild

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WDHO 2786

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

A hardcore porno film I just saw has made me very curious about what goes on when that sort of film is made. The hero was a big muscle-bound guy screwing some woman who had a body like Raquel Welch, and they just seemed to go on and on and on. The guy came so many times it was ridiculous. Nevertheless, I was impressed with how well the film was made — it was beautifully photographed and had an excellent soundtrack. But I kept imagining an entire film crew standing around watching the action. How are they able to do it? I wouldn't be able to keep it up if I had to perform for a crowd of spectators. — C.L., Queensland.

As they say, different takes for different flakes. The people you saw in the porn film were undoubtedly hardened professionals who don't give a damn who is watching as long as they get paid. Anyway, as far as the actors are concerned, the film crew is a part of the furniture. And the crew have probably filmed these scenes so many times they find them about as titillating as watching penguins copulating in the zoo. Don't be deceived by the number of times the guy came either. They probably edited a few weeks' filming down to a quarter of an hour. That's showbiz for you!

I have a problem with a violent ex-girlfriend, and I'd like your advice on the matter. We were only together for a few weeks, and I tried to make it clear that I didn't want the relationship to become too serious, but I think she had other ideas. Not long after I broke up with her (the break-up was my idea), an old girlfriend came back home from overseas. I started seeing her again, and we are now living together. I tried to break off all contact with the other girl, as I thought that would be the best way to handle things, but she keeps coming back and is causing a lot of trouble. Recently, I agreed to meet her for a drink to talk things over, but she became completely hysterical and ripped the skin off the back of my hand with her nails. She also dented my car with a brick and abused the woman I now live with. Sometimes she even hangs around outside our flat for hours on end, and also telephones frequently. She says that, if I agree to keep on seeing her just now and again, she will stop causing trouble. What do you think I should do to get her off my back? — B.R., Victoria.

The worst thing you can do is to keep seeing your former girlfriend only for the sake of preventing trouble. However strong her feelings may be at the moment, it is likely that with time she will start to view things differently, but you will slow the process down if you give her any reason at all to think the relationship may be revived. Don't meet her for a drink to talk over old times, and don't enter into telephone conversations with her. If necessary, you could even have your number changed. If she is likely to abuse your current girlfriend, then take great care to prevent their coming face to face. And if she keeps on hanging around outside your flat, just ignore her. Don't even go to the window to check. Boredom, and chill winter weather, will eventually discourage her. Should you inadvertently bump into her, act as obnoxious as possible. The lady obviously has an idealised image of you, and it is up to you to convince her that she's wrong.

I keep reading that turbochargers are the next major trend in car design and that there will soon be a lot more cars on the market fitted with them. I've heard it claimed that they are an answer to the fuel crisis, providing better economy, but I always understood they were just a high performance modification, much the same as the superchargers which have been around for years. Why all the fuss? — D.K., NSW.

Turbochargers may prove to be a partial answer to the growing fuel problem. Like the old superchargers, they use a compressor to force the air-fuel mixture into the engine under extremely high pressure and this provides a big increase in power. But, whereas the compressor in an ordinary supercharger is driven by the engine's crankshaft, thus draining away a major portion of the extra power, the turbocharger is operated by a gas turbine (hence the name) that uses the engine's exhaust gases for its power and the subsequent increase in performance can be enormous. The main advantage of a turbocharger for everyday motoring is that it can be set up so that it comes into operation only when the engine revs rise above a certain level, or whenever the accelerator is pushed down hard. In this way, you can have a small-engined car that gives high fuel economy when driven gently and a great burst of power when the urge strikes. The trouble is, when you know you have got all that extra power underfoot, it's hard not to want to use it all the time and your economy figures won't necessarily be all that much better than the big thirsty V8s that turbochargers are supposed to replace. At present, only Saab and Porsche turbos are

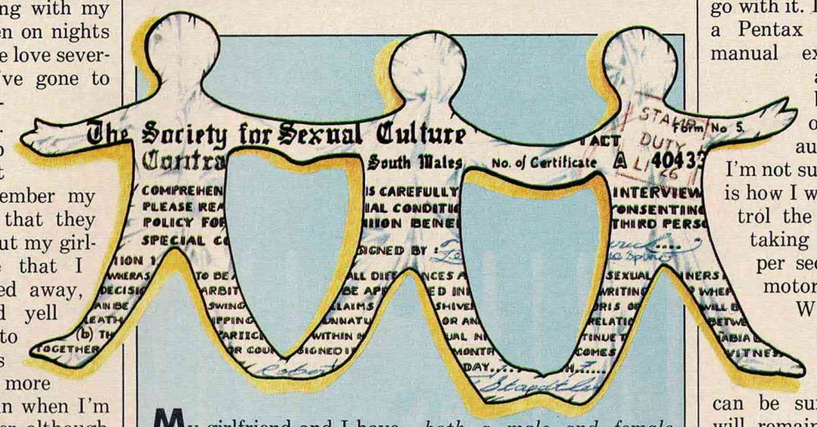
available in Australia. The Saab 900 turbo sells for about $25,000 while turbo versions of the Porsche 924 and 911 run up to three times that. A more practical answer might prove to be the turbocharged diesel cars, which give extremely high economy with reasonably high performance. In the meantime, there are a number of Australian companies which will supply and fit turbos to almost any car.

I've been having quite a few wet dreams lately, and I'm a bit worried about it. It's happened a few times when I've been sleeping with my girlfriend — even on nights when we've made love several times and I've gone to sleep feeling completely satisfied. I always wake up when I come, but can hardly remember my dreams, except that they are enjoyable. But my girlfriend tells me that I really get carried away, and groan and yell when I'm about to come. She says that I seem to be more excited then than when I'm making love to her, although I've always felt we had good sex. She also says I've called out a name in my sleep a few times, as though it's someone I'm wildly in love with, but the name she mentions isn't anybody I have ever known. Do you think that these dreams mean I'm not really as satisfied with my sex life as I thought, or are wet dreams just something that happen without any special reason? — L.T., WA.

Almost all men have wet dreams at various intervals during their lifetime, usually when they have no regular sexual partners. Often they remember nothing at all of the dream. In your case, it may be that the fantasy relationship going on in your dreams is more important than your present sexual outlet. This is particularly likely to be the case if the declarations of love that you make in your sleep are more passionate than anything you express to your real live girlfriend. You don't say if your girlfriend is especially upset by your wet dreams, but if she is understanding, it may be helpful to look more closely at the relationship you have with her and see what can be done to make it go beyond your dreams. On the other hand, if the wet dream keeps recurring and you find it's causing real tension between the two of you, some form of specialist therapy may be necessary. Nocturnal emission can really turn your life into a nightmare.

What's the big deal about rubber gear? I keep seeing advertisements for various kinds of rubber clothing that are supposed to be used as some kind of sex aid. Leather I can understand — but rubber? What do people do with it? — K.M., NSW.

Lots of things. Rubber fetishists find that their sexual enjoyment is heightened by the feel and smell of the stuff, either worn by themselves or their partner, or both. A wide range of rubber garments are used — tights, corsets, hoods, and even complete form-fitting suits. Sexual rituals may involve taking the rubber gear off, putting it on, or cuddling up to it. Precisely why the product is so attractive to some people has not yet been fully explained, but one theory links it with early childhood associations with rubber sheets and pants. Some psychologists have even seen the inclination to cover one's self in a dark, moist shroud as part of a secret desire to return to the security of the womb.



My girlfriend and I have a fantastic sex life, and we love each other very much. We are now looking for some unusual excitement (sexually) and have decided to try a threesome. We agreed to try it first with a male partner, then with a female. However, we don't want to take any chances because we realise that if something went wrong it could be dangerous to our relationship. We do not know of any clubs for "swingers" in or near Perth and we are not sure that they would be a very good idea anyway. Do you have any suggestions as to how we should go about forming a "gleesome-threesome"? — D.H., WA.

If you're looking for real excitement, you are going to have to take chances. We thought that was what it was all about. It sounds as if you're trying to be very exact and almost clinical about it. Trying it with both a male and female third party is fine, but to work it out in terms of a "contract" suggests that each one of you is worried about how the other is going to react when the big experiment starts happening. And if you feel that much insecurity about it, it's certainly not something you'd want to share with every Tom, Dick or Mary. If the sort of club you speak of does exist in Perth (and we don't know of any), it would be unlikely to bring you into contact with anyone with whom you would want to share your bed. That's unless you're into real sleaze and it sounds as if you're not. However, your desire for group sex is not uncommon. You might already know people who are similarly inclined but share your reluctance to be open about it. Subtle hints may work, so take a few chances and make some advances.

I'm interested in taking up action photography, especially sport. I've been considering getting a new 35mm camera, and perhaps a motor-drive attachment to go with it. I'm used to using a Pentax Spotmatic with manual exposure control and have never been very keen on the idea of automatics. What I'm not sure about, though, is how I will be able to control the exposure if I'm taking several frames per second with a new motor-drive camera. Will I have to restrict my photography to situations where I can be sure the exposure will remain the same over several shots, or is it possible to achieve a consistent exposure by some other means? — A.C., NSW.

Many of the greatest action sequences have been taken with motor-drive units mounted on cameras with manual exposure control. In fact, very few professionals would consider working in any other way. Professionals, however, are able to compensate for slight variations in exposure during the developing and printing stages. If you are in the position to process your own film, then a camera with manual exposure control will probably be quite adequate. However, if you have to depend upon commercial film processing where the films are rushed through on a production line basis, automatic control will probably give you a better chance of consistent results. As you apparently prefer manual control for other kinds of photography, you may wish to consider one of the newer 35mm cameras that allow both automatic and manual exposure control, such as the Canon AE1, Minolta XD7, or Nikon FE.

Do you think it can be harmful to get horny but not be able to get to reach orgasm? When I say harmful, I don't mean just getting depressed, I mean actual physical harm, as though there is pressure building up which should be released. I'm 18 and so far haven't had much of a sex life. Sometimes I've noticed that, when I've started necking with a girl and she's called it off at the last minute, my balls ache for hours afterwards unless I masturbate straight away. It really feels as if something is going to give way, and I'm worried that, unless my sex life improves soon, I could do some permanent damage. Do you think I am worrying too much? — N.F., NSW.

Yes, you're worrying too much. The condition you describe is the legendary "blue balls" or "lover's nuts". It's been reported many times, but it's never been known to cause anyone any serious harm. Your balls won't explode or fall off if you don't reach a climax every time you get horny. The feeling usually occurs if you remain aroused for a long while after the time has passed. As you have already discovered, the problem passes if you masturbate soon afterward, but that's just not always convenient. You will find that, if you can turn your mind to other things, your balls will soon follow.

I've read a few letters in PLAYBOY from men who were worried because their girlfriends seemed to be losing interest in sex. But for me and my boyfriend, the problem is the other way around — he's the one who doesn't seem to want it any more. Before, we had a fantastic relationship, confiding in each other about everything; now, he no longer seems to want me physically, though he says he couldn't sleep with anyone else. He tells me it is my weight problem that turns him off. If I lost several kilos, we would have a healthy sex life again. I try various techniques to turn him on, and though I'm sure he enjoys what I do, he won't do anything in return. It's getting worse and worse, making me nervous and depressed, and I keep wondering why the lack of sex isn't having the same effect on him as well. I feel somewhat anxious about seeking treatment for this problem, but if something doesn't happen soon, I think I'm going to go crazy. I'd like to know if there are any sex clinics in South Australia that might be able to help. You've given some good advice to people in the past, so I hope you can help me with my problem. — B.G., South Australia.

Your problem sounds as if it involves more than a decline in your boyfriend's sexual appetite. If, as you say, you have a good relationship and confide in each other about everything, it is surprising that your boyfriend is insensitive to your sexual needs. It may be that, in blaming your weight problem for his decline in sexual enthusiasm, he is trying to avoid looking at other deep-seated tensions existing between the two of you. Before any improvement can occur in your relationship, you will have to get your boyfriend to admit that there is a problem, and that the two of you should do something about it together. Failing that, therapy may help, and the Saint Corantyn Clinic at 263 East Terrace in Adelaide offers specialist treatment for sexual problems. It is under the control of the South Australian Health Commission.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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Recommended retail price $499.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

The PS-212A turntable (pictured) is an optional extra.
Recommended retail price $210.00.

SONY AUDIO

AP3412

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HALF AND HALF

I would like to relate a story alleged to have been told by Thomas Ashton, publican of the Royal Hotel, South Grafton, NSW, in 1914-15. It concerns one of his regular customers, whom I will call Jack, and his desire for a "half and half".

When sober there wasn't a nicer bloke around than Jack. He was always well dressed and seemed a good family man. Although he was by no means a drunkard he was inclined to indulge in benders, sometimes lasting a fortnight. After one of these, Jack might not touch a drop for up to six months. It is also said of Jack that he would sometimes cadge a drink while in this condition, and pay his debt back when sober. He would also at times be escorted out the front door of the Royal, only to crawl back in again — at all hours.

Jack's favorite beverage was, as I mentioned, half and half — a mixture of beer and stout. Late one night (some say it was 2am) while on one particular bender Jack crossed the road to the Royal Hotel and looked up to the balcony where he knew Thomas Ashton and his wife were sleeping.

"Tommy, I want a half and half," Jack shouted.

No reply.

"Tommy I want a half and half," Jack repeated, and kept on repeating.

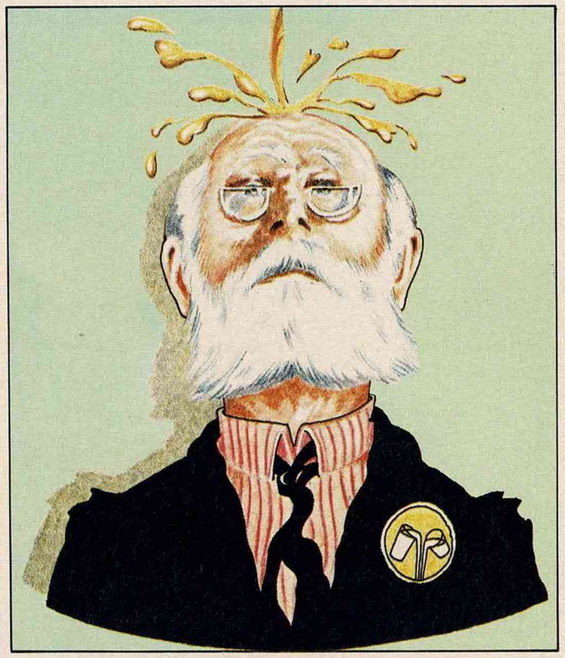
Eventually the rudely awakened publican lost his temper. Picking up the chamber pot from underneath the bed he located Jack underneath the balcony railing and tossed the contents on his head.

"There you are Jack," the publican yelled back at him, "that's half of mine and half of the missus'."

Elizabeth Friar
Allambie Heights, NSW

MIND POWER

Right on! David Black's Mind Power and Medicine



(PLAYBOY, May) puts your magazine in the vanguard of the enlightened approach toward illness.

Australia closely parallels the United States with the unnerving statistics of one in four deaths from cancer. Rather than submit as passive victims, patients need to know they can be participants in their fight for life through marshalling their own resources.

After some years' study in the US, we have implemented a program for cancer patients similar to that of the Simontons. We see the problem of creating a much more enlightened attitude to illness generally. So we greatly appreciate the service your magazine renders its readers by such quality material as Mr Black's excellent report.

Gerard Manion
Director of Counselling
Cancer Care Program
Gold Coast, Queensland

RUBBISH, HARRY

Harry Butler (*Playboy Interview,* June) undoubtedly knows his animals and reptiles, and I don't dispute his views on conservation, but he knows very little about the position of Aborigines in Australia, or of human justice.

His statement that Aborigines are just another ethnic group, and that most of us are "racked with guilt" over what has been done to the race is rubbish.

For example, the tribal Aborigines are recognised by leading anthropologists as the last of the world's stone-age people. Urban members of the race are only 200 years away from the beginning of their civilisation.

On the other hand, all of the ethnic groups who have migrated to Australia have come from complex civilisations dating back thousands of years. Consequently they have brought skills and a high degree of culture with them. They have found easy acceptance here.

Mr Butler talks of guilt, but I don't believe many Australians feel any insofar as what early settlers did to the Aborigines is concerned. The poisoning of waterholes, the leaving of poisoned food for Aborigines to find, eat and die by, and the Sunday morning shooting of Aborigines by so-called "good citizens" doesn't seem to really bother many of the white Australians!

I researched a book on Aborigines a few years ago. When published, it was acclaimed by academics and newspapers as an important human document. During my research I was sickened by the callous attitudes of white Australians still alive toward Aborigines.

I suggest that, before he again allows his prominent public position to be used for publicity, Mr Butler does some homework on a subject about which he obviously knows little.

Ward McNally
Banksia Park, SA

UNFEMALE WOMEN?

The Salami Sisters are an aberration. They are a product of our own unemployed, recessive society. They do not depict the majority of Australian women between the ages of 18 and 25.

They endeavor to denigrate Australian men in general — whether single or married. They are a disgrace to our womanhood. They are the offspring of Miss (Germaine) Greer's idealism.

Indeed, they are definitely not female women.

Andrew John Edson
Hughes, ACT

LORDING IT

The old joke, "that's no lady, that's my wife" is very much a reality in the '80s. Have you ever noticed with what panache and pride men talk about "my lady" when it is not their wife to whom they are referring.

A wedding ring seems a far cry from the hope and glowing expectations of every young bride tripping eagerly to the altar. It seems then that "my lady" has won the day . . .

Even talking about "my de facto" sounds more alluring and smacks of mystery

"For me, Leibfrauwine is a wine truly worthy of my Bouillabaisse."

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and intrigue, whereas "my wife" sounds dull, mundane and almost apologetic.

The way I see it, a plague on society and all their concepts of respectability and social acceptance — I'd rather be "my lady" any day.

However, have you ever heard about "my lady" talking about "my lord"?

Joan Proudfoot
Kirribilli, NSW

BREATH TESTS

Your article in *Playboy After Hours* regarding the Breathalyser (May issue) is misleading. Members of the public who adopt the course of action suggested in your article could find themselves facing stiffer court penalties in relation to drink-associated driving offences.

It can be seen from Section Eight of the Northern Territory Traffic Act that any person who consumes liquor to mislead the reading obtained from the Breathalyser could be increasing his chances of being given a heavier penalty and a longer period of driving licence disqualification. The legislation is designed to cover the exact loophole your article suggests.

But of course this is Northern Territory legislation. I am unaware of legislation in other States but feel that the public should be advised to check before purchasing a bottle of brandy for the purpose suggested.

G. T. MacPherson
Breathalyser Operator
Northern Territory

NOT SO SIMPLE

Please allow me the pleasure of having a "simple" crack at "Miss" Isobel Crutchley of Mosman *(Playboy Forum,* June). For starters it would have to be *Miss* Isobel because I am of the firm opinion that women live in a world of their own until they have been married at least three years.

I've seen this in a number of relationships I've been associated with and the change in the woman is absolutely unbelievable. I think they suddenly realise life is not their puppet and the power of the pussy has lost the magnetism that it had when they were single and had their men running round in circles. Suddenly there are responsibilities which *both* have to face and which I think most women have never had before.

Which gets me back to "Miss" Isobel's letter. Yes, we single guys do simple and sometimes unrelated things because that is what is needed to keep all those *simple* women entertained long enough to get to know them, and the obvious goal of getting them to bed without signing a life-time contract. A friend of mine once said: "If they didn't have a fanny no bastard would talk to them."

One thing that really shows the intelligence of the female is the way in which they defend women's lib — a movement that has never existed as far as I am concerned. I mean, the next time your girl starts on about it just tell her it's her shout and see the reaction.

Nevertheless, a number of women have beautiful bodies, as your magazine clearly shows, so I'll have to continue trying to communicate as simply as I can.

Phred Ross
Dapto, NSW

KIWI CAPERS

Phillip Adams has the right idea suggesting a war to get Australia out of its woes (War! Be In It, PLAYBOY, June). But picking a fight with New Zealand may put us in worse shape.

It would be no trouble storming the beaches of Wellington, but victory would be as hollow as Napoleon's march into Moscow. The army would be bankrupted by the high cost of maintaining a presence in that inflation-ridden land. And they'd find most healthy citizens already gone . . . to Australia. Meanwhile, New Zealanders here would raise a huge army and take over Australia.

Then again, maybe it's a good idea to saddle the Kiwis with running the country.

J. T. Burns
Bondi, NSW

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PURITY INTACT

COPENHAGEN — Parish Priest Father Hans Esmark awoke one morning to find one of his parishioners lying beside him wearing only a flimsy negligee — and armed with a butcher's knife. Father Esmark, 35, of Bistruip tried to reason with 47-year-old mother of three, Mrs Charlotte Kjaer, explaining that he had taken a vow of chastity. But Mrs Kjaer refused to leave until he had made love to her, police said. The good father eventually escaped after a fierce fight which left him cut and bruised — but with his purity intact.

MATRIMONIAL WAR

NEW YORK — More than a quarter of all couples engage in domestic warfare, a special study by American experts has revealed. Wife and husband beaters begin young, and police attend more domestic tiffs than any other type of crime, according to statistics. In America alone 33.5 million wives have been severely beaten by their spouses, the study found. And also 250,000 wives beat their husbands.

FIRED UP

BATON ROUGE — When their mother refused them an extra helping at dinner two sisters aged nine and 13 decided to take revenge. They discussed whether they should shoot their parents, stab them, or cut their heads off, police in Slidell, Louisiana, said. The sisters eventually decided to incinerate mum and dad while they were asleep by setting fire to rolled up newspapers and curtains. But Truett Simpson, aged 51, and his wife Glenda, 42, were rescued from their burning caravan home and the girls — who had fled in the family car armed with their father's .38 calibre pistol — were later arrested and charged with attempted murder.

HE CRACKED

LONDON — A chef on his first day at Oxford University went berserk, overturning a large freezer, throwing food on the floor and hurling jars through a window. A court was told that John Pawlec, 33, a veteran of 14 years in the catering industry, caused $2000 in damage during his outburst. And the reason? One "egghead" had told the chef he was boiling an egg the wrong way.

VERBAL RAPE

NUREMBERG — Two 20-year-old American soldiers on duty in West Germany have been sentenced to 25 and 30 days' jail and fined $300 and $500 for "using indecent and insulting" language to a woman private. An Army lawyer said the convictions were the first of their kind among American military personnel in Europe. An officer described the offences as "verbal rape". The two men were reportedly trying to coerce the woman into having sexual relations.

LOVE CRISIS

BANGKOK — Thai family planners are trying to ward off a pregnancy boom in the current hydro-electric crisis facing the nation. The crisis, sparked by widespread drought, has put all television stations off the air for 1½ hours from 6.30 nightly, and nightclubs, bars and floodlit tennis courts stayed closed until 9pm. With entertainment options down to a minimum the family planners are fully aware of the danger. Free vasectomies are on offer.

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Playboy Interview

BERT NEWTON

a candid, middle-class conversation with the peter pan of show business

TAKE ALL the tonight, today and variety shows that have graced and disgraced the Australian television system down the past 24 years and align them, format to format, on a scale ranging from vitriol through buffoonery to plastic escapism. Then take a long, memory-blurred line of variety show hosts who have moved, bored and offended three generations of TV watchers. By 1980 recollections many of the faces will no longer be familiar, while some remain vaguely so. Only one has been with us forever.

Newton is the greatest survivor in Australian show business. The hair is slightly thinner, but what remains is still parted on the left as it was when he first bounced on to our screens as a teenage prodigy in TV's infancy. The face itself is fuller, but only marginally so. You don't get to be called Old Moonface with a phiz full of angles.

Bert Newton, self-styled Mick and Mr Nice Guy of television and radio waves, is alive and well and living in opulence in Melbourne, a gracious old town which is as much a part of the man as he is of it. In fact, after 28 years in the business, Newton is riding higher in the public ratings than Mr Fix-It, Bob Hawke.

His morning talk show on Radio 3UZ regularly attracts more listeners than any other program in the history of Melbourne radio. He has won 13 of 15 audience surveys since he resumed his position at 3UZ. As Melbourne housewives rugged up for winter, Newton was at the head of the pile.

But it is in television, the electronic pad from which Old Moonface has launched more than 3000 shows during the past 23 years, that Newton continues to rule supreme. The man, who once supported King Gra Gra Kennedy in the riotous years of In Melbourne Tonight, *is the key to the unparalleled national success of the* Don Lane Show. *Together, Lane and Newton produce the magic chemistry that television audiences originally thought began and ended with the Kennedy-Newton partnership.*

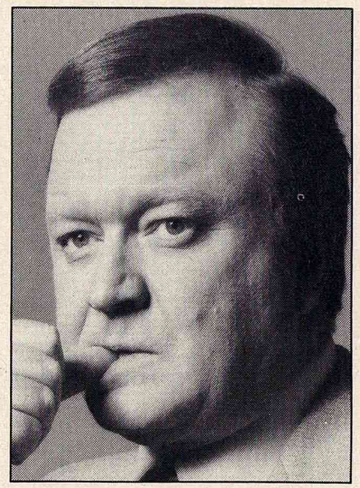
The Lane program drags in four million viewers on two mid-evening time spots through 72 outlets and consistently scores a golden rating of between 22 and 24 in the prime market places of both Melbourne and Sydney. Coast-to-coast networks in the United States and Canada have picked up the Lane (and Newton) show, and forecasters are predicting that at least 15 million will tune in for the North American launch. Newton's weekly talent quest, New Faces, *is cream on the berries for television's Peter Pan.*

The only grey cloud on Newton's horizon is cast by Rupert Murdoch's capture of the 10 television network. This will almost inevitably mean a switch in the telecast of popular Logie Awards from the 9 to the Murdoch 10 network. And, just as inevitably, Murdoch will end Newton's 14-year reign as the mercurial compere of the Logies. But there have been compensations for the man many international celebrities rate as the most brilliant stand-up compere in the world. Last May, the whiz kid of Australian television direction, Peter Faiman, invited Newton to emcee the Royal Charity Concert in the Sydney Opera House and, as usual, Moonface outshone the stars.

And the money keeps rolling in for Newton who, as a dreamy 12-year-old, once stood outside the studios of Radio 3XY for three consecutive nights, trying to drum up the courage to open the door. A staffer finally opened it and Newton's show business career began — on a part-time, 10 shillings and sixpence a week basis. At age 15, Newton joined the permanent staff of the station with unimpressive academic credentials, but his burning desire to succeed saw his career flame flicker amid a nervous breakdown in 1964, and then settle into a gradually intensifying heat.

Through it all, Newton has retained the common touch and remained

"Gullible people shouldn't rely on a television variety show to cure their ills, allay their fears or to tell them what's wrong with their minds. A variety program should entertain."



"I guess the worst thing is to hurt in comedy, but if there is hurt, it is also an ingredient of comedy I find I can't eradicate. There are times you can't help but offend in some way."

"If I was not married, people might think I was homosexual, but it's never concerned me. I have lots of friends in TV who are gay. They carry their handbag and I carry mine."

fiercely loyal to the middle class from which he sprang. Success and all its trimmings have not dulled his allegiance to the Catholic faith in which he was raised by his parents and the Marist Brothers. He still prefers the company of his old mates in the bar of the Fitzroy Football Club to the champagne-and-chicken set. His only concessions to wealth are a lavish home he shares in tumultuous bliss with his wife, singer Patti McGrath, and their two children, Lauren and Matthew, a brace of European cars and a string of moderately-performing gallopers.

One of those horses, Lord Somers in fact, was very much on his mind as Newton sat down to converse with PLAYBOY *writer* ***Russell Deiley*** *in the dressing room-lounge he calls his own at the GTV 9 studios in Richmond. Lord Somers was racing at Sale, but at the end of the 1400 metres, seven horses were in front of Lord Somers. Newton took the loss philosophically. "That nag will eat better than I will again this week."*

Of his meeting with Newton, which was oiled by a few cool cans of Abbots Lager, Deiley reports: "Bert Newton has the reputation of being the most sincere and honest man in show business. It all sounds too good to be true. But, after meeting Newton, I'm convinced the tag fits. I could find only one Newton rival who has gone on record as having a bad word to say about Moonface, so it seemed logical to start the interview with Bob Rogers' observations of his old stablemate at Radio 3UZ."

PLAYBOY: Bob Rogers recently quit the number two spot on 3UZ with another salvo in the simmering feud between you and him. Is radio such a jungle that the personalities feel compelled to keep sniping at one another?

NEWTON: I don't believe so. I don't think I have ever sniped at anyone. In the grand old tradition, I have been part of joke feuds, but I don't recall ever saying anything disparaging about Bob. I have no animosity toward him. He and I are not close friends for a number of reasons. We are very different people, we lead different lives and there is no rapport between us. In the two years he was working in Melbourne, we had a drink together on one occasion and that was by accident. While I was preparing to go on in the mornings, he was already on air doing his program. When we passed in the corridors, our exchange was pleasant but that was it.

PLAYBOY: When he described you as neurotic and insecure, was he showing the same tendencies?

NEWTON: I don't know him well enough to comment on his make-up or attitudes. And I don't think he knows me well enough to be able to diagnose the condition of my mental health. Perhaps he has reached those conclusions after observing me on television or radio. It is the first time I have been accused of being either. But, who knows, he might be right. I must check it out with my psychiatrist.

PLAYBOY: You mention having been a party to joke feuds in the tradition set by Jack Davey and Bob Dyer. Is that part of a dual, promotional exercise?

NEWTON: You are talking about a magnificent feud which is part of Australian show business history. It was a premeditated feud between two of the greatest broadcasters this country has produced. But away from the microphone, the two were close friends. Their professional relationship was similar to that which existed in America between Jack Benny and Fred Allen. I suppose the closest I have got to it is in the friendly feud Don Lane and I have built up between us. But it never works quite as well if the person with whom you are "feuding" also happens to be your professional partner.

"Back in the early '60s, people regarded a person who'd suffered a mental breakdown as abnormal. I couldn't even talk about it."

PLAYBOY: You've made no secret of the fact that you suffered a nervous breakdown in 1964. Was Rogers hitting below the belt when he called you neurotic and insecure?

NEWTON: I don't feel any pain below the belt. His comments could have been taken out of context, but I suppose it still remains that he called me those things. It doesn't disturb me, but, once again, I'll say that he must have wonderful powers of observation because we haven't been in each other's company very often. Bob did have his problems working in Melbourne. Perhaps he won't believe me, but I did feel compassion for him. It was written into my contract long before he came to the station that I cover show business for 3UZ. If I had been in his shoes, I, too, would have felt frustrated. I only wish he had said *young*, neurotic and insecure. It would not only have lessened the pain, but have made me eternally grateful.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, have you any idea what sparked off that nervous collapse which had headline writers saying you were burnt out at 25?

NEWTON: It would be very easy to say that it was the result of youthful exuberance in both my business and social life. But I suppose it was inevitable. I was working six 18-hour days a week and enjoying a full social life. I just didn't see the danger signs. In those days, a nervous breakdown had to be hush-hush. You didn't talk about your nervous disorders unless you wanted everyone to regard you as a nut. It is probably easier today, but then the hardest thing during your recovery was to get people to accept that you had suffered an illness. If I'd broken a leg, I would have had a plaster cast to prove it, but only the very observant can see the scars of a mental disorder. Back in the early '60s, people regarded a person who'd suffered a mental breakdown as abnormal. No one ever came out and announced to all and sundry. I didn't. In fact, I couldn't even talk about it for five years after my recovery.

PLAYBOY: It was socially unacceptable to be a victim of mental illness?

NEWTON: I suppose there was a stigma attached to it. I certainly felt I didn't want people to know about my illness and the medical advice to me was not to discuss it. I was away from the industry for three months, but I was not 100 percent for at least 12 months. I am not an expert, other than I have been through it personally, but I suggest the most important person in recovering from a breakdown is the victim. And the hardest thing for a person who suffers a breakdown is to believe what I am saying, but I can assure them that a better day will dawn and it will hit you when you least expect it. Suddenly you are 100 percent again. It could hit you in the middle of the afternoon, it could happen while you are watching the football or you could wake up to a new day and know you are back to your old self. That certainly happened to me.

PLAYBOY: Were there black periods when you felt you could never again face a public audience?

NEWTON: No. That was never a consideration, primarily because show business is part of me. It is the only thing for which I've been trained and it is the only thing I know how to do. But I must say that during that time I didn't want to go back to my previous position with Channel 9. When I became ill, I resigned. I just felt tired and washed out and I knew I had to make the break. But I wasn't fearful that I could never again approach a microphone, a television camera or an audience. I just wanted to be free of all pressures and obligations until I was well again. As it turned out, I was

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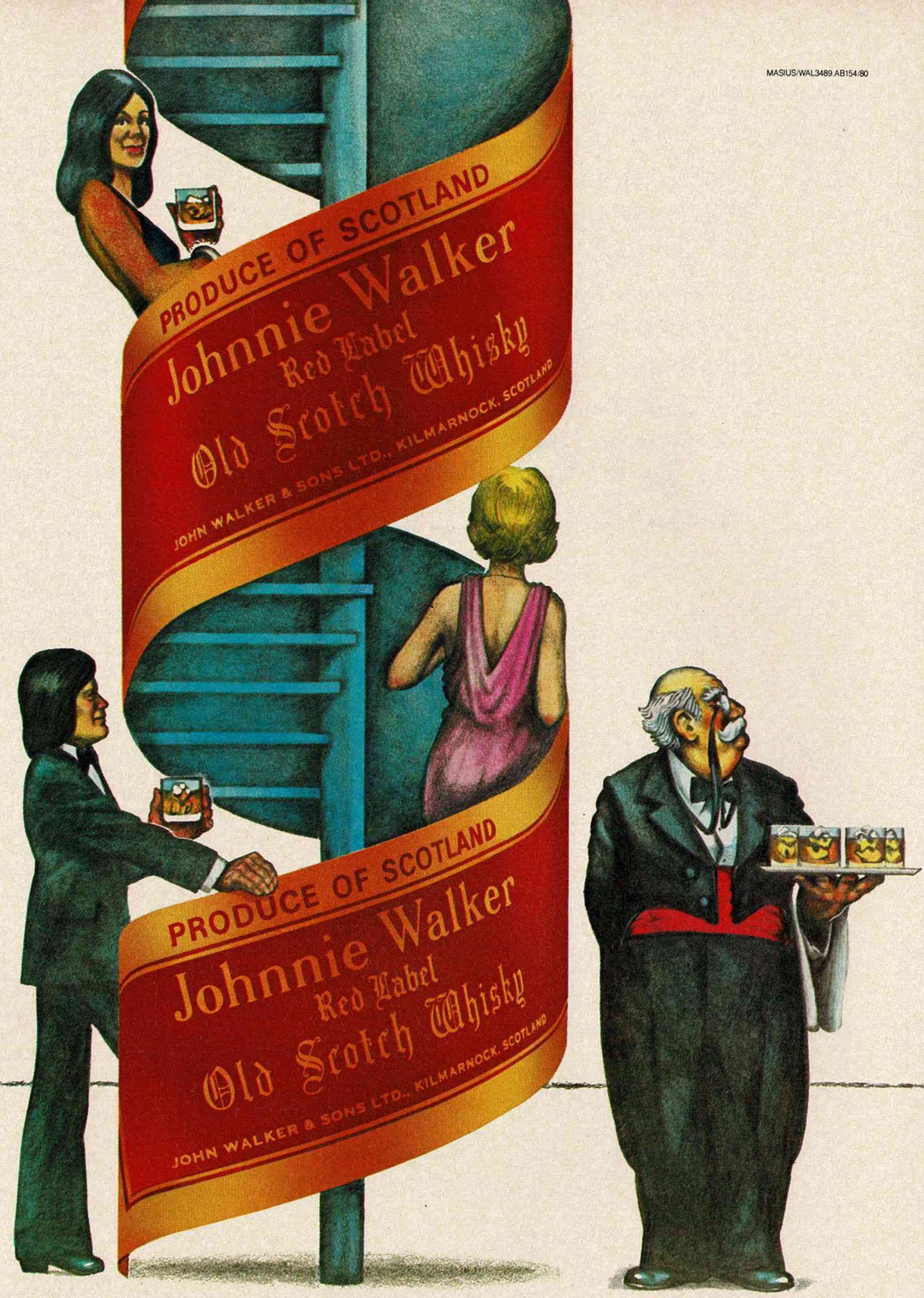

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picked up again four months later by Channel 9, but I virtually had to start all over again as a booth announcer. That episode taught me nobody is indispensable and, in a way, I learned a lot from my illness. If we are honest with ourselves, we all go through a stage when we regard ourselves as indispensable. Before my illness, I'd had this instinctive feeling that there was going to be only one me ever and that I could never be replaced. But I learned that, as long as shows go on, new people are found. The king is dead, long live the king. I learned three salutary lessons during my illness: that family and friends during a personal crisis are all-important; that there is no such animal as the indispensable person; and thirdly, that you cannot buy health.

PLAYBOY: Have you felt at risk since?

NEWTON: No, and, in some ways, the breakdown, occurring when it did, was the best thing that ever happened to me. I was young and resilient. If it had happened to me when I was older, I'm sure the recovery wouldn't have been as easy. As it was, it came when I was at an age when I could take stock of myself. And my career has been a lot more successful than it was before the breakdown and, I feel, much more successful than it might have been without the illness.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the victim's acceptance of his illness and a positive approach are critical planks in the recovery. But doesn't the mental patient still need the love and support of his family and friends?

NEWTON: That love and support are vital when you are mentally ill. It is important that you have understanding about you. I had that. I come from a loving family, and my mother, brothers and sister were with me all the way. Close friends were rooting for me. In a way, their love and support were spurs to my recovery. I felt I owed it to them.

PLAYBOY: I believe that during your recovery you had a very bad experience with LSD. Were you a willing partner in that drug experiment?

NEWTON: No, but I can't be categorical. I didn't know what LSD was and I am not sure even today that I knew a drug of that nature was going to be given to me. Not that I am critical of the doctor or hold him responsible for what was a very bad personal experience, because I'd put myself completely into his hands. And, who knows, the administration of LSD might have helped in my recovery. But it was like being thrown into the middle of the Indian Ocean with a life-jacket. You knew that, for the moment, you could float, but you kept wondering for how long you'd be safe. I could never understand how anyone would want to go through the experience just for kicks.

PLAYBOY: How bad was your trip?

NEWTON: At the time, it was quite horrendous. It is very comfortable to look back 16 years and say it was a bad experience. I do not have hot flushes thinking about it, but it certainly affected me at the time and the hangover stayed with me for a couple of years. I didn't feel suicidal, but everything went out of proportion and took on new and frightening dimensions. I still find it impossible to be graphic about it.

PLAYBOY: It's a totally different road, but couldn't you and Don Lane have been accused of taking some members of your television audience along a negative and scary trip when you interviewed the ghost hunters?

NEWTON: I found the ghost hunters a lot of fun. I'm a confirmed sceptic and I don't think that sort of thing does any harm to people. It is a question of gullibility. Gullible people shouldn't rely on a television variety show to cure their ills, allay their fears or to tell them what's wrong with their lifestyles or their minds. A variety program should entertain.

PLAYBOY: But some people are more susceptible than others. Where do you draw the line between entertaining and scaring or shocking people?

NEWTON: I don't know. Where did Alfred Hitchcock draw the line? I can watch a Hitchcock movie and it does nothing for me. The person sitting next to me might have nightmares for a year. Perhaps the person sitting three seats away might be contemplating suicide while his companion is convulsed with laughter. If you are asking me what are our priorities and obligations on television, then good taste is the only barometer. I have been accused of delving into bad taste television. I think everybody who does radio and television regularly can be similarly accused. Those who do succeed in television and radio don't repeat their errors of judgement. In my business, you've really got to find your own area of responsibility. If you had told me when I was 20 that I had a responsibility toward my audience I wouldn't have disagreed with you, but I wouldn't have known what you were talking about. I sometimes lapse, as we all do, but people have to realise that we are simply doing a job — a well paid job, but a job for all that. The phony is always going to be the one who is harmful in any walk of sotiety. The phony is quickly found out in our business. The camera doesn't really lie.

PLAYBOY: You sound as though you are doing your own thing on radio. Do you have a free hand in the format and content of the show?

NEWTON: Yep.

PLAYBOY: That is part of the contract?

NEWTON: Within the bounds of good taste and sobriety, yes, I have a completely free hand.

PLAYBOY: In discussing your radio style, a critic on the Melbourne *Age* recently wrote that anthropologists will one day pay close attention to your technique. What do you think anthropologists will find enlightening about Bert Newton?

NEWTON: They don't worry me.

PLAYBOY: Don't you want to be part of Australian social history?

NEWTON: No. I want to be part of 1980.

PLAYBOY: But what do you think they will find interesting about your radio program in relation to the social structure and mores?

NEWTON: I hope they see me as an individual performer — the one thing I've always aimed to be. Perhaps it is aiming too high to say unique. Who is unique? But I like to think that I have an individual style in my use of a microphone or television camera. I've never done theatre or cabaret. I'm a creature of the electronic media. I've written newspaper and magazine columns, but I'm only as good as my ghost writer. But in radio and television, I like to think my work has the mark of individuality.

"I can analyse my approach, but not what I do. I think you can become too embroiled in your own personality."

PLAYBOY: Because so many people listen to you and watch you every week, you must be saying the sort of thing they want to hear. What do you reflect of current society?

NEWTON: I can analyse my approach, but not what I do. I can talk about results or lack of results. But I can't dissect what I'm all about. I try not to watch or listen to myself very often because I think you can become too embroiled in your own personality. Get too analytical about yourself and you'll do nothing. I'd like to think I reflect a style of communication and comedy not necessarily peculiar to the 1980s. A lot of the stuff I do is old-fashioned because I believe there are timeless links in show business. I draw from people like George Wallace, Roy Rene, and Davey and Dyer. The mistake a lot of blokes setting out in the business make is believing that the panache of those old time greats is dead and gone. Davey would be funny today. So, too, would Mo, George Wallace and Jim Gerald. Let me illustrate with a beautiful thing that happened in America. Seventy American performers were asked to name the greatest American performer of the 20th century. Fifty-five voted for Al Jolson. Jolson has been dead for 30 years, but he is still remembered as the greatest. In this business, your mind must be two years ahead and your work one year behind.

PLAYBOY: You maintain Melbourne radio's top ratings with what you admit is an old-fashioned format. What do you think of program managers who keep ringing the changes in sounds and personalities?

NEWTON: Some strive too much for the new sound or the new style of the '80s. They break ties with what has been successful for many years. I haven't simply taken a '50s or '60s format. It is an old format with an '80s slant. It's a very conversational and a direct communicative approach. I'm just not a deejay or a political commentator. We've got some real beauties among Australian radio men, but we've also got some pains, absolute pains who want to try and tell you how to lead your life. I can't solve everyone's personal problems on radio or television but I can soften the blow by getting his mind off his personal problems for a little while.

PLAYBOY: In contrast to some other radio personalities, do you see your role as an entertainer rather than as one who wants to push his views?

NEWTON: If I can do anything, it is entertain others, and I see my role in radio and television as an entertainer. There is a new breed of radio man who is a commentator on anything from ingrown toenails to the Mid East situation. I am not suggesting these performers can't be successful, but I wouldn't want to emulate them.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel some of this new breed make the mistake of using their programs as their personal forum?

NEWTON: I think they have fallen for the old trap — and we all fall at some time or another. Just because you have the advantage of being in public media and can air your likes, your dislikes and your philosophies doesn't make what you are saying correct. We all dabble. The very fact that you are doing a commercial makes you part of a propaganda machine. I don't feel performers today are as finely honed as the class of '50, and I've learned a lot from listening to Davey, Dyer and company communicate. I am not an opinion former. Of course, I'll state a

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NOWRA, The Diamond Dept.
ORANGE, Quinn's Jewellers
TAMWORTH, Sandy McKinnon
TAREE, Nappers Jewellers
WAGGA, Bruce Oakes
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BELCONNEN, Dimitries Jewellers
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DANDENONG, Draytons The Jewellers
ELTHAM, Eltham Midway Jewellers
FOOTSCRAY, D.P. Griffiths
HAMPTON, J.T. Davis & Son
PRESTON, Lane Busby
SOUTH MELBOURNE, McMaster & Son
SUNSHINE, H. & F. Bern
WINDSOR, Buchanan Jewellers

VICTORIA COUNTRY
BENDIGO, F.C. Johns
COLAC, Max Thorne
MOE, Ken Cook
MORWELL, Ken Cook
PORTLAND, Ian Smyth
SEYMOUR, Bruce Hall
SHEPPARTON, F.C. Johns
WARRAGUL, Ken Cook

QUEENSLAND
GOONDIWINDI, Peter Desbrow
INDOOROOPILLY, McKinney's
MACKAY, Carlton Jewellers
ROCKHAMPTON, Rod Cooper
TOOWOOMBA, McKinney's
TOWNSVILLE, Loloma Jewellers

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
NARACOORTE, F. Selig & Son

TASMANIA
BURNIE, E.A. Joyce

Showcase JEWELLERS

case and people who haven't listened to me probably wouldn't believe that I do touch on current affairs. This year, as an example, I have interviewed the Prime Minister and Mr Hayden, and I have spoken to the White House on a number of occasions. Rather than forcing my ideas on my listeners, I prefer them to hear what the experts have to say and let them make up their own minds. Opinion can be changed, but fact can't. Comment can only represent one person's opinion. I don't serve people by giving them political comment or advice on how to run their lives. I would like to imagine that around 6.30 at night in a few households around Melbourne, the young, the middle-aged and the senior housewife will be saying to their husbands: "I'll tell you what Bert was saying this morning . . ."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the style of radio varies from city to city?

NEWTON: Things do vary. John Laws can get away with things in Sydney that he wouldn't get away with in Melbourne. And I don't think that what I do on radio in Melbourne would be necessarily successful in Sydney. Laws is the undoubted king of Sydney radio, but I can't tell whether he would work in Melbourne. I can't be objective enough when I listen to him. Although he works very differently to me, I truly enjoy him on radio. As a broadcaster, he has cloned more people in the industry than anyone else. I don't suppose he has wanted that, but in recent years he has had imitators all over the country. If that is their bag, okay. The one who saddens me is the deejay who doesn't have much background and who decides that, in addition to telling you how old Elvis Presley was when he recorded Jailhouse Rock, he will tell you why Malcolm Fraser shouldn't be Prime Minister. That's so frightening.

PLAYBOY: Frightening in the sense that we are being manipulated by a few demi-gods in radio?

NEWTON: Not really. Australians are the best sifters in the world. We have built-in sieves. We retain only what we want to retain. I believe Australians are probably the most "ungullible" people in the world.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to tell me that Australians are discerning?

NEWTON: Yes, I think we are. Look at the scenario in the production of television drama. Many things were tried before productions such as *The Sullivans, Prisoner* and *Cop Shop* could take on the overseas shows and beat them. Sure, *Cop Shop* is a highly-budgeted, well-produced, well-acted soap opera. *The Sullivans* is more than that. *Prisoner* is a great "escape" series. But they are three excellent television programs. The production houses had to work very hard before they got these three successes to work. Australia took a lot of crook American television for many years. It is a measure of our discernment that not much of the bad American and English television is successful here now.

PLAYBOY: Why the sudden change in management attitudes?

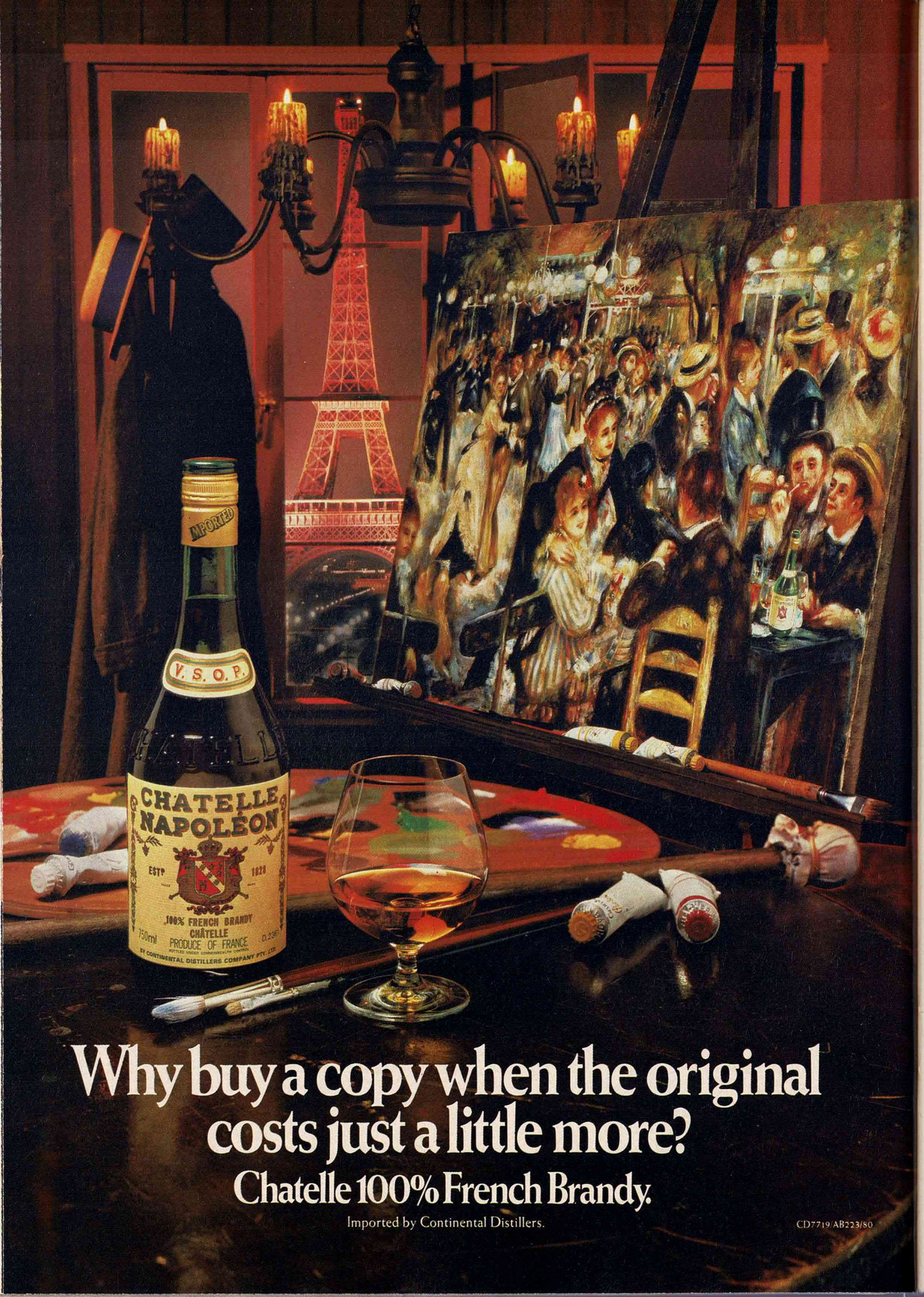
NEWTON: For the first 10 years of Australian television, nobody knew what was good or bad. We were learning together — floor managers, producers, directors, comperes, singers and bandleaders and the public. The money wasn't particularly good in those first 10 years, but it was a pretty good train ride. We didn't really have anything with which to compare our work. We weren't doing huge drama series or variety as such. The emphasis was on tonight shows and musicals. I would say that in those days we had more television hosts per capita than any other country in the world. At one stage on the *In Melbourne Tonight* show, we had a staff of 14 commercial announcers. I doubt if even NBC has ever had that many announcers working on the one program.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Australia was simply producing programs to complement the imported material?

NEWTON: Yes. For the first 10 years, the only programs of any vaguely dramatic nature were those one-off dramas by the 7 and 9 networks and Crawford's *Consider Your Verdict. Homicide* was the real breakthrough. I regard Hector Crawford as one of the far-sighted pioneers of Australian television, and one day his name will have to be given to a very special award. He has never run a television station, but he has always been an innovator. He has always been willing to take a chance. If anyone has lived up to the adage of putting your money where your mouth is, it is Hector. He even mortgaged his home to get *Homicide* going. You might say, sure, but he's made a lot of money. Frankly, I'm not so sure he has. He could have $3 million buried in his back garden and, just in case, I must go to a barbecue there one day. But it has been his thinking and his courage that have helped Australian television to the standard it is today.

PLAYBOY: As early as 1963, you were complaining that idolatry has destroyed your private life, but you're still at it 17 years later. Have you been able to buy the security and privacy you want or have you come to terms with living in a glass bowl?

NEWTON: I've come to terms with it, although I don't think I do live in a



glass bowl, as do several of my colleagues. I like privacy and I also like people. I think there is a happy medium. I've discovered you are not going to enjoy your own privacy if you dress in an outlandish manner, wear heavily mirrored sunglasses and stroll through Tullamarine airport, nonchalantly whistling the theme from your show. People are going to know you are not a bus driver. I suppose I have manufactured my own kind of enjoyment. I go to a couple of pubs where I'm known to be on television, but I am also known as the man I am. I come from a large family, I have a very good family of my own. I give TV and radio every minute and every gram of energy that I think my career deserves and I try to give the best performance I can under any circumstances. But come Friday night, when I've done my last show for the week, *New Faces,* that's it. I have a couple of beers with the boys in the dressing room until about 11pm or midnight. From Friday night to Monday morning, I belong to my family. I don't go to wild or big parties, and I don't go where people want to talk television and radio all the time. There are a lot of other things in life, not that my outside interests are particularly deep. But I like horse-racing and football, and enjoy movies, music and reading. One has to have outside interests.

PLAYBOY: Because a man doesn't marry and because he is not seen to be playing around with a succession of young women, a lot of Australians tend to assume the guy is gay. Did those innuendoes worry you in your bachelor days?

NEWTON: I was told recently by an actress friend of mine, Joy Westmore, that there are only two males in Australian show business who she has never heard accused of being gay. I, don't remember who the first guy was, but I was the other. It was something which was not thrown up at me at all — certainly not in the press and certainly not in my face. I don't think that was one of the crosses I had to bear. I guess if I was not married now, at 42, some people might think I was homosexual but it's never concerned me. I have lots of friends in TV who are gay. They carry their handbag and I carry mine.

PLAYBOY: Especially during the old days of the Kennedy-Newton team, you have been known to drop the odd homosexual gag. Was this just a way of playing up to the audience?

NEWTON: There was never any preponderance of it. There are certain areas in comedy which people believe should never be touched — religion, homosexuality and color. I don't subscribe to that. Those three things are a part of life and, while there shouldn't be a preoccupation with all or any one of the three, they are part of our living and our society. I guess the worst thing is to hurt in comedy, but if there is hurt, it is also an ingredient of comedy which I find I can't eradicate. There are times in front of the camera when you can't help but offend in some way. The most successful performers are those who do one of two things — please the most people or offend the least number of people. If I do a gay line, I invariably get some mail from people who complain that I am denigrating homosexuality. If I do a joke on Kamahl — even though I have never mentioned his color on television or radio — the mail is amazing, even from pro-Kamahl people. They don't realise that I am a fan of his, but he is there, like all of us, to be used in a comedic sense. I have never mentioned his color but invariably they are disparaging about me because of my overuse of the fact that Kamahl is not white. They have got a problem, I haven't. Some complain because they don't want their hero to be hurt and their hero in this case is Kamahl. Incidentally, I miss out on a lot of hate mail because I never read a letter unless it is signed and has an address.

"Blue humor and lavatory humor are two different things. Ablutions exist, sure, but I personally can't find anything funny in the toilet."

PLAYBOY: You have often been blasted by the critics for being blue, gay or racist. Do you feel you have overstepped the bounds of good taste?

NEWTON: Of course. I have admitted I have on isolated occasions, but I don't think I have on a continuing basis. If I did I would do something about it. I don't think I am pig-headed and I don't believe my thinking is insular. I listen to advice quite readily; from people who don't realise they are giving advice. In my industry, it is a process of learning all the time. At 42, I am enjoying some measure of success. I want to be enjoying some success at 50, maybe at 60. Certainly at 30 I was striving for it. If there was something I was doing which was harming my career or the attitude of people toward me, I'd certainly do something about it.

PLAYBOY: You don't think there is a sickness in society which is upset by blue, sexist or racist jokes?

NEWTON: I can't see why these things have to be pigeon-holed. Are we saying you should never discuss these things, that they should never be used in a comedic sense? People are gay, people are black, yellow and white. I don't do lavatory humor. I don't think anyone can accuse me of that. Blue humor and lavatory humor are two totally different things. I don't do gags about ablutions. Ablutions exist, sure, but I personally can't find anything funny in the toilet. Success for me in comedy is a laugh — not, I hasten to add, purposely at the expense of anyone or anything.

PLAYBOY: During the 27 years you've been in the business, do you think your style of comedy has changed to reflect changes in our society?

NEWTON: Only that I guess you are allowed to do more now on television than you used to be able to do. The rules aren't as stringent as they were. The last time I worked with Graham Kennedy for any length of time, I was in my early 30s. I am now over 40 and in that time attitudes have changed and I've certainly changed. Any value I was to Graham Kennedy in those years, which hold magnificent memories for me, was more as the functionary straight man who was allowed to do comedy. Graham and I had a rapport which was quite unique for television in those days. We really could read each other's thoughts. I have always admired his ability in comedy. Some of the comedy we did together in the '60s into the '70s was some of the best material with which I have ever been associated. I am not a good written light comedian. I am hard to write for. My best material comes from the mind — not that I don't borrow from other people or that I don't need writers. I can't do what Don Lane does. I can't go out and do a very good opening monologue which has been written for me. I don't tell jokes for the reason that I tell them very badly. I am not one of your historic joke tellers. I am an on-the-spot performer with a heavy emphasis on ad lib. I can understand why a lot of actors don't like seeing their movies on late night television because what I was doing in 1973 on television doesn't necessarily come over well on 1980 television. But I hope what I'm doing on 1980 television is right for its time.

PLAYBOY: When are you and Kennedy going to produce that ultimate Australian comedy film everyone has been talking about for 20 years?

NEWTON: There is one being written for us now. I made my movie debut at the start of this year as Fatty Finn's father and I enjoyed it very much. As

a result of that, Maurice Murphy who directed *Fatty Finn,* sent us a draft of a movie script. Graham saw it before me and sent it on to me with a very explicit note: "Whatever you are doing, put down that can of beer and read this; it's funny." I had no can of beer to put down, but I read it and I agreed with Graham. The chances are we will be doing the movie toward the end of the year.

PLAYBOY: In variety television you've been most successful as sidekick to the star. Do you feel less inhibited with someone else's name in lights?

NEWTON: It's just happened that way. I have starred in my own programs. I've compered about 3000 programs. Although I don't think I was the best tonight show host in Australia, I enjoyed the experience and I had my moments. But I believe I am most valuable to a program as a support act. That is what I do best. Even though I produced and compered the highest rating tonight program in Melbourne, I don't have the driving ambition to host my own show. This is one of the reasons that Don Lane and I get on so well together, both professionally and personally. He knows that, unless he has a sudden illness or if some other emergency comes up which makes it necessary for me to step in, there is no way known that I want his show.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a Bert Newton cop-out?

NEWTON: No it isn't, because I know what I want and what I don't want.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your magic works better as a support?

NEWTON: I know that I understand my comedy and, perhaps more importantly, I know the person with whom I'm working. And remember that in 27 years there have been only two prime movers for me — Graham and Don. I know what is going to make them and us look good. The second reason is that, if I was moulded for anything in television, it is the support role. I know my answer probably doesn't ring true, but the truth of it is that I don't want to be a headliner. Although I have seen a lot of tonight show comperes come and go, I am not concerned about failure. It is simply that there are a lot of other things I want to do that I consider more important. I have a great love of radio — in which I am successful — and I don't want to give that away — which I'd need to do. It would be physically impossible to do five mornings on radio and compere two tonight shows on television every week. It is not that I'm devoid of ambition — just not in that area.

PLAYBOY: Was it a false impression that you seemed to be competing with Graham Kennedy for a share of the camera action in the old IMT days?

NEWTON: What viewers saw was a natural situation in which we, two old friends and local boys of similar backgrounds and approach to our on-camera work, found ourselves. One of the lucky things about my career and my attitude to my career is that I have never had the feeling that I've been competing with anyone. Perhaps there were situations and times when I could have competed with others to get certain shows, but I have never bothered to play that game. The results have never been important to me. The best things that have happened to me in my career have been handed to me. That is not to say that I haven't worked for them, but I have not worked toward them as specific goals.

PLAYBOY: You've never felt the urge to stab someone in the back?

NEWTON: No, and I don't think you have to in this business. Perhaps people starting off in the business today have to sit around and pray for the demise of such people as Lane, Kennedy, Newton, Mike Walsh and Mike Willesee who have been around for so long. It seems to me that one of two things is wrong with Australian television. Either the industry is not bothering to find the people needed to replace us or people with the potential to take over aren't around.

"There is not any doubt that Don Lane came along at the right time. I can't think of anyone with whom I would have found the same rapport."

PLAYBOY: You once said you didn't want to work with Don Lane whom you regarded as a brash loud-mouth. What changed your mind?

NEWTON: My wife, Patti. It was 1975 when Graham had left Channel 9 and they were trying various people as comperes. Don was brought down from Sydney and, although I didn't know it at the time, he asked specifically for me to work with him. I had a contract to work out at 9 when Peter Faiman rang me and asked me to work with Don Lane. I asked him to hold on a sec while I turned off an imaginary kettle. I told Patti they had asked me to work with Don and told her I didn't really want to. Patti asked me what the alternatives would be with me contracted to a network with no show, and she asked me what I had to lose. I chose to work with Don. After four performances, I realised there was a chemistry between us and that it was going to lead to big things.

PLAYBOY: You and Don seem at ease in one another's company before the camera. Are both of you as relaxed as you look?

NEWTON: One of the things I have going for me is that I am a relaxed television performer. It doesn't necessarily come easy to me, but it is no hassle. I think Don and I can find a level. I can see pretty quickly if he is having an up or down night and I'm sure he sees that in me — so we're able to relax into one another's company. Don might have a particularly strong night and won't require all that much from me, so I'm there basically to make up the picture. And there might be a night when Don has a tremendous load to carry on the show and on those nights my job is to be the lightening factor. I work best when I'm playing things by ear. We have something in Australian television which is fast becoming unique — live television. The American shows are now taped before they go to air, and if something goes wrong, it is taken out. In Australia, in the Lane or Mike Walsh show, if something goes wrong, it stays in. You just have to find your own way out of it. I think it is terribly important that we continue with live television in Australia. The mere fact that people know the show is live is a terrific injection of adrenalin for both the performer and the audience.

PLAYBOY: You give the appearance of enjoying television more these days.

NEWTON: A great deal of things contribute to that. My marriage has helped in my attitude to my work. I also retain a great desire to do a good job. Perhaps I don't worry as much as I used to about what is around the corner. Yet, strangely, I should because I now have marriage and family responsibilities. Another reason has to do with my sister, Alice, who died in 1975. She was my greatest fan, and we were very close. After her death, I felt I owed her memory the success she never lived to see me fully realise. I don't want to let her down by failing. There is not any doubt that Don Lane came along at the right time. Of course, I could be immodest enough to say that I happened to be there at the right time for Don. I can't think of anyone else in Australian television with whom I would have found the same immediate rapport.

PLAYBOY: You seem happiest and most comfortable on Logie night, yet I'm sure that most other television personalities would be scared witless to do what you do. Do you get butterflies

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before the presentation of the awards?
NEWTON: I haven't got time to have butterflies. I suppose that Logie night compensates for my lack of drive in other television areas. For 14 years, it has been my series, my chance. The adrenalin really pumps that night because the show is unrehearsed, live and I don't get any second chances before a critical audience of my peers.
PLAYBOY: Are you in a totally ad lib situation or do you try to arm yourself with a few fill-in gags?
NEWTON: It's 98 percent off the cuff. It has to be for the way I work the Logies. If I don't do the show next year — and I guess there is every chance I won't because Rupert Murdoch, who owns *TV Week*, now controls the 10 network — perhaps the new compere will work in a different way. But I would never want to do three hours of live television in a scripted fashion. I wouldn't want that kind of hassle. I like to call the shots as they come up. For years, many of the overseas guests have been concerned about going on with no script. They don't work that way in America or Europe. And every year, I have to win that battle to preserve the show's spontaneity.
PLAYBOY: Have you ever been afraid of someone setting you up?
NEWTON: Not at all. Being on stage is just an extension of life. It's all give and take. I've never complained about anything done to me. I'm confident I can handle most situations.
PLAYBOY: You can persuade nature to take a holiday?
NEWTON: Nobody has ever been able to explain this, but for some reason nature doesn't call when you are on stage. You don't even sneeze.
PLAYBOY: Were it possible, are there any of the many celebrities with whom you've shared the stage you'd like to have back as regular?
NEWTON: I don't think having anyone back on a regular basis would work. But the two who brought the entire audience to its feet were John Wayne and Muhammad Ali. There was an almost supernatural aura about them. Everyone sensed their presence in the room before they saw them.
PLAYBOY: True, we felt the electricity generated by Ali even on television, particularly when he seemed upset by some of your one-liners. Was he putting on one of his famous acts?
NEWTON: Yes, I think he was. He is not only the best boxer-showman the world has seen, but he is your non-bionic, six-million-dollar man. And he plays his every part beautifully. There was no malice in my remark: "I like the boy." It was a catch phrase for a series of commercials I did for some years. It never occurred to me until I'd said it that the word "boy" has an entirely different connotation in the States. It certainly wasn't preconceived to catch the headlines.
PLAYBOY: For a split second, there was fire in Ali's eyes. Were you afraid he was going to hang one on you?
NEWTON: Fear doesn't enter your mind when you're up there on stage. I'm sure that I could take a right hook from Muhammad Ali on stage and make something of it. Of course, if he were to breathe on me off stage, I'd collapse in a mangled heap.
PLAYBOY: Are the Logies more important to the industry or to Bert Newton?
NEWTON: They're more important to the industry, although I admit they have been of the utmost importance to me and my career. I realise that I'll probably not compere them again, and I'll be left with many years of memories for which I'll always be grateful. In fact, if I'm not compering them next year, I'm not sure I'll want to be there. Not because of any sour grapes, but I've got no idea what it is like to sit in the audience or to attend the cocktail party because I've never done those things. Nor do I imagine my

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presence would be fair on the person who replaces me. After my long association with the Logies, I'd expect a reasonably good table close to the stage. I don't think the new compere would feel very comfortable gazing down on my discerning face all night.
PLAYBOY: Was your family background as warm and loving as it has been painted?
NEWTON: Yes, and that background has been very important to me — my rod and staff. I'm one of the lucky ones of the World War Two generation. Many kids of my age didn't enjoy school, but I enjoyed my school days. I was taught by an order of monks called Marist Brothers who were lampooned very unfairly and badly in *Devil's Playground.* Although very well produced, the film's treatment bears no similarity to the brothers' lifestyle, then or now. I was one of five children. My father spent most of my young life in the war and died in 1950, when I was 11. My mother has always been a great influence in my life. I grew up in North Fitzroy — a middle-class, industrial suburb about which many a corny book can be written. Although we weren't rich we certainly weren't poor. We were never near the poverty line.
PLAYBOY: Why do you make that distinction between North Fitzroy and Fitzroy?
NEWTON: Oh, it was terribly important in those days. There was a definite border. In the hotel bars of North Fitzroy, black singlets had to be worn after five.
PLAYBOY: And what did they wear in the bars of Fitzroy?
NEWTON: Very, very happy smiles, I've been told.
PLAYBOY: You are staunchly Catholic?
NEWTON: Yeah, the faith has always been important to me. The old Irish Catholic faith was instilled in all Micks in those years. Some people look back on that era of Australian Catholicism with unpleasant memories. I can't.
PLAYBOY: You seem to be signing million-dollar contracts every other year yet you show no desire to move out of the middle class from which you came. Is the Irish Catholic background a strong influence in your remaining loyal to your class?
NEWTON: Oh, no. There are some very wealthy pockets of the church. The church doesn't make you stay in the middle ground. Unfortunately, in some areas of Catholic thinking, a person can't be a good Christian if he is rich. That's just not on. The middle class and its thinking are important to me because that is what I belong to. Some who happen to come from that background and make it to the top in politics, sport or show business tend to wave the flag of middle-classmanship because it brings them kudos. I don't remain middle class for that reason. I do so because it is honest. I'm not very comfortable in the company of the so-called elite. Anyway, I know in my heart that members of the middle class are the real elite, even though there are many who disagree with me. Everyone is a product of his background. Those first 15 or 20 years lived in a certain situation among certain ideals and standards are pretty persuasive on your personality and philosophy. I don't live in North Fitzroy any longer. The sceptics might say, well, if you love it so much, why aren't you living there. That's not the point. I don't feel I'm letting the old side down by no longer living in Fitzroy. People move out and on, regardless of where they came from. Very few people remain in the one geographic environment all their lives.
PLAYBOY: Are you saying you have taken your background with you to your plush home in the eastern suburbs of Melbourne?
NEWTON: Definitely. I have not only

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taken my background with me, but I feel very comfortable with it. It would be dishonest to say that I know no background other than North Fitzroy. Show business has given me the opportunity of meeting people in all walks and classes. Nor am I being unduly unfair on the alleged elitist class. I am only saying I don't feel comfortable mingling with them.

PLAYBOY: Do we have a genuine middle class in Australia or is it a term we have got from the English which doesn't really apply in our society?

NEWTON: In the '40s and '50s, middle class was a term used to describe people who didn't live in Toorak or didn't own a car.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean today?

NEWTON: It means the majority, and I'm a majorities man.

PLAYBOY: And weight of numbers makes it the elitist class?

NEWTON: That's how my heart sees it. My mind sees traditional elitists as the well-moneyed minority. You can like or loathe Malcolm Fraser, but you'll have to admit that the one cross he bears is that he was born to money. I mean what does he do? Does he go out and spend his millions? I don't know how I'd handle that situation because I wasn't born to it. But I'm not going to deny my background just because of my success. I can recall getting into a taxi in my early days in television, and the cabbie saying as we pulled up outside the family home in Holden Street, North Fitzroy: "I thought you would have lived in a better house, Bert." I thought about that for months, but I couldn't construe what he meant by "better house".

PLAYBOY: You mention Fraser, a name synonymous with the establishment. What exactly does the establishment mean to you?

NEWTON: It represents an example of how people misuse the privilege of birth or wealth or power by assuming the right to impose their beliefs and rule on society. I didn't realise the depth of the chasm between the establishment and me until I was invited to compere a function in the great hall of the Arts Centre about six years ago. Afterwards I had to wait 15 minutes for a cab. Most of the people for whom I'd worked that night — not the audience but the organisers of the function — came up while I was waiting to thank me, but they all left me high and dry. I later discovered they'd all gone to the Melbourne Club for drinks. I wasn't invited. As it turned out, I went to the Fitzroy Football Club and had a ball. But I was annoyed and angry. If the tables had been turned and I'd been the host, I'd never allow that situation to arise. Thankfully, I don't often find myself in the company of people who would not invite me to the Melbourne Club.

PLAYBOY: Have you outgrown your annoyance and anger?

NEWTON: No, but I'd like to think that those people have grown to be more courteous and considerate. I probably would have declined the invitation had it been made, but I don't think that that's the point.

PLAYBOY: If your childhood was so comfortable and happy, why did you wait so long to start up a family of your own?

NEWTON: At one stage of the game, I did think I was a confirmed bachelor. The people I'd known from childhood were getting married in their 20s, but it didn't seem right for me. I didn't want to get married just because it was the thing to do. I wanted to make sure I married the right girl. Even in my bachelor days I believed in the institution of marriage. If people want to live together, that's fine. De facto relationships are now part of our society. But I feel sorry for the girl in any relationship outside marriage — particularly the girl who talks about equality of the sexes and then gets into a situation where the guy can turf her out whenever he pleases.

PLAYBOY: What have a wife and children done to change what once appeared to be shaping up as a confirmed bachelorhood?

NEWTON: First off, marriage showed me how selfish I'd become. I just assumed that things continued as usual. I finished work, I went to the pub for a few beers with the boys until I felt like going home where Patti would be waiting with my dinner — just as my mother had done for years. It was quite obvious after a couple of months that this was not going to be the way of things. After having worn one lamb dinner and having a reheated schnitzel staring me in the face, I realised that the wedding was over and the marriage had begun.

PLAYBOY: And how have the children re-shaped your life?

NEWTON: Having the children is a magnificent experience, and I was fortunate to be around when fathers were allowed to be present for the births of their children. That is an experience which is beyond description. Children, of course, change your home life. After you get home from a slogging day with the worries of the world on your shoulders, you still must give them all the love and attention they deserve. Your boy's had a fall and grazed his knee, his tractor's not working or he wants to show you what he's painted at kindergarten. You've got to give them the time, particularly in a situation like mine. I'm not home for at least three nights of the week so I have to make up that lost time when I am home. Ours is a hectic household at times. Fortunately, Patti and I are not white-cottage-and-roses people. We're both volatile and we argue, but to each, the other is the single most important person in the world.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever regretted giving up your freedom?

NEWTON: I've found my freedom. I am able to find more time for my career because I no longer have to prove anything to anybody. Patti knows the industry, having been in it herself from a very young age. She is the perfect support for me — very professional yet very suburban. We have lots in common and one of the most important is our suburban outlook. I'm not the sort of bloke who spends the weekends fixing the front gate or hosing the car, but, like Patti, I'm suburban in my thinking. Yet both of us can enter into the big city life of television and not be overawed. It's a beaut combination, practically perfect.

"I am not a millionaire. Whenever a newspaper story is written about somebody in television, an extra nought is added to his earnings."

PLAYBOY: Did the 6000 people at your wedding make it a freak show?

NEWTON: No. You might think that way because 6000 witnesses are a lot of people. But 5700 were outside the church. It wasn't a sideshow or a farce. I've been present at those sort of weddings and I don't enjoy them.

PLAYBOY: What rules do you insist upon to keep your family life private?

NEWTON: We're never photographed or interviewed at home. We won't break that rule for anybody. Although we have no hassles at the moment, problems might arise when the kids start going to school. Being the child of a Ron Barassi or the local MP or someone who happens to be on television can be hard, but it also gives the child a special strength. Children's reactions can be fascinating. My son, Matthew, who is three, is going through the stage where he believes everyone's father is on television.

PLAYBOY: What does being wealthy mean to you?

NEWTON: It means security. I do like the comforts that money brings and I admit that once you have tasted material comforts you want them with you always. I also have to watch myself to make sure I don't overindulge the kids. As for wealth itself, I am primarily interested in the security and independence it can bring. If I stay in this industry until I am 50, I will have the security I want. I'm pretty close to that but by 50 I'll also have independence. I'll enjoy that because I come from an era in television in which only a lucky few have achieved total independence.

PLAYBOY: Are you a rich man?

NEWTON: I have a demanding silent partner. Mr Fraser shares in everything I earn.

PLAYBOY: Will your money encourage you to raise your children any differently to the way you were raised?

NEWTON: The greatest ambition I had for my sons was for them to be taught by the same order of Marist Brothers who instructed me. That can't happen now because few of the brothers now teach in schools. The whole Catholic education system has changed dramatically since my schooldays. Values and life itself have changed a hell of a lot. If, in 18 months time, when he goes to school, I were to ask Matthew where his cap was, he wouldn't know what I was talking about. He'd think I was referring to something a dentist puts on teeth. I would like to choose a good school for my son, but I don't particularly want him to go to a school regarded as a nurturing ground for tomorrow's leaders. Distancing myself from that kind of snobbery is very important to me. Of course he will be taught differently to me, but that is out of my control anyway. All I can do is set him an example I hope proves to be correct.

PLAYBOY: Because your background smacks of middle-class conservatism, are you suspicious of ever indulging in high-risk investment?

NEWTON: It would be very easy to say that I have a good accountant and I leave everything to him. But it is not only clever of me, it is also true. He has looked after my business affairs for seven years. Our lifestyle might not be grand, but neither is it inexpensive. Patti and I both drive nice cars and our home is the one we have always dreamed about. But as for investment, I am not a millionaire — nowhere near it. Whenever a newspaper story is written about somebody in television, an extra nought is automatically added to his earnings. It is easy for me to blame the press. I also have to accept that I am part of a publicity machine. But when I look back through the scrapbook my brother Tom keeps, I often think how luxurious my life would be if I'd earned all the money paid me by newspaper calculations. As it is, I'll have

to work until I'm probably at least 50 to set myself up. Inflation is not all hoo-ha. It exists.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying in a roundabout way that you do not invest your money recklessly?

NEWTON: My accountant and I work as partners. He gets me out of scrapes and I get him into scrapes. I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that land is a good investment and I lean very heavily toward property. Apart from the odd $100 dabble, I don't play the stock market. Three years ago, I wanted to buy gold, but Patti advised me against it. The scars are only just healing. My accountant manages my financial affairs well. I'm grateful for that because I couldn't do it myself. Not that I am alone in the industry in lacking business acumen. I can't think of anyone in the industry who is a particularly astute businessman in the strictest sense.

PLAYBOY: Does your loyalty to the Fitzroy Football Club extend to investing in club debentures?

NEWTON: My first debenture stock, which I bought in 1955, matures next year. I don't know whether it is going to be issued. But I won't hold the club to ransom. I might meet the executives one night in the Melbourne Club to discuss it.

PLAYBOY: Your work load has always been heavy, but you must have been stretched to the limit when the *Don Lane Show* was running four nights a week. Was the four-night package designed to help Lane sell the show in the United States?

NEWTON: I haven't told you who my American manager is. Don Lane. I put myself completely in Don's hands toward the end of last year. If I can trust my accountant, I've got to trust Don, too, because I work alongside him. He is looking after my financial, ethnic and show business interests in America. If the show goes well over there, if he goes home and doesn't return, and if I find that he has bought half of Texas, there's going to be trouble. At least one of those Lane landmarks in Texas will belong to me.

PLAYBOY: You didn't feel that you were being used?

NEWTON: No. He said two words to me: "Trust me."

PLAYBOY: What does the sale of the show in the United States and Canada mean to you?

NEWTON: Obviously not as much as it does to Don. I'd be naïve to suggest that being seen by a large American audience isn't important to me. I used to go to the Palace Theatre in North Fitzroy as a kid and watch the Hollywood giants on screen. Now a television program on which I'm working is going to be viewed by a possible audience of 10 to 15 million North Americans. You have got to sit up and say to yourself: "Hey, this is really happening to me!"

PLAYBOY: American laughs are just as good as Australian laughs?

NEWTON: Yes. I've never denied that, but I have no illusions. The American deal is certainly going to help Don immeasurably over there. And don't forget, that's where his cookies are, as opposed to my biscuits.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to Bert Newton and Melbourne. In 27 years of show business, you have worked almost exclusively in Melbourne. Are you totally content with receiving only Melbourne's homage?

NEWTON: I'm a product of Melbourne. I don't know whether I'd succeed anywhere else. I had the chance of trying a few years ago, when the Fabergé people wanted me to fly to England to try out as compere for the Miss World competition. I declined because I had no driving ambition to do the show or

"Christianity is the hardest religion in the world, because the man who started it has been an impossible act to follow."

to succeed in England. My attitude toward the *Don Lane Show* going to the States is similar. I'm thrilled at the prospect, but I could never want to live or work there. I get homesick for Melbourne when I reach the outskirts of Geelong.

PLAYBOY: Melbourne has a lot of knockers. What is the town to you?

NEWTON: I don't have the eloquence to describe adequately the city as I see it. It is my town, where I live, where I'm at. Almost every weekend of my life, I spend time driving around Melbourne just looking at the buildings, at the sites of the old studios where I began working when I was 12. I love trams and buses and trains. There's a certain hustle and bustle about Melbourne that makes it unique in Australia. It's busy without being frenetic. It hasn't got the buzz of Sydney, but then Sydney doesn't have the magnificent gardens that ring Melbourne. I even love the climate of Melbourne. It sounds like the old vaudeville gag, but you really can have the four seasons in one day. Having gone to bed in a temperature of 26 degrees, it is a good feeling to wake up next morning to find the temperature has plummeted 16 degrees and it's now pouring with rain. It keeps you on your toes, cold though they may be. I'm a spectator in sport so, with the exception of worrying about which horses can handle the mud, the rain and slush of Melbourne don't affect me. All my roots are in Melbourne, and she has been really good for me. Even in my darkest moments, I've never felt she has given me away. I see Melbourne as a person and I understand her. To me, she is beautiful. I speak of *her*, but I also see Melbourne as an old warrior scarred by the barbs of sarcasm. Over the past few years, it has been Queensland's turn but prior to that Melbourne copped everything. But Melbourne has got this beautiful capacity to forgive. I'm not speaking on behalf of the population, but the city itself. Maybe some of this rubs off on the people. I like to think I am a part of Melbourne and that Melbourne is a part of me.

PLAYBOY: In celebrating 25 years in show business, you attributed your enduring success to the fact that you always knew what you wanted and because you had always had good friends. You obviously still know what you want, but will the friends always outnumber the enemies?

NEWTON: I'd like to think so but, while you can speak positively about friends you can't about enemies. Naturally I've got enemies I don't know exist. Everyone has. The only enemies who can hurt you are the ones who don't show their hand.

PLAYBOY: You are in a pretty cutthroat business for one who feels so strongly about Christian principles. Are you really never conscience-stricken about someone on whom you might have done the dirty?

NEWTON: Of course I do have regrets. There are several people, especially some I came in contact with early in my career, whom I would have liked to have made closer friends. But close friendship didn't seem right at the time. In some ways, I guess I'm a loner. I guess we all like to think we have done our thing by ourselves, and, of course, that is impossible. The one great tragedy about being a Christian is that you can never live up to the ideals of Christianity. You can only try. It's the hardest religion in the world, the hardest belief, because the man who started it has been an impossible act to follow.

PLAYBOY: If someone calling himself the Antichrist presented himself at 3UZ for an interview, would you give him airtime?

NEWTON: Of course I would speak with him. Christ did.

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SCOOP! What Australia's top people throw out

muckraking was never like this before — but then garbage does not say "no comment"

HAS PLAYBOY indulged in gutter journalism? Oh, no! In our constant efforts to bring you the best in-depth reporting, we dispatched journalist and garbologist TONY MAGUIRE to find out what some of our most prominent public figures throw away. People like Chief Justice Sir

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIS MARTIN

Garfield Barwick, our former Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, the Anglican Primate Sir Marcus Loan, the Premiers of NSW and Victoria, and Sir Peter Abeles. Maguire, who admits he'll stoop to anything to get a story, came up with some highly-revealing results on his sortie into Australia's most prestigious garbage.

SIR GARFIELD BARWICK has got a fondness for vintage French bubbly and Scotch whisky. And a wife who is extremely considerate towards we garbologists.

Starting with the Chief Justice's drinking tastes . . . in his rubbish were two empty bottles of 1973 vintage Bollinger champagne, which retails for around $18 a bottle. Delving deeper, I found two bottles of the exclusive and very pukka Australian Club's house Scotch. These empties bore impressively-monogrammed labels stating that the whisky had been specially imported by the club.

However, Sir Garfield does not completely spurn our local alcoholic beverages. For there was also a bottle of Seaview white burgundy and a lone can of Foster's.

Searching through the Barwick garbage, I became impressed with how clean and odor-free it was. Nowhere was there any of the nose-wrinkling and often stomach-turning gluck that I was to find in the rubbish of other celebrities. And for this I am indebted to the ministrations of Lady Norma Barwick.

For here was a lady with a real understanding of the thankless task of the garbologist. All her kitchen refuse had been meticulously wrapped in newspaper — *then sealed with cellotape.* There were several of these little bundles, each carefully wrapped and secured with tape like humble presents. To me, this more than compensated for Sir Garfield's failure to put a plastic liner in his bin.

Inside Lady Norma's "gift wrapping" were vegetable scraps such as limp lettuce leaves, banana skins and spring onion shoots. No bones, fat or other evidence of meat, from which one might deduce that the Barwick household is largely vegetarian.

It most certainly is a non-smoking household, for there was not a trace of cigarette ash or butts.

Incidentals: Arnott's Granita biscuit pack, Hepburn Spa mineral water pre-mixed with lemon juice, and a two litre bottle of Bushland detergent. (Further evidence of Lady Norma's good housekeeping, as I believe this brand of washing-up liquid is about the cheapest on the market).

Summing up, I would say that the Barwick garbage reflected a certain indulgence on the part of Sir Garfield which contrasted sharply with his wife's frugality. In its presentation, it was as salubrious as it is possible for rubbish to be.

(For another side of Sir Garfield's life see David Marr's profile on page 76 of this issue.)

Sadly, one cannot say the same of GOUGH and MARGARET WHITLAM's refuse, which gave off a foul stench.

I quickly discovered the source of the offensive odor — a well-ripened chicken carcase which I immediately disposed of in order to inspect the former Prime Minister and first lady's garbage in relative comfort.

I discovered that the Whitlams read *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *Financial Review* every day, balancing this with an occasional read of one of the popular-style Sydney evening papers.

Margaret favors a brand of face powder known as Love Pat, and, like most women these days, wears flesh-coloured tights (I found a discarded pair of them). There were no empty beer cans, wine bottles, or other evidence of alcohol consumption. According to what they discard, the Whitlams drink ground coffee, tea (bags), milk and fruit juice.

But while they apparently drink little or no alcohol at home, someone is addicted to Kent cigarettes, buying them by the carton and smoking them almost to the filter.

There was a carrier bag from an expensive Double Bay delicatessen, but, as though to prove that Gough Whitlam really is a man of the people, also a brown paper shopping bag from Woollies and a ticket on the Eastern Suburbs Railway.

It would seem that Gough and Margaret are keen indoor gardeners, because their garbage came in a big plastic indoor potting mixture bag. And there were several bits of dried leaf among the lint sucked up by their vacuum cleaner.

One of the most curious items in the Whitlam rubbish was a well-worn but still perfectly serviceable pair of synthetic fur slippers, size 8½. Gough's or Margaret's I wonder?

Incidentals: Concentrated household deodoriser, Arnott's crinkle-cut potato crisps, toilet cleaner, airline timetables, rotting vegetables and Krummies bread crumbs (for the chicken, presumably).

I was a bit disappointed in the Whitlams' rubbish, possibly because I opened Gough's bin with preconceived notions of finding material of a more dignified nature than a rotten chicken and synthetic fur slippers. But, above all, it lacked character, failing to reveal much more about Gough and Margaret's tastes and interests than Kent cigarettes, indoor gardening and a doubtful taste in slippers.

NSW Premier NEVILLE WRAN calls his young wife "Jilly" and drinks inexpensive white wines. There were half a dozen bottles of recent vintage Australian rieslings and white burgundies in his garbage, three of which had been bottled exclusively for the Journalists' Club in Sydney.

Other receptacles in Neville and Jill Wran's rubbish included a container of anti-dandruff foam (no Grecian 2000 or Restoria) and a broken bottle of Perrier mineral water.

It would seem that the Wrans have a cat which is fed Snappy Tom and a dog which eats Harper's dog chow. And how do I know Nifty Nev calls his wife Jilly? He had written this name on the top of a standard letter from their local council (of the "Dear Sir/Madam" type), calling for any objections to a neighbor's planned building extension.

Like many working couples, they have an automatic dishwasher — there was a plastic bottle of a product called Rinse Aid, which is for dishwashers with rinse injectors.

Incidentals: New Blue Omo, Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes, ground coffee, Twinings English Breakfast tea bags, a souvenired but quickly-discarded menu from the NSW cabinet dinner for visiting Chinese Vice Premier Li Xiannian and All Bran.

In summary, the Wrans' rubbish was modest and unassuming, refreshingly domestic, reflecting a contented couple with a happy home life.

The most striking thing about SIR PETER ABELES' rubbish, apart from a smell which was possibly even more nauseating than the Whitlams', was the smoking habits of the TNT and Ansett managing director.

Sir Peter seems to take just a couple of puffs at his big corona cigars before stubbing them out. Maybe he doesn't really like them, and one wonders if Sir Peter should switch to

panatellas. Somehow, though, it's difficult to imagine the corpulent Sir Peter smoking any cigar other than a fat one.

Also in his garbage were several different brands of cigarettes, indicating that his is a large household, possibly with a large stream of guests.

Sir Peter seems to have a fondness for Tooheys Export Pilsener — there were more than a dozen empty cans of this beer in his bin. There were two wine bottles — Pinot Chardonay Bin 2 and Wynn's Cabernet Sauvignon.

Running through this rubbish was a very rich vein of food scraps and containers, much of it indicating that Sir Peter favors the cuisine of his native Hungary. There were the malodorous remnants of what looked like goulash, a tin of gypsy salad, dill pickles, half a dozen putrefying cucumbers and a hotch-potch of various other vegetables and meats.

My impression was that Sir Peter's meals were prepared by a proficient cook who provided an interesting and varied menu, but possessed a liberal attitude about the interpretation of expiry dates. The date on a chicken wrapper was five weeks old, and although this can be explained by Sir Peter's probable possession of a freezer, it doesn't account for a cream container which was two months past its prime.

Incidentals: California walnuts, Vegeta taste concentrate, San Pellegrino mineral water, Mr Sheen and two jars of apricot jam.

Sir Peter Abeles emerged from his rubbish as a man with an indulgent lifestyle and a fat wallet.

Like Sir Peter Abeles, TV personality NOEL FERRIER doesn't seem to worry too much about his considerable weight, although he *does* finish his cigars.

Indeed, Ferrier seems to polish off every scrap of food, and apart from a bread roll, there was nothing edible in his garbage.

A cake made by a Potts Point patisserie had been devoured with scarcely a crumb remaining in the box, and a packet of bacon rashers, a cream container and a carton of ordinary milk confirmed that he is no weight watcher. He makes a purely token effort by drinking low cal lemonade.

Sadly, the vegetable peelings from what was probably Ferrier's Sunday roast had been infested by a small but well-organised colony of ants which tried to march up my arms as I inspected his garbage.

It was interesting to discover two faint pencil drawings, one depicting a house and the other a woman with some species of bird perching on her shoulder. Were these Noel Ferrier originals, perhaps?

I found several cigar stubs, most of which were smoked down to the last couple of centimetres, plus the packets that they came in. One was Grosvenor Club Imperiales and the other a pack of five Punch cigars which cost $7.10.

Ferrier has a catholic taste in newspapers, as his bin held copies of most of the Sydney metropolitan papers. And apparently he drinks very little — the only alcoholic item was a bottle of St Cora red burgundy.

It's likely that Ferrier uses a lighter for his cigars, as there was just one box of matches. It was from the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, and it's easy to imagine Ferrier smoking one of his Imperiale cigars there, revelling in the jingoistic atmosphere and famed cuisine of this former bastion of colonial Britain.

Incidentals: Hepburn Spa mineral water, a few slices of Riga black bread, tea leaves, ground coffee and a Paddle Pop stick.

Ferrier's rubbish revealed a very sensitive person who enjoys life to the full, and doesn't allow the threat of fatty degeneration of the arteries spoil the simple pleasure that he gets from his eating.

> *"I almost missed something which was half hidden amid some vacuum cleaner grit at the bottom of Hawke's rubbish bag."*

Does the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, SIR MARCUS LOAN, have the occasional flutter?

There were two betting slips with matching receipts from an Edgecliff bookie in the Most Reverend Sir Marcus' bin. A quick check revealed that all the horses backed were losers, although there was a third in the trifecta. A total of $11 had been invested on the horses.

Maybe Sir Marcus Loan puffs at Winfields as he listens to the races; there were half a dozen empty packets of this brand of cigarette.

If he does smoke, he probably uses a lighter; he obviously had no need for the 20 or so packs of book matches from the Western Girl staff agency which had been discarded unstruck.

Someone in his household suffers headaches, for I found two different headache compounds; also a product called Gaviscon, which is for the suppression of gastric reflux.

The gastric reflux could stem from an unnourishing diet of canned food — there were a good number of cans in Sir Marcus' garbage. Not one beer can, however, or any other alcohol receptacles were in evidence.

Incidentals: Steradent denture cleaner, Dutch shortbread biscuits, Pal and Luv dog biscuits.

Judging by his garbage, the archbishop is a man who leads a frugal life and doesn't really have much fun. So best of luck at the next race meeting, Sir Marcus!

Had BOB HAWKE consumed only *five* cans of Carlton Draught in two days? On one hand, there was the hard evidence of five tinnies, and on the other my highly-tuned garbologist's instinct about those dozen ring pulls and the two plastic six-pack holders accompanying them.

But here my journalistic training rears its head, saying it's unfair to imply he drank more than five. After all, Hawke publicly stated a while back he was virtually on the wagon.

Bob and Hazel Hawke certainly drink a lot of fresh orange juice in the mornings. There were about 20 squeezed orange halves. They follow this up with plenty of cigarettes during the day — one smokes two packets of Craven Special Mild a day, the other one pack of Benson and Hedges (this is based on finding four packs of Craven Special Mild and two of B&H in two days' garbage).

Packets of book matches gave an indication of Hawke's travels — the John Curtin Hotel, the Southern Cross and the Menzies. There were two boxes of Redheads, each with one live match and a few dead ones inside.

Hawke enjoys the occasional cigar, and there were a couple of stubs plus an unsmoked Swiss-made Villiger cigar, still in its wrapper. A packet of puff pastry was in a similarly-virgin state, its cellophane packaging unbroken. And there was a bunch of black grapes which seemed perfectly good, although I didn't sample them because I was feeling a little queasy from the cigar (sic).

Incidentals: International Roast instant coffee, wholemeal bread, muesli cookies and a scrap of paper bearing details of a booking for a Gary Numan concert (made by one of the Hawke progeny, presumably).

Flicking through a copy of *The Melbourne Herald* from Hawke's rubbish, I noticed that a story had been cut out from one of the news pages. On locating the same edition later on, I discovered that the article quoted Malcolm Fraser at length on the ALP's poor election prospects.

I almost missed something which was half-hidden amid some vacuum cleaner grit at the bottom of Hawke's rubbish bag. It was a die . . . a rather unusual die, with letters on five sides, and one side completely blank. It would be nice to end my account by revealing that it was a die from some little-known game of chance, symbolic of Bob Hawke's calculated gamble in throwing himself into the parliamentary arena. But I've been reliably informed it is from a scrabble-type game called Crossword Cubes.

In conclusion, Bob Hawke's trash suggested confidence and comfort. Anyone who can afford to throw away cigars and food can't be too worried where the next dollar is coming from.

Victorian Premier RUPERT (DICK) HAMER's rubbish showed a distinct theatrical quality, a sort of Masque de Garbage, opening with a message scrawled in red felt tip: "Please shut gate or Annie might drown."

I understand that the Hamers have a pool, and I assume that Annie is a child or a dog; but it's still a somewhat dramatic way of telling someone to keep the gate closed.

Then, buried under a mould-encrusted slice of pizza and a pamphlet dealing with the removal of unwanted hair, I found it — about three metres of tangled cassette tape scrunched into a ball. Could this be . . . the HAMER TAPES? We'll never know whether the tape would have revealed political secrets or Perry Como's Greatest Hits because, righteously, PLAYBOY threw it away.

I thought I had come across a genuine deep secret on the discovery of a black cardboard container the approximate size of a video cassette, with a label that read "Made in Denmark". It turned out to be a display box of cassette head cleaners, apparently thrown away unused.

Burrowing through a layer of avocado peelings, slices of bread and a sodden conglomeration of Tuckfields Ty-nee Tips tea bags, I reflected that this had what I call the classic garbage smell — the rank odor of decaying fruit and vegetables, with a hint of wet cigarette ash.

Then my attention was diverted by a copy of the Canterbury Uniting Parish newsletter which was inextricably married to a slice of bread and jam. Nearby were a number of shopping accounts; Mrs April Hamer has accounts at several big retail stores, and her hubby has an account at a hardware store.

I was beginning to think that Rupert's rubbish held no more surprises when I came across some pages from a shorthand pad bearing detailed notes . . . notes chronicling a terrible medical history. Here was a clinical profile of someone who vomited frequently, suffered chronic asthma and had a pacemaker. Surely this couldn't be the Victorian Premier? Was he a walking Tito who had somehow managed to conceal his dreadful ailments?

Of course not. Like all the other theatrical touches, the note signified nothing; they had all been penned by Kay Hamer, the Premier's medical student daughter-in-law.

Incidentals: Distilled water container for contact lenses, Benson and Hedges cigarettes, bread from the French Bake House, chop bones, tennis ball container.

Generally, I found Rupert Hamer's garbage entertaining and informative; while the various sub-plots such as the tape and the dramatic note about Annie may not mean all that much, they do indicate that the Victorian Premier's household is not quite so dusty and staid as some people might think that it is.

> *"Surely Dave Sullivan would salvage the eggs and freshen stale bread and buns in the oven rather than let them go to waste like this?"*

Despite his thespian calling, actor PAUL CRONIN's garbage was not as dramatic as Dick Hamer's, although it did raise important questions for the thousands of watchers of *The Sullivans* historical serial.

Is Dave Sullivan abandoning Australian cheddar and lamb chops for Danish blue, pasta and other unpatriotic fare? And why is he wasting so much bread I asked myself as I burrowed deeper into his refuse.

There was a distinctly continental flavor to much of Cronin's trash, with packets of French brie and Danish blue, parmesan cheese and pasta. However, there were indications that Cronin, his wife Helen and three daughters, haven't completely deserted Aussie tucker. I found a can of spaghetti to counteract the real pasta. And a half-eaten gift box of Rondo continental-type biscuits contrasted with several empty packets of Arnott's biscuits. The family also eats potatoes, beans, and yes, lamb chops, so the non-Anglo food was deceptive, and I can now say that Dave Sullivan is alive and well and living in Kew, Melbourne. He shops at Safeways and feeds his dog Tucker Box.

But hold on — what about all this discarded bread? I found a loaf of pre-sliced pieces and 10 bread rolls of various kinds, plus glaced buns, a sponge cake and two perfectly good eggs next to a broken one, the yolk of which had effectively glued them on to the carton. Surely a Depression veteran like Dave Sullivan would salvage the eggs and freshen stale bread and buns in the oven rather than let them go to waste like this? Perhaps, I pondered, this isn't the rubbish of Dave Sullivan, the great Australian battler, after all.

Incidentals: Vaseline jar, rubber glove with holes burned in fingertips, wilted flowers, Viscount cigarettes and something 'orrible wrapped up in a piece of plastic.

Overall, Cronin's trash was bourgeois and culinarily self-conscious, with a hint of suburbia.

HARRY WHITE's rubbish might be expected to have a racing flavor, but there wasn't a single turf publication or track guide.

The only racing connection was the laxative which the rider of three Melbourne Cup winners takes — Epsom Salts. I learned later that this magnesium sulphate compound had originally come from springs outside the famous Derby town, although it is now made commercially.

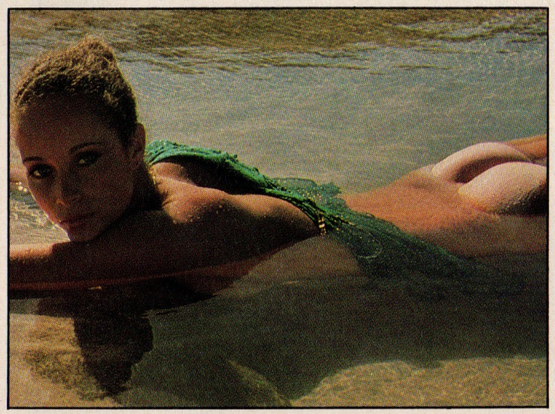
There *was* quite a bit pertaining to the dogs — White's, I mean. Three 1.15kg tins of Pal attested to their size or number, while one of the champion jockey's children had discarded the flimsy paper cover of a book called "Go Dog. Go!"

It appears there's also a cat in the White household sustained by Dine; a small can of this cat fare was among some kitchen refuse. Also in this batch were Lipton tea bags, two jars of blackcurrant fruit gel, Samboy salt and vinegar chips and Rowntree jelly tots. And someone smokes luxury-length Stuyvesant International cigarettes — most likely the jockey's wife, Lauris.

The Whites' rubbish was neat and free of nasty smells, and if I had a Bed of Roses Award, it would be a photo-finish between theirs and the Barwicks'. But to be quite honest, it was a very dull garbage. It failed to reveal anything about the jockey's tastes in food, for instance. Still, with his plentiful prize money, White can afford to eat out a lot.

THE GIRLS OF HAWAII

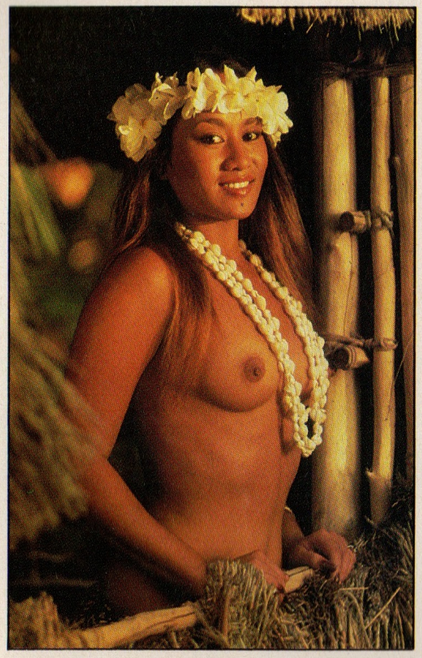
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND KEN MARCUS

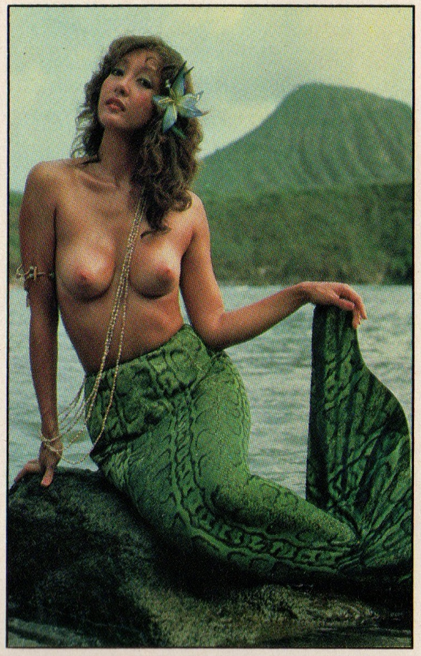


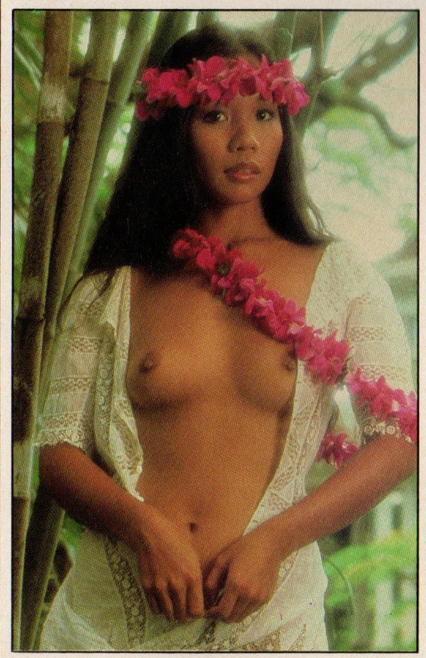
Away from the crowds and concrete of Honolulu, the US island-state of Hawaii offers some of the most spectacular scenery anywhere. And the natives are very, very friendly.

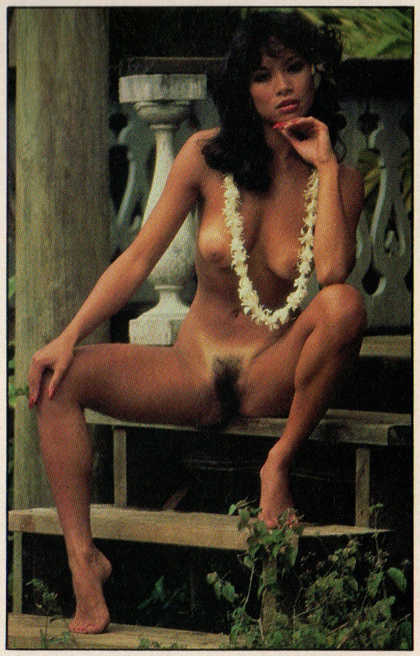
But not all Hawaiian girls were actually born there. Take Cherie Maiava (far left) — she's New York-born, the daughter of a professional wrestler. Audria Wilson (near left) breaks her ancestry into percentages, and it's obvious that together it all adds up to a nice round figure.

Maybe the weather has something to do with it, but the girls of Hawaii seem to have an exceptionally strong feeling for the great out-of-doors. Sally Plada (at top) loves the freedom offered by the sun and surf as she rides the waves off Maui. Maile Seaman (above, left) and Clarissa Matthews practise another favorite Hawaiian activity — the hula, the traditional dance of *aloha*. Since she defected from Vermont's winter, Carol Rose (right) probably has more reason than most to worship the archipelago's sunny clime.

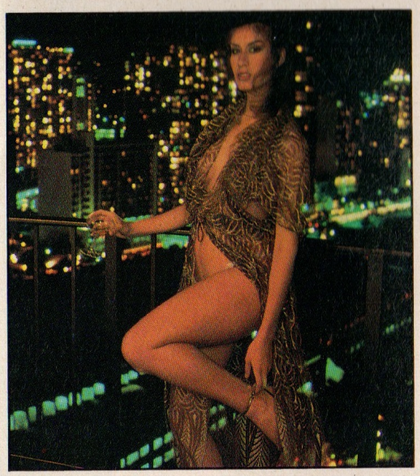








One of the more noteworthy features of the islands' womanhood is its strikingly beautiful combination of racial heritages. Chinese, European, Hawaiian, Japanese and Tahitian — all strains have blended over the years in the easy, nonprejudicial atmosphere of the islands, resulting in a new race of golden-skinned beauty as seen here (clockwise, bottom left): Mimorie Acain, Maile Seaman, Pattie McKinley, Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores, and (far right) Rebecca Libadisos. So too many cooks don't spoil the stock!



When Captain Cook first arrived at the islands in 1778, he was astonished at the hospitality of the natives — particularly the females. "No women I ever met were more gracious," he wrote. The islands' tradition of hospitality remains, as does their inhabitants' total lack of reticence about their bodies. Displaying some contemporary Hawaiian social graces are Holliday Ozan (top), Lori Kaohimaunu (left), Kehaulani Cubio (right) and Elvina Taurua (far right). *Mahalo nui* (many thanks) for the beauties of Hawaii.

IN THE TREES LIKE THE ROSETTIS

it had all started innocently with a sexual frolic in the shower, so how did we end up on the psychiatrist's couch?

humour by David Rade

IT'S NOT as if either of us wanted to, particularly. We're not nature lovers. Ah! There's no joke intended, my ribs ache at the merest shadow of a chuckle. Anyway, we have always had the understanding, tacit, subtle and well, gentlemanly, if you like, that we do not laugh. Either before, during, or in recollection. It's a sort of discreet and unspoken conspiracy. Its hallowed silence has forced me to write this note, David. I would feel like a traitor if I spoke the words. Even to a friend such as you, psychiatrist or no psychiatrist.

I met Sue in the Forest Lodge Hotel. I remember her as a blaze of summer colors sitting next to a brick wall, outside in the beer garden, and she was reading a book of magic tricks. Isn't it ridiculous? Memory is a strange thing, isn't it? The attention to detail.

Still, I suppose it wasn't such a long time ago, and anyway she is my wife and she was spectacularly bright that afternoon. I struck up a conversation. Beers, gin and tonics, I looked into her magic book and was . . . no, that's silly. She was another nice girl. I fell in love. We made love in her flat. She fell in love later on, with me luckily, and we were married. All very pedestrian? Indeed yes. The whole thing will reek of normalcy I can assure you, Doctor. Sorry David.

I suppose the detail that you want to hear occurred back before we were married. I'd known her for only a few weeks and had been invited to swim at Coogee. This meant that I would meet Sue's parents, for, though they were both members of the Communist Party, they owned a compact four-bedroom house close to the beach. We swam, and I fell even more desperately in love. Whatever that means! We walked back to her parents' home and, since no one was in, we went in together for a shower. Simple enough. Ah, but what with Sue naked and brown before me and the scent of salt and sand falling away in the warm water, the expected happened. I knelt down, or rather I think I crouched down a little and Sue stood on the rim of the ceramic tiles. It was difficult entering her, and

Illustration by Kinuko Kraft

when that was accomplished it was even more difficult to move. The taps dug into my back, Sue's legs weighed tonnes around mine and I was slowly capsizing down into the shower. I should think we looked like suicidal leeches joined in one last dying suck.

Anyway, rap, rap, rap. Knock on bathroom door. I freeze. Sue's father. "Hello, Sue. I didn't know you were coming." Sue answers with a surprisingly level voice. I expect the door to open at any time. He'll just look in. Just to see his one and only daughter for a moment. So I search frantically for explanations. Nothing. Sue asks her father if he had a good day at the bookstore. Yes, all things considered. It's as if I'm not there.

And that's when it happened. I was so tense and despairing that I didn't notice the little warnings. I did not even have time to wince. The wire snapped and I came inside her. Not joyous, not relief, more like a stray meteorite burning up in the atmosphere. It had no cause – by way of alternating friction I mean – and very little effect; though Sue stumbled in the middle of a sentence and giggled hysterically for a second or so.

It was the first in a rather bizarre series. My unexpected ejaculation left me drawing in lungfuls of steam and praying Sue's father had not noticed anything. He had not. Sue, though nonplussed, was delighted. She told me later that it was like being awakened from sleep by a solitary hiccup. It set off a chain-reaction in her, she said. I suspect that she was rallying me with enthusiasm. At any rate, that was the first rung. We have been climbing to this point ever since, and I fear that we will never reach the top. Oh, and we were never caught. Perhaps if we were, then I wouldn't have cracked ribs and Sue wouldn't have an infected pelvis.

You asked me to tell you about Sue: what I felt for her, why I wanted other people to see me with her – those were your words – and why I felt that our rather odd expressions of love were necessary. Let me deal first with my feelings for her. Sue. Ah, Sue. My wife. She's composed, resilient, and quite startling. I don't know what to say. Yes I do. It's come to me. She's willing to experiment and she's lucky, which are the best qualities I can imagine for a wife. Lucky in most things.

Yes, well. Let me press on. After the shower interlude we were married. We went to the zoo. "Young couples" sort of thing. We looked at the tigers and the rhinoceros, walked down towards the bears and veered off course to see the seals fed. At my direction, I had better note, we walked through the brush between the paths. There was a clearing among the thickets and, at my direction, we stopped and made love; Sue on her back, at her own suggestion, before a bank of morning glory crowned by an ugly concrete fringe which housed birds of paradise. We knew that, at any time, one or more of the many children who abounded might walk to the grassy verge and peer over. The thought of this did not delight me, nor I suspect did it Sue; it made us both furtive and apprehensive. I kept looking up at the cage and rim, ready to vacate my position and to hoist trousers in the blink of an eye. I didn't have to though; it came to a satisfactory conclusion for both of us. I remember smelling the big cats' cage as I came deep inside her. Excuse this detail, David.

Sue went to Doctor Johnson three days later. She had eight exotic African dog-ticks burrowing into her neck at the hair line. I pulled one of the little buggers out of my thigh and Sue took two from my scalp. Luckily, the fearsome black African dog-tick is comparatively harmless. I can show you the little pink scars if you want to have empirical evidence, knowing you psychiatrists.

Then there was Lane Cove. We strayed from a party of eight and the alcoholic hamper to walk beside the river and look for a swimming spot. The river was busy with all sorts of nautical fun. Yes, we did have to make love quite near the river, but it was the safest alcove possible. The slab of grey sandstone had all sorts of odd carving on it. Not Aboriginal; modern porn. Stick figures with huge stick genitals. Women with vaginas hanging down like udders. Long slits and cavities plugged by weird arrows and darts. We were screwing where the generations had screwed and carved and left their bottle-tops and shrivelled plastic condoms and ring-pulls. And no, we were not discovered, though two young girls on a surf-ski paddled hurriedly past with eyes averted. We could see them through the bushes.

Sand fly bites. Raw red weals that swelled visibly into angry domes on Sue's skin. She labored above me, gripping with her shins, closing and locking more desperately with each bite. My arms and sides were bitten. I imitated the actions of a tiger, or should I say a leech again, and clung to her while tenaciously grunting like a pig for encouragement. The strange thing was that there had been no sand flies there before we stopped and laid ourselves down. It was a necessary Tempering by Ordeal.

Is all this boring you, David? I felt that these incidents, which are by no means unusual – I am sure you will agree – are necessary foundations to the dogs and the fig-tree, the reason behind all this incident and detail. There is only one other necessary adjunct to the disaster.

It was very late on a Friday night. The moon was full and lay above the city's skyline like a pale and bloated fish. I write that stupid simile because I said it to Sue as we walked along the bridge. She nodded seriously, which I did not expect.

We were walking our dogs: Julie, at that time a puppy, and Fiona, the German Shepherd. We took them as usual over the pedestrian bridge above the bay itself where the concrete path winds beside the water and the oyster-covered rocks.

We stopped at a bench and Sue lit a cigarette. She was deliberately inhaling the smoke in slow, deep lungfuls. The red spot in the shadows danced hypnotically. The sea whispered and shuddered. The dogs lay on their bellies and mimed a fierce battle. It was all very picturesque and poetic. And, to me, very sensual as well. I watched Sue smoking quietly for a time and then I began to take her clothes off. She flicked the cigarette into the water. She was playing up to the mood. She began to undress me. Within moments we were both naked. Julie clawed at our clothes and fidgeted. We tied the dogs to the end of the bench with their leads. I felt ridiculously angular and exposed. The houses over the bay stared at me remonstratively and Julie sniffed and licked at me. I was nervous and excited. As I knotted the leads about the bench pillar, Sue arranged herself across the seat. She placed one foot under the boards to support herself and hooked the other around the concrete pillar. Fiona licked at the sole of her foot and Julie gnawed at her heel. She did not even smile. I stared at the shadowy elipse of her womb and wanted to enter her immediately, but I sensed that Sue would prefer to savor the moment. I was clumsy and nervous as I crouched before her and bent my face into the pale flesh of her thighs. She seemed to smell and taste of dog's hair and salt. I suppose that I was as excited as I have ever been.

After a few moments I abandoned my dog-like crouch and entered her effortlessly. She felt tight and warm and close about me in her womb, closer than I had ever felt before. It was at this time that I became aware that there were people almost immediately overhead. Sue was watching them. A new tenseness seemed to spring into her womb, a kind of steel urgency which grasped me and moved me deeper. I could hear footsteps distinctly across the water and it flashed upon me that they must have heard the dogs' whimpering and my own idiotic gurglings. I abandoned all hope, picturing – as I plunged towards a climax – the haggard faces of two insomniac ancients peering over the bridge at our bucking forms on the bench beneath them. I shuddered to ejaculation and Sue let out a strangled, howling sigh. The footsteps continued. Sue told me that the two men did not even pause to look down from the bridge. They looked, she told me, like two telepathic chessplayers.

Sue and I never turned back from that point. We read of the old nature rites, and of the beliefs of other couples, such as the Rosettis, who believed that the most perfect communion of spirits was achieved by making love in the boughs of a fruit-laden apple tree. I believe that it is our continual exploration of the joy of love-making *en plein air*, a sort of impressionistic screwing, that has held our marriage together when so many of our contemporaries have fallen – oh, I should not use that unfortunate word – into sullen individualism.

I have been faithful to Sue since our marriage and I believe that she has been satisfied with me alone. What more can I say? It reflects on society, rather than our mental states, that we are both required to have psychiatric treatment after our accident two weeks ago. I know that you have both the newspaper and police reports of the incident but, if you will indulge me, I would like to state the events as plainly and accurately as I am able.

The Domain was not very busy. On a Saturday morning the only people in the place are those walking through it to the art gallery or botanic gardens and the social cricketers with their beer and cloth caps.

We had planned it all in advance. The Moreton Bay fig nearest the hospital's driveway was especially dense and lush. The bough was wide enough, there was a thick screen of wide leaves. It was ideal. The only way we could be seen was from directly beneath the tree.

I carried a small canvas bag for our clothes and a few pins to suspend the bag. We wore sneakers and shorts, both of us, and easily climbed to the bough that we had chosen.

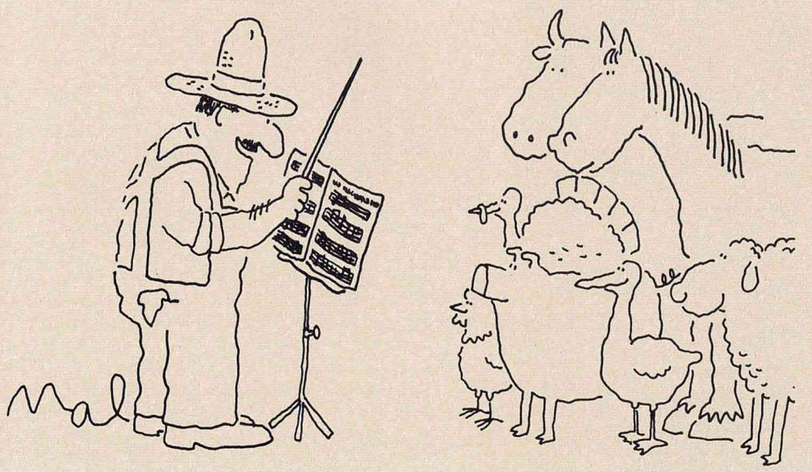
We took off our clothes slowly and carefully. It looked like 30 metres to the ground, though it must have been less than half that. The bough, which had seemed as wide as a road in rehearsal, suddenly became very thin and fragile.

I bent back and gripped the bough with as much strength as I could summon. The figs dangled above me, the leaves wove in the sunlight as the gentle breeze swayed the boughs. I could not see Sue, for I did not dare to raise my head. All my energy was directed at keeping hold of the bough, holding firm enough and still enough to balance two people making love. I was as erect and hard as the bough. I felt my muscles bearing the strain and the breeze on my skin. She slithered up on me. She had a nervous smile perched awkwardly on her lips. Trusting to luck she moved back on me and I entered her. All was well, or so it seemed until I noticed the wasp. There was nothing I could do or say. It was too late. I muttered "Hold on!" and, at that moment, felt the sudden buck of her legs as the wasp stung her.

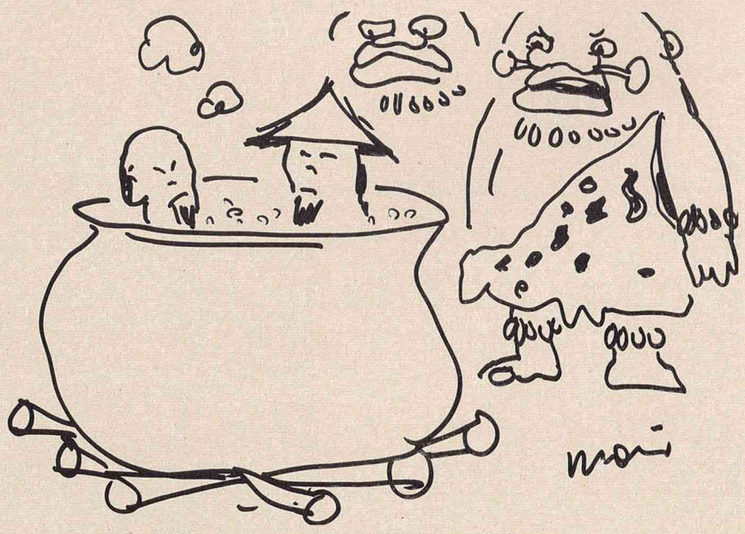
We plummeted down, hitting this branch and that, and landed on the roots of the Moreton Bay. I lost consciousness, with Sue torn and bleeding below me. It was pure luck that we weren't killed.

Well, there you have it. It must have been an incredible spectacle, with the two of us naked and out cold on the roots of the tree still locked together in a kind of bloody tangle of limbs. I woke up in hospital, Sue in surgery. The end, I suppose, except that Sue's pelvis became infected. I healed all too readily and, though we are now separated by bandages and hospital wards, we have never been closer. No one can touch us now, if you understand what I mean.

And, if you don't cure us, and if Sue's pelvis allows, I've thought of a few new tricks we can try. It's quite amazing how rigid plaster and bandages holds you, isn't it?



"Okay. Now, all together: 'Eeyi, eeyi, oh'."



"That's the trouble with eating Chinese . . . a couple of hours and you're hungry again."

DEAD HEART HEROES

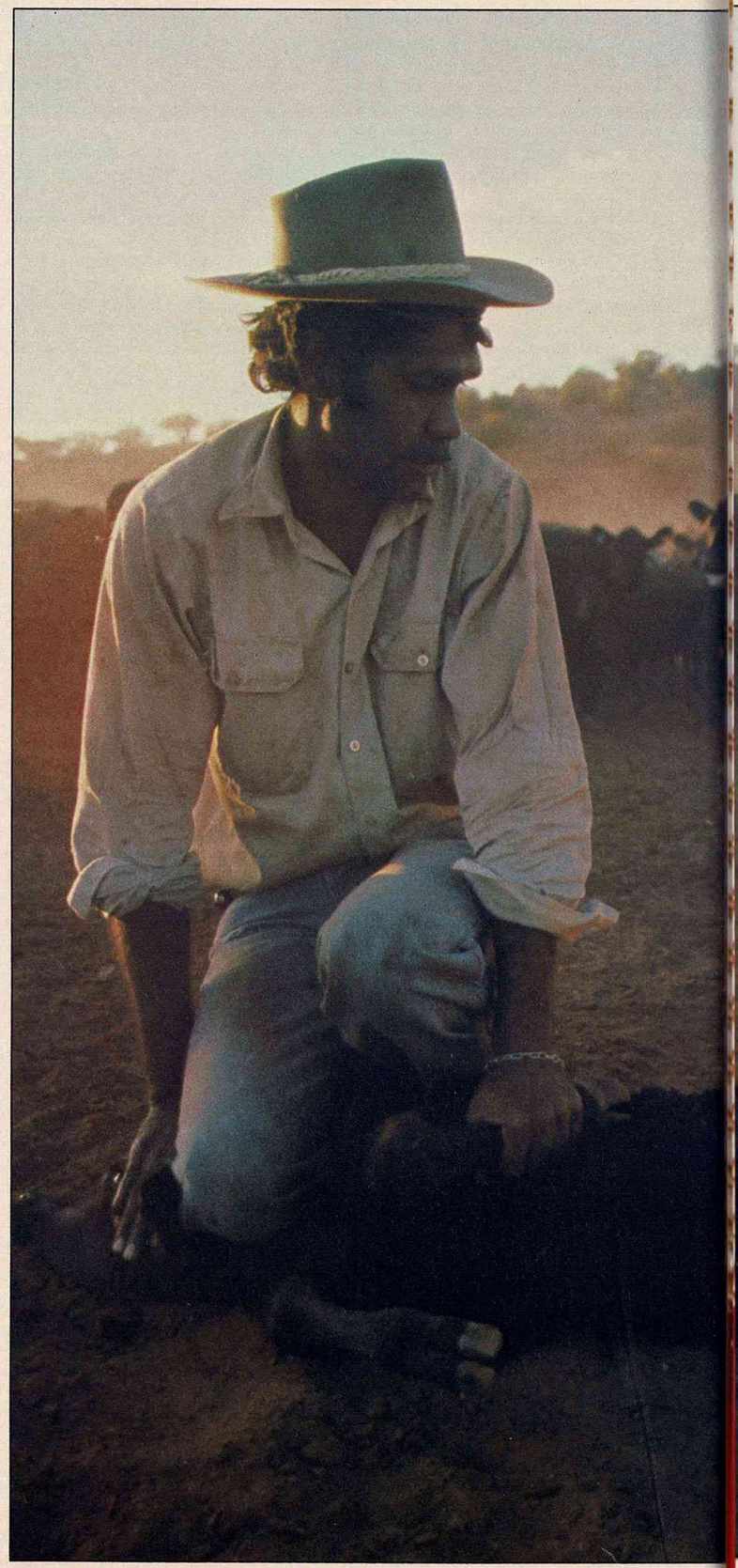
surviving drought and bloody-minded cattle

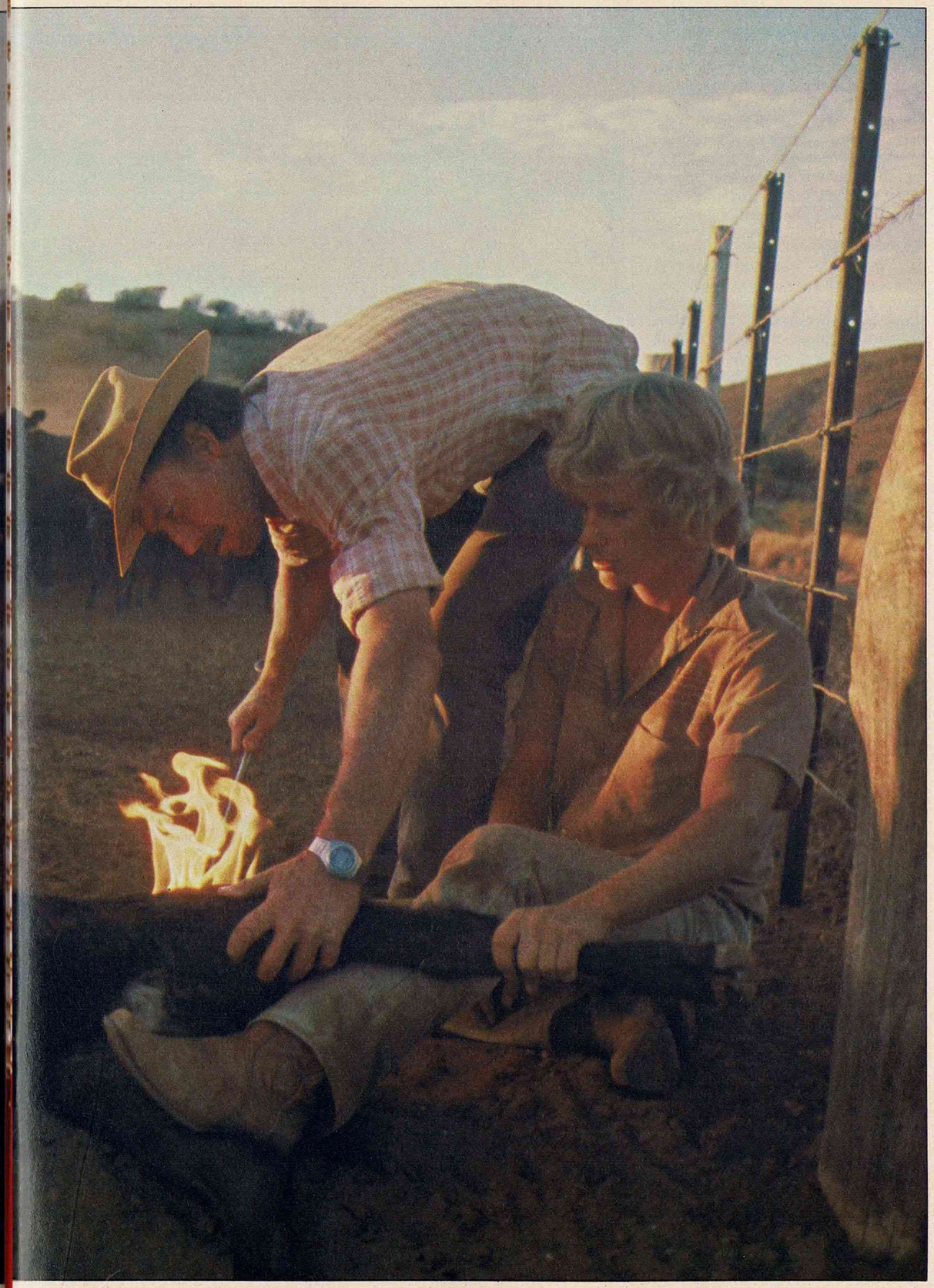
article BY NEIL JAMESON

IT WASN'T a "thumb-nail dipped in tar" message. Just a standard telegram. But it came from the back of beyond and read: "MUST RING NOW STOP COME ANYTIME STOP BRING SWAGS STOP ANDREW SMITH". When the message left Allambi via outback wireless it said "mustering" rather than "must ring", but the operator could be forgiven the error because such rural terminology rarely enters the city vocabulary.

So we left the cold beers and hot showers several thousand air kilometres and a thirsty drive behind to join Andrew Smith and his ringers among the dust, flies, drought and spectacular country of Centralia. It meant just four days for us, but Smith and crew would be chewing red dust and chasing cows from sun-up to sundown, seven days a week for the next three months. There's nothing easy about a cattle muster.

Andrew Smith: 30, station owner, bush pilot, expert cattleman, horseman, father of three, endangered species. Whelped and weaned into one of Centralia's established cattle families, he is correspondence-educated with a developed rural wisdom embellished by travel and harsh experience. Smith's short on wasted words but harvests cattle and callouses with a rugged competence. Soon there'll be no Andrew Smiths. Mechanisation and the multinationals are turning cattle growing into an industry that will have diminished use for the all-rounder. These guys took time off from the pioneering business to belt it up the Empire's enemies in two wars and returned to sire their kids. This lot will be the last of the breed. Now, it is a different war. Smith's livelihood is teetering on the





Photography by Ian McKay

edge of drought. Allambie missed the summer rain and Smith knows there'll be precious little in winter. So, how far away is the drought? Smith holds thumb and index finger about a dung-beetle length apart: "About that far." It's going to be a tough fight with the drought on one front and the taxman biting at his rear. In this war, rain and a good accountant make unlikely allies for the cattleman.

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"This land could support anything, if it got enough rain," say the cattlemen. It's a straw-in-the-wind wish against long range weather forecaster Lennox Walker's 1979 prediction of a 10-year drought. Joh Bjelke-Petersen's prayers might have done the trick for some but the heavenly font forgot to splash its goodness on others. When Mr Walker was making his gloomy forecast in August, 1979, meat prices were plummeting like tumbler pigeons and $150 million worth of wheat crop had withered. By now every State is flying the drought flag and Joh's telephone to glory is giving the engaged signal.

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First light. The four ringers stroll out to catch their stock ponies. Another throws his weight into the saddle of a Japanese two-stroke. An Evel Knievel cowboy on a steel and plastic horse. Four hundred metres away a red dust typhoon marks the take-off route of Smith's tiny Cessna 150. Sun and plane climb into the sky and the ringers into their saddles as the temperature heads for the high 30s. All around, the low mountains stand like decaying currant cakes on the shelves of a billion-year-old burnt-out bakery. Tucked away in their gullies and washaways that run clear down to the Simpson Desert are the isolated pockets of cattle. They're mostly Angus with some Hereford and Angus-Hereford crosses. Smith plans to start the muster in the north-east corner of the property and sweep south-west to better pastures. He'll collect cattle along the Phillipson stock route and drive them from bore-hole to borehole, tagging, branding and checking for tuberculosis as they go. Smith's fighter pilot tactics will ferret the cattle from the scrub.

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Drought soon wrings the last from the natural springs and catchment areas. The reliance on artesian bores drains the subterranean supply, at the same time upping the mineral content of the water. It won't wash hair and is wicked to taste; but when it's all you've got, it's the best. Already, the doom-watch boys are billing this one as the worst since 1902, 1942 or 1967. Take your pick. It's bad. In city supermarkets where petrol hikes have kicked beef and other food prices through the roof, the drought spells sky-high prices and shortages. On the land, many of the hobby farmers have headed back to their professions and some of the professionals are facing ruin. Maurice Binstead, president of the Cattlemen's Union, put his members' thoughts into words: "It's the worst drought in 50 years," he said. In Western Australia farmers were reeling as a result of four dry winters in succession before rain came this year. Victoria's western and northern regions ground through the driest summer in 100 years with little chance of winter relief. Yes, it is a disaster. The cost? Incalculable.

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Allambi is nothing like Nareen, Malcolm Fraser's showpiece property, nor is it one of the brass-arsed outfits run by some conglomerate whose headquarters can be found in New York, London or Tokyo. On Allambi there is no fleet of helicopters to turn this muster into a snappy, military operation. Smith's ringers earn $146 a week. He expects competence, co-operation and honest dedication.

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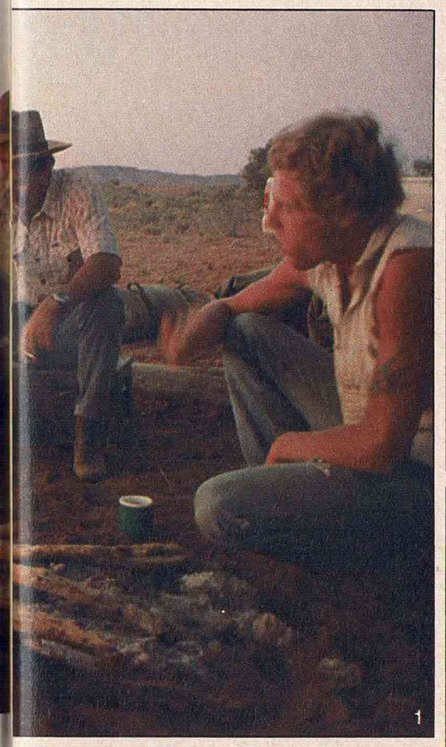
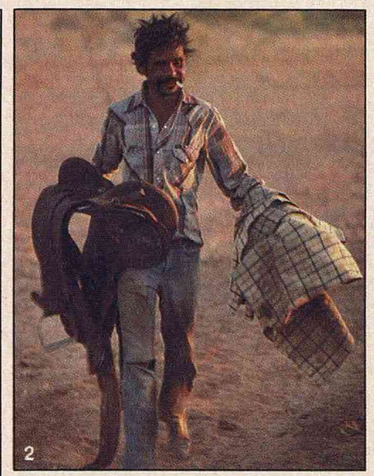
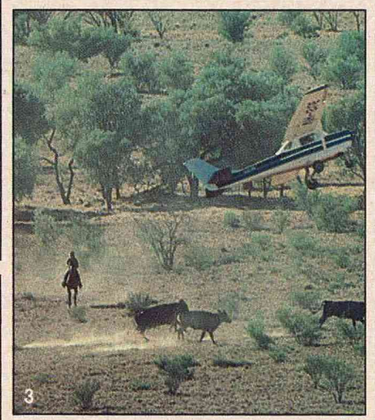
The tiny plane banks, its wings dazzling in the sun's early glare. A screaming dive at a patch of scrub sends the black Angus beasts panicking into the bike rider's trap. The two-stroke snarls at their heels, herding them into the care of the men on horseback. By late afternoon the score is about 300 head. They're gathered near the borehole trough, watered and quietly resting. Smith reckons he's just about cleared out







Images of a muster: (1) First light. Mugs of billy tea before (2) the first ringer saddles his horse and (3) the dauntless Smithy dive-bombs his first cattle. (4) A mechanised cowboy and (5) traditional ringer chase cattle and chew dust. (6) Midmorning. Heat and hardship are reflected in the motorbike rider's face as he wipes off the grime.

this section of valley, and the day's final task will be to bolt them away in the adjoining mustering yard.

The day has gone well. Geoff — Evel Knievel — has caught a good blast of sun through a gaping tear in the back of his shirt and a peppery piebald has dumped its rider in the dust on three occasions. Otherwise, men and beasts are unscathed.

Smith breeds and breaks the horses himself. A muster is tough on the men. But for the horses it is a gut-buster. In a good season he'd use about 25 stock ponies but the shortage of good feed means nearly twice that number will be needed this time. Says Smith: "I'm bound to lose about a dozen going lame, getting spooked or bitten by another horse just where the saddle sits." They'll recover from the gruelling ordeal, but Smith will probably throw the motor-bike away.

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Trees snap like celery sticks before the truck's bullbar as the boss races in pursuit of a rogue steer. Getting the herd into the mustering yard can get a little disorganised. It takes only one or two animals to make a bolt for it, and suddenly you have a minor rebellion to contend with. Smith's using the truck to bulldoze the ringleader back to the yard while the ringers scatter in all directions to wind in the rest. His driving is a combination of tank warfare and rallycross as he slides, brakes and blasts to keep this beef-brained steer headed in the right direction. The driver wins that battle, but 200 metres away another rogue is tying one of the ringers in knots. He dismounts to wrestle the animal to its feet but it suddenly charges, forcing him to jump up the nearest tree. The steer spooks the horse before mad-dancing off.

A half hour later, they're all locked away. The truck comes back, engine cooking, water bag missing from the bull bar and spotlight damaged. The ringers return. Their horses' heads hang low, red dust caked to moist nostrils and forming a greasy film on their sweaty flanks.

Late afternoon is squeezing the final heat from the day when the ringers slosh down their horses and set them free to graze. Then it's the men's turn. Flinging off dust-caked Miller, Williams, Akubra and Levi livery, they flop into the brackish cool of the borehole. The boys crack "don't-drop-the-soap" jokes while overhead the windmill turns in the last of the hot desert wind.

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Baird's brainwave blew the art of conversation out of the living-room window. But around the campfires of the stock routes, it flows as strong as ever. Stockmen roll out the swags, fingers grope for a pinch of Log Cabin, and the black tea and stories flow.

"We've got this old fella who's been with the family for years. He's a terrific hand but he likes his grog. You can get pretty dry out here, but he had it all figured out. He'd always keep a spare tin to drop in a trough when he was doing his rounds. It took us ages to figure out how he'd go out working for a day and come back half shot.

"One day he was supposed to be rounding up some brumbies while I went to town on business. He had a young bloke with him and he was sending the kid every which way but where the brumbies were so that he could sit down and have a few beers. I didn't get back 'til about two in the morning, and when there were no horses to be seen, I flew up the old bloke and called him a hopeless bastard. He went straight out and had them back in the yard in no time at all. Bloody good hand, all right."

And...

"Bores? By the time you've sunk a bore around here, you'd be lucky to get any change out of 40,000 bucks. The last one we sunk was the Mereenie Bore. They called it that because the drilling mob struck nothing but Mereenie sandstone all the way.

"My brother Dave sunk one which they ended up calling Whitlam's Bore. It promised the world but delivered bugger-all."

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Out here, under the stars. A million miles from the Kremlin, Afghanistan and the Pentagon; but not from World War Three. Pine Gap is only about

100 kilometres off to the north-west and its sensitivity as a US satellite surveillance installation could have warheads raining all over the Centre.

Cattlemen look at the political climate with the same wariness they reserve for the weather. Sometimes the two get intermixed. When a few whisps of white cloud appear in the southern sky, Smith nods to the heavens and says: "They're coming in from Donny Dunstan country," meaning South Australia. They hold no hope of rain, and rapidly disappear leaving the new day to flicker into its blast furnace brilliance. By midday there is no relief from the elements. The desert wind drives the dust into eyes, nose and mouth 'til it grinds on your back teeth. Ten minutes without a hat and the sun bakes your brains.

It is hardest on the young calves. Their tiny constitutions aren't geared for the cruel 18-kilometre trek to the next borehole and they and their mothers will soon drop to the rear of the herd. One had his foot stomped on in the muster melee and he tags a long way behind, noticeable by his limp. The ringers will pick him up, bind three legs and he'll complete the haul in the truck. One of the calves is very weak, blinded in the left eye by an infection caused by dust and grass seed. It too rides in the truck.

"That infection will probably swell up 'til it is sticking out of his head like a telescope," explains Andrew Smith. "Then it'll burst, and he'll be able to see again."

The truck tracks the herd through the scrub, up the red sand dunes and across the creek beds while Smith talks about the cattle business.

"If there was plenty of feed about, that lot," he nods at the 300-plus herd, "would be worth about 200,000 bucks. Still, I can't complain. In 1974 they would've been lucky to fetch 20,000."

Andrew Smith knows his cattle and recognises individual animals by clues hidden to the untrained eye. One cow is minus both ears.

"Chewed off by dingoes. Sometimes take the tail, too. We lose a few calves that way."

Smith signals to a tall Aboriginal stockman. "That's Harry. He's a good hand. Comes from up Charleville way. I'd like to hang on to him but he'll probably move on. He went into town a while back and some town blacks claimed him for a beer. He bought a couple but, when he refused to buy more, one of them got upset and busted him in the mouth."

Drought prospects creep into every second conversation. Things are getting desperate. Allambi hasn't tasted good rain for eight months and, as we cross a dry creek bed with its lines of ghost gums, Smith reflects that it hasn't flowed for three years. Water. A bullock can hold as much as the petrol tank of a family sedan. His mileage isn't much better.

"I've seen a camel almost drain a 44 in one go," says Smith. "He'll go for ages on that. These cattle are good — but not that good. We missed the summer rain and we never get much in winter. I remember when the French were doing their atomic testing in the Pacific; we seemed to get plenty of rain then." He grins ruefully. "Maybe they should start again."

By early afternoon the herd is divided into two groups: the front-runners and the stragglers. An hour later the stragglers halt and refuse to budge. The stockmen bring the others to rest. Pushing back the brim of his hat, Andrew Smith takes a long look at the herd and says: "Let's have lunch." He knows the cattle won't move 'til they've rested and let some of the heat slip out of the day. Frustration. The ringers now know that the plan to tag and brand that afternoon has just been torpedoed. Two keep an eye on the herd while the others squat around the billy, drawing on their rollies. Exhausted cattle and tired men make no noise. The only sound is the flies' buzz and the burning wind's harsh moan as it rips down the length of the valley. All around, the mountains perch like tribal elders by a campfire, staring in silent contemplation of the cattleman's folly.

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In a city daily, a picture of a rotting steer supports a story which details rural criticism of government inaction. The claim is that drought relief is not enough, bound up in too much red tape, and arriving too late to do any good. Drought extends from south-east Queensland, through most of NSW, the ACT, Gippsland, western and northern Victoria and sections of Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia. And, of course, the Centre. In all States, the politics of water, rural relief and the farm lobby blows corrective services and energy off the front pages. The comparisons are disheartening. Did you know that Lake George dried up in 1902 and remained dry for 50 years? Australia's sheep population was depleted by nearly 40 million in that turn-of-the-century dry and, despite six disaster periods since, meteorologists still have little chance of predicting drought.

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By rough rule of experience, cattle are easier to handle on the second day of a drive than the first. But not this lot. Moving them from the trough to the yard creates something bordering on a full scale civil disturbance. Again, a few brickheads start the rampage, leading minor panics in three directions. The ringers get the cows back into formation but several spring-heeled steers still lead a mad dance across the area. Bike and truck single out one for mechanised pursuit but the animal props dramatically, forcing the biker to drop his machine in a red talc shower to avoid being steamrolled by the truck. The crazy Angus high-kicks off in the opposite direction and smashes through a wire fence as if it didn't exist.

Finally, the remaining few fingers of daylight are retracting into the grey glove of evening as the ringer bolts the herd away.

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GTT. The brand was inherited from the property's previous owner. Baked to near-molten brilliance by the portable branding fire, it hits the calf's hide with the sudden smell of scorched animal matter. It's a four-man operation. Two move through the herd looking for "clean-skinned" animals — those that are untagged and unbranded. They call it scruffing. One ringer trips the animal and holds its legs while the other secures its head. A third arrives with the branding iron while Smith clips a half circle from one ear and tags the other with a purple tab to signify the year. A quick knife's flash and a young male becomes a steer. Fifteen minutes of feverish activity later Smith reaches into his pocket for a handful of ear snippets. Counting, he drops them singularly into the dirt: "Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen." Eighteen in just 15 minutes. Fast and merciful. The branding and castrating mean another day. The cattle will rest while the calves recover from the ordeal.

It's still early morning but the sun's digital precision says it is time for us to go. The Centre's microwave is already baking the new day and the flies are swarming in their black millions. We load the ute and shake the calloused hands.

"Headin' back to the cold beers and hot showers, eh?" grins Andrew Smith, remembering an earlier joke.

"Yeah. We'll think of you when we down that first beer in Alice."

"Sure. I bet you bloody well will."

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In Sydney, religious leaders are organising parishioners to pray for rain while the Livestock and Grain Producers' Association lobbies for drought assistance. In the burning orb of an Allambi sky there is not a cloud to be seen.

L O V E R S

Illustration by Pat Nagel

"There's a change of program on the box tonight. Do you want to tune in?"

Illustration by John Spooner

The last judicial autocrat

GARFIELD BARWICK

last of our great law lords . . . a slum boy who built himself an invulnerable position . . . he'll be remembered for a few hours' work which toppled whitlam . . . and a $50 million concrete and glass monument to the law

article By David Marr

"WHAT can I do for you?" It was the dry, aggressive response I'd been told to expect. The Chief Justice sat over his papers, pen in hand. He wore the waistcoat of an undistinguished grey suit.

I put my case briefly. I had begun work on a biography of him and hoped he might give me some interviews. He seemed to grit his teeth. I remember thinking that he had a powerful set of uppers. He returned briefly to the work on his desk, worrying at a sheet of typing with his fountain pen.

Garfield Edward John Barwick PC, GCMG, Kt, QC, was a mystery to me despite months of reading. I knew in his time he was thought the most brilliant advocate in the Australian and British courts and was credited, by some, with saving Australia from socialism when Chifley attempted to nationalise the private banks. That was in the late 1940s. Public offices followed that triumph: he was elected to Parliament in 1958 and made Attorney-General by Menzies that year. Soon afterwards he became Minister for External Affairs as well. Suddenly, in 1964, he went to the High Court.

My interest in him was first sparked a couple of years later when I found myself at law school. Barwick was not getting a warm press there. As the successor to the great Chief Justice Sir Owen Dixon, the new man was soon a target of persistently sceptical and often snide analysis from the academics. Yet it was clear they, too, hardly knew him. They never quite managed to define their objections to him.

Then came 1975. Among all the protagonists in the strange events of November that year, Barwick was to emerge the least scathed. Kerr was taken apart like a sacrificial chook and searched for portents and signs. The Australian and world press pored over Fraser and his body-strewn rise to power. But Barwick remained a mystery, masked by deference and the impression he gave of having lived a grey and, for journalists, unrewarding life. Sitting opposite him, one thing

became clear. He was old. Early photographs of Barwick show a taut face, deeply set eyes and a crisp, rather pouting mouth. At 75, the face was as tough as ever, but fleshier and weatherbeaten. He had put on weight. His hair, once brilliantined close to his skull, was worn in white hanks falling almost to his collar. Even in repose his face projected shrewdness and anger. That was clear from looking at his eyes and the deeply etched lines around his small, dark mouth.

It was the mouth that his old clients and colleagues were to spend so much time telling me about in the two years of research that followed on this interview. It was Barwick's secret. He was never an orator, never much good at after-dinner speeches or at witty addresses. What he did supremely well was expound the law in an easy, conversational stream lasting, if need be, for days on end. It was a knack that earned him several fortunes (one he described as "a ransom fit for the daughter of a king"), a position in politics and elevation to the bench. His voice was dry, pitched high, with a faint Home Counties accent that was overlaying an Australian drawl.

"Well?" he said. It seemed an invitation to begin. He put down his pen. I noticed on the little finger of his left hand he wore a gold signet ring. For the son of a jobbing printer, a kid from the Sydney slums, Garfield Barwick clearly saw himself as having come a long way.

I began: "Where does the name Garfield come from?" He laughed, a surprisingly attractive laugh from that tough face.

"This," he replied, "is strictly off the record . . ."

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Only seven men have been Chief Justice since Federation. Barwick has held the post for 16 years. None of his predecessors has made such an impression on Australia, although Barwick's impact has been felt more outside than within his court. He is the last of the all-powerful Chief Justices. There can never be another quite like him.

For his first 10 years on the bench Barwick worked behind the anonymous walls of the High Court buildings in Taylor Square in Sydney and Little Collins Street in Melbourne. He almost dropped out of the press. The flood of profiles and interviews which had accompanied his dramatic six-year political career dried up. He was battling to turn the High Court, so dominated by the memory of Dixon, into the Barwick High Court. He had little success in the first years. His colleagues on the bench still regarded the "old chief" with awe and, at times of crisis, double-guessed what Dixon would have done before making their moves. Not until deaths and retirements began to thin the old men from the bench did Barwick come to grips with the court.

No one could claim they were not dramatic years. The Liberal-Country Party Governments of Menzies, Holt, Gorton and McMahon (Barwick is now into his sixth Prime Minister) were not constitutional innovators. Squabbles with the States over taxes marked the limit of constitutional activity at the time, though, in the Concrete Pipes case, which is one of the court's historic judgments, Canberra's authority over Australian corporations was established. It marked a shift of power to the centre.

Then came Whitlam. There is now a myth that Barwick and Whitlam were antagonistic from the start. It was not the case. "We have inherited institutions of government," Barwick said on the eve of the elections. "We should always consider them as being capable of being kept in tune with the current needs of society."

"I am quite content to abide by history when it is written by informed people who have no bias, party political-wise, at all."

Whitlam had worked with Barwick in Phillip Street, Sydney's legal avenue, in the 1950s; they had fought each other hard in Parliament but Whitlam still retained respect for Barwick's skills as a lawyer. When he came to power he treated his Chief Justice with deference and care. He invited Barwick to represent Australia for a few months on the World Court. Barwick, flattered by the offer to sit at the Hague, took up Whitlam's invitation at a few days' notice.

There were Labor policies which Barwick had been lobbying the old Governments to put into operation for years: a court of appeal to relieve the High Court of some of its work, a new building for the court in Canberra, an end to the Privy Council's power to supervise the Australian courts. But there was no sympathy there for the direction of Whitlam's thinking.

Relations between the two men deteriorated towards the end of 1973. Barwick, a frugal person, became troubled by what he saw as the extravagance of the Labor Government. The double dissolution of 1974 came as a shock; at the joint sitting which followed, Labor, for the first time, was able to put through a block of radical legislation. That double dissolutions might be used to change the face of Australian politics began to concern Barwick deeply. And then Whitlam appointed his Attorney-General, Lionel Murphy, to the court. Murphy was neither Barwick's sort of politician nor the Chief Justice's sort of lawyer. Thus began 1975.

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The great irony of Barwick's life is that he will not be remembered for his great constitutional cases, his work as Attorney-General and External Affairs Minister, nor for his term as Chief Justice. Despite all the effort he has put into his career — and there could be few people alive in Australia who have worked so many 15-hour days — Barwick will be remembered for the few hours work which toppled the Whitlam Government.

Late on the evening of November 9 Barwick and his wife arrived home from the Friends of the Hebrew University dinner to find the phone ringing. It was the Governor-General. Next morning, on the way to town, Barwick directed his driver to make a detour to Admiralty House. The Chief Justice called again for lunch and later that afternoon sent Kerr a letter of advice which was to provide the constitutional imprimatur for the sacking the next day.

Later Barwick claimed to have no regret for providing that letter. He told the Press Club: "I am quite content to abide by history when it is written by informed people who have no bias, party political-wise, at all." He added: "That won't be perhaps for 20 or 30 years."

Barwick's reputation has not been given that 20-year breathing space. Regardless of what he says, his life will be read as a preparation for 1975.

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Barwick stopped growing at 16. He was short — not much more than 163cm — a swot, a young Christian bound for the law. Looking back, people would say he showed great academic brilliance as a child. But recollection in the minds of his old friends plays odd tricks. There were moments of brilliance, but Barwick went from Fort Street High to Sydney University on the basis only of a solid but undistinguished record. His ambitious mother, with her Methodist passion for improvement and respectability, gave the young Barwick a taste for work.

Academic brilliance came in a late burst in his final years at law school

"That's not what the judge meant by thumbscrews."

but by that time he was working in (actually running) a small solicitors' firm at the bottom of Martin Place. The practical nitty-gritty of the law, the buying and selling of building blocks, money lending, small debts, had fired his imagination. He found himself in love with his career. He worked brilliantly and came from behind to share the 1926 university medal. But afterward he gave no lectures, wrote no learned papers. Lawyers who devoted themselves to scholarship puzzled him all his life. He set out to work.

Without money and connections it was tough making a start in Phillip Street in the 1930s. He worked from the corner of a room in an old house (now demolished) in Phillip Street. In the basement a murder had been committed a few years before. The place was a dump. He had little work, played chess, helped his friends with their legal problems and learnt the botanical names of the trees in Sydney parks. Once or twice he won hopeless cases in the magistrates' courts. Word about his talents soon got about. He began to be hired. His career seemed to be taking off.

For several years he had been the breadwinner of his family, supporting his mother and two brothers. His father, Jabez, had been bankrupted and wandered off to the country. Barwick bought his mother a house, set his younger brother up in a service station, and married a fellow pupil from the Burwood Sunday School, Norma Symonds. By the time he had bought himself and his bride a cottage in the bush on the Epping line his resources were stretched thin. The service station failed, the Depression hit and Barwick's finances collapsed. He was bankrupted.

That experience made Barwick. Before his bankruptcy Barwick had worked hard but afterwards he worked indefatigably. Once, he had seen himself well on the way to respectability and security, but now he set out to become rich and invulnerable. "You never know when the rug will be pulled out from under your feet," he was to say for the next 50 years. But he observed that the rug had not been pulled from under the well-shod feet of young men at the Bar with problems as severe as those he had faced. He had no one to come to his rescue. That left Barwick with a contradictory view of the wealthy: admiration, a trace of contempt, and some bitterness.

He saw himself alone in a hostile world. He was never wholly at ease. Assertive, proud and competitive, he was at the same time oddly uncertain of the strength of his own position. He was left with a taste for the getting and exercise of power.

In the 20 years that followed he established himself in a way that had never been seen before or since as the leader of the Australian Bar. The war clinched his reputation. He became the most sought after barrister in the country to fight wartime rationing. His clients were potato sellers, pub owners, whisky traders and landlords. He put his heart into what he saw as battles for liberty; the freedom of men and women to profit to the full from their own enterprise.

Battles for whisky and potatoes led naturally on to campaigns to save at first the airlines and then the banks from the Labor Prime Minister Ben Chifley's nationalisation plans. The Banking Case appeal before the Privy Council was the greatest triumph of the advocate's career, and it was witnessed by the leaders of the English Bar. "I have been appearing here for 25 years," said Sir Walter Monckton when Barwick had finished his address. "But I have never seen anything to equal that."

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Menzies rode to victory in late 1949 on the back of the banks. Two of Barwick's greatest clients came to power: Robert Menzies and the Liberal Party. He represented them, defending their Communist Party Dissolution Act designed to carry out a purge of communists in Australia. That was a stunning defeat for Barwick: "Like Bradman getting out for a duck". He advised Menzies on the 1951 double dissolution and later rescued the Petrov Royal Commission from all the half-crazed (but, for Menzies, very dangerous) attacks of the Leader of the Federal Opposition, Doc Evatt.

To enter politics was a strange departure for Barwick. "Why don't you get out," he used to say to his friends in the NSW Government. "You're only wasting money." But by the late 1950s Barwick was looking for new worlds to conquer and, in any case, senior QCs going into politics was the British thing to do: Barwick had returned from the Banking Case a devoted anglophile.

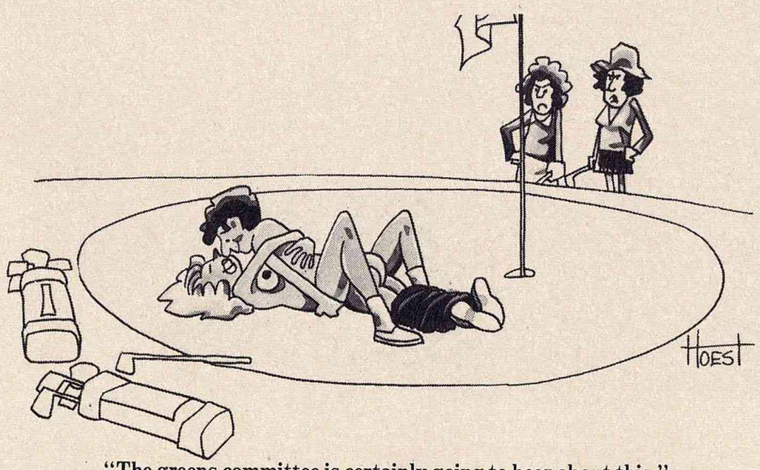
Barwick was approached by the partiarchs of the NSW Liberal Party to stand for the seat of Parramatta. At first he hesitated but, when Menzies added his weight to the argument, Barwick accepted and won pre-selection hands down. But he had no political philosophy. At his early meetings he fumbled for political ideas, finally putting them into order for his address at the All Saints Hall, Harris Park. It turned out to be a rather bleak credo:

> *"I stand for people. I stand for individuals and for their freedom to live their own lives. I stand for their freedom to retain the fruits of their own labor and improving themselves and their families by their own efforts. I believe in encouraging their enterprise and giving them heart. I have no time for any 'ism' which would subject people to the will of others."*

Barwick made it to Parliament, but the Liberal majority in Parramatta was halved.

He spent only a few months on the backbench. Before Christmas, he was Attorney-General. He carried through reform of the divorce law triumphantly but as dramatically squandered his parliamentary reputation with the handling of tough changes to the Crimes Act which left Australia with the harshest internal securities laws (barring those of South Africa) in the English-speaking world.

Menzies was unperturbed and, at the height of the crisis over West New Guinea, with Indonesia on the verge of war with the Netherlands and, very probably, with Australia as well, Barwick was appointed Minister for External Affairs. He turned Australia around on its Indonesian policy, no longer allying Australia automatically with the European powers with which President Sukarno squabbled: the Dutch over New Guinea and the British over Malaya.



"The greens committee is certainly going to hear about this."

A soft line with Indonesia was countered by a hard policy over Vietnam. Barwick was the foreign minister who put Australia's first troops into the war and flew to Saigon to discuss arrangements for the disposition of Australian forces with Vietnam's president, Ngo Dinh Diem. A year later Barwick was shocked by Diem's overthrow and assassination. He saw it as the loss of a great leader who had lately, it seemed to Barwick, been pushing through one or two unpopular policies.

Barwick's own departure from politics came a few weeks later. In early 1964 he became embroiled in a controversy over the strength of the ANZUS pact, Australia's defence treaty with the USA. Its meaning had always been ambiguous and Barwick advocated a stronger line which appeared to commit the US heavily to the protection of Australian troops in Malaysia. America under its new President, Lyndon Baines Johnson, expressed its disapproval. Barwick left for the High Court.

Barwick took power with him to the bench. It was as if he packed it with his books and papers. As the leader of the Australian Bar he had promoted the power of the legal profession and his authority at its head. In politics he had worked for the increase of the power of the office of Attorney-General, and had been one of the most powerful foreign ministers Australia had had since the war. He took that sense of authority, of standing always at the fulcrum of events, with him when he departed Canberra in early 1964 to become Chief Justice.

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There is a kind of jinx on Barwick. All his career he has pursued triumphs — in the courtroom, in Parliament and on the bench — yet events somehow conspire to rob him of complete victory. As the finishing touches were made to the High Court building in Canberra, the triumph of the great day was undercut by a controversy over the affairs of his family company, Mundroola Pty Ltd.

That so many man-hours of research were spent on Mundroola by politicians and the press, and that so many column inches were devoted to reporting Barwick's involvement with the company was in one sense the measure of the community's regard for the man. Barwick had come quite generally to be regarded with a degree of scepticism.

The Mundroola story, in essence, was that Barwick had continued to be associated with his family's business affairs after he went on the bench. For five years he was actively involved, and remained a governing director for a further five years. In that decade he sat on the High Court cases involving the affairs of public companies in which Mundroola had shares. After he resigned his directorship he continued to sit on cases which involved the companies in which Mundroola had a financial interest.

Undoubtedly the public hostility toward Barwick revealed during the Mundroola affair sprang principally from his part in the 1975 sacking. By that, as some barristers in Sydney remarked, "he made himself fair game". But the widespread scepticism revealed in early 1980 had other sources as well: his reputation for curtness and anger during High Court hearings, his increasingly severe view of the foibles of the world in his judgments and, above all else, his championing of the impressive new High Court building on the shores of Lake Burley Griffin.

He had wrangled over its magnificence from the start. McMahon agreed to build it; Whitlam held an architectural competition. Barwick was one of the judges. Whitlam remarked, standing in the drenching rain at the laying of the foundation stone a few weeks before the sacking, that the building "may not be as noble as the Chief Justice might have aspired to have it. But it's the best that the country can produce and afford . . ." After the Whitlam era, Barwick pressed the Fraser government to make changes. They cost money, and more money was poured into the building to have it finished in time for the Queen's arrival. Inflation added to the cost. What began as a $9 million project cost, at the latest count, nearly $50 million. Barwick was undeterred: "You only build a High Court once."

The building became, in the end, oddly like the builder: formidable and assertive. Outwardly modern, it was decorated with all the symbols of traditional authority: coats of arms (UK and Australia), scarlet carpets and wood panelling. The courtrooms are vast, like nothing so much as sets from *Citizen Kane*. Barwick had come a long way since his great victories in the Privy Council where the simplicity of the court, a room and a table in Downing Street, had so impressed him. Beside the lake in Canberra justice was given the face not of a common right but of a magnificent privilege.

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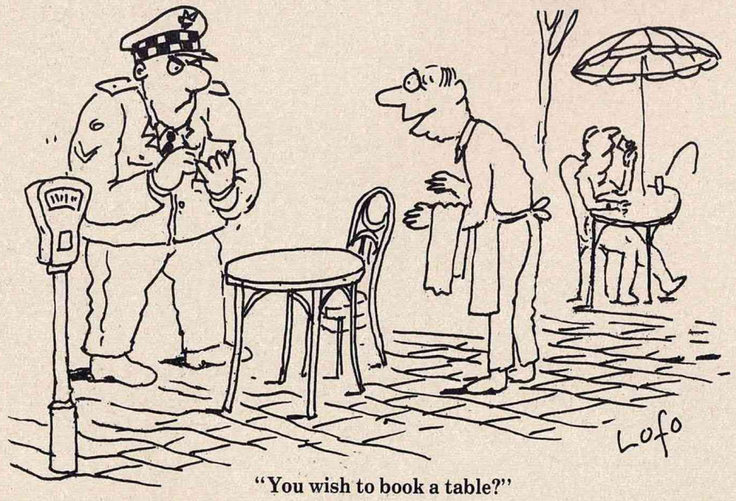
There were no more interviews with Barwick after the first. Through the last half of 1978 and the first months of 1979 I continued to hope, but began to hear reports that his early scepticism about the book had turned to hostility. In June 1979 he sent a message to say that he would not see me again. It was by then no surprise. One afternoon I caught sight of him in Macquarie Street, in Sydney. He seemed greatly changed in 15 months — older, tubbier, his face even more dramatically haggard. After months of tracking the man through books and documents it was a shock to be reminded that he was still alive. He was as grey as a ghost as he disappeared, purposeful and scowling, into the lunchtime crowd.



"You wish to book a table?"

THE STARK TRUTH

susie's got all options open

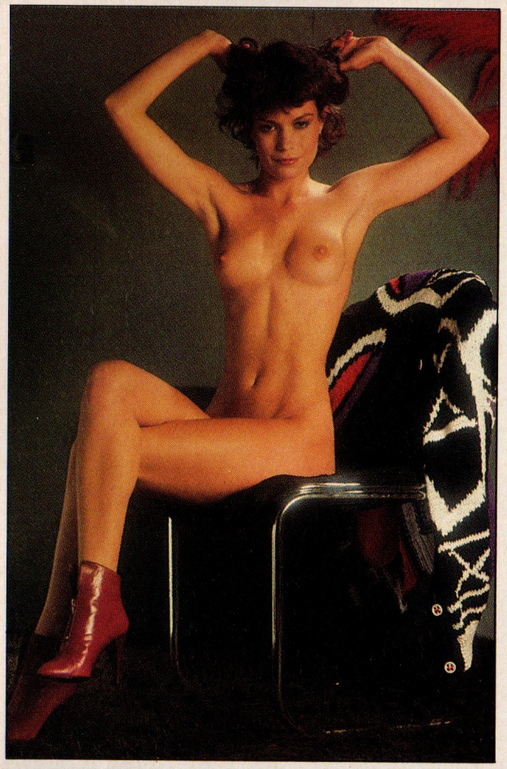
LIKE A blush from the west, Susie Stark has moseyed eastward on the golden girls' path blazed by Playmates Karen and Jane and Zy to flower under the bright lights of Sydney. "Curiosity gets the better of us," says Susie, explaining the one-way trade in beautiful young women. "Most of the shots are called from the east, so it is natural for us to make the journey to find out what easterners are all about." And it seemed just

Photography by Colin Stead

"Men? I really love them. I love their tight little bums, their strong legs and hands — in that order. I like a man to surprise me by taking me somewhere new and exciting. When my turn comes later in the night, I'll surprise him."

as natural for us to want to find out what Susie has been hiding beneath those little cotton shifts she packed for the trip from Esperance to Sydney. As Colin Stead's camera discovered, Susie Stark packs plenty.

"Nobody should be ashamed of his or her body," she says. "Bodies are nice. I suppose I am a bit subjective about my body, but I don't think that men mind



looking at me. Anyway it is the only one I've got and I intend to keep it healthy. I know instinctively that I'll learn to do a lot more with my body than I can imagine. Right now my tastes and needs are rather basic, but I'm sure my appetite will become more exotic."

However things turn out, Susie is leaving nothing to chance. First chance she gets she plans to shake off the scarcely settled sparkle of Sydney to travel wherever her fancy and her American Express cheques take her. Not that she wants to give the impression that Australia, Sydney or even Esperance turns her off. "I am Australian," she says. "Sydney does swing, Esperance is beautiful and wild but I

"Of course I'm passionate in my relationships. Do you think this is really yesterday's polish I've got underneath my nails?"

guess I have some gypsy blood in my veins. I just feel I have to keep moving. Making love on a secluded Sydney beach is fine, but a girl can't afford to close off her options."

And Susie wants to make her own pace. If a young man wants to hitch along for the ride, that's fine in her book — just as long as he doesn't insist on scripting the scenario. "A man will have to be something fantastic to sidetrack me," says Susie. "Maybe I'm just a young cynic, but I don't really believe there is a Mr Right for me. Of course if he does come along that will be a super-duper bonus. In the meantime, I can't see why a man and woman can't enjoy one another's company and be stimulated by one another's minds and bodies without having to get into writing a contract every time they touch."

Hedonistic? Certainly. But Susie Stark is honest enough to admit that, as long as she is young, unfettered and can turn men's fancies, she will bask in life's pleasures.

"I adore Sydney, but I can't stay put. I've got too much to do and too many places to see. I want to travel. And I want to meet the Bulgars and do all that I can to defrost chilly east-west relations."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susie Stark

BUST: 32 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3 WEIGHT: 43kg SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 6·11·59 BIRTHPLACE: Esperance

SECRET DREAM: To make love on top of the Eiffel Tower

TURN-ONS: small cars, White Trucks dressing up and men's bums

TURN-OFFS: an interrupted shower

RELAXING: Surfing, being massaged, watching a good movie

FAVORITE SPORTS: Badminton

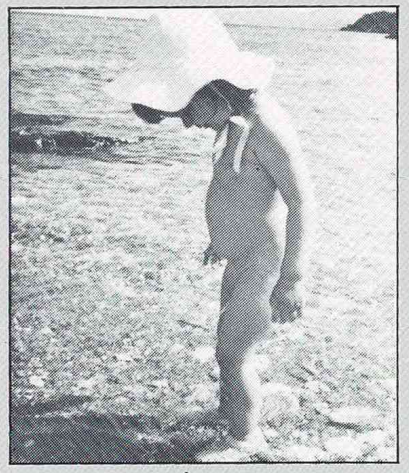
FAVORITE FOOD: Seafood, custard apple, avacado

FAVORITE MOVIES: "1900"; any of the Marx Brothers classics; "Stone"

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Frank Zappa, Marcel Marceau Bette Midler

FAVORITE ACTORS: Donald Sutherland, Al Pacino Jane Fonda.

already in on the Joke



what's happening

playing games

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the fellow and his girl had an argument in a pub, he stalked out in a snit, but she soon found herself another male companion. They drank rather freely and ended up in the girl's flat. It was right in the middle of some heavy groping that the bedside phone rang. "Pam, honey," her boyfriend's voice came over the line, "it was all my fault and I'm sorry. I hope you're not holding a grudge."

"It's the first time I've ever heard it called that," giggled Pam.

Having listened to the appeal given by an elderly streetwalker, the young magistrate was reluctant to sentence her. Ordering a short recess, he went to the chambers of an older judge and asked: "What would you give a 60-year-old prostitute?"

The learned jurist thought for a moment before replying: "Oh, no more than five dollars, I suppose."

A suave bachelor that we know carries a special emergency kit in his car. It contains condoms for those who will, tampons for those who can't and a pair of roller skates for those who won't.

The couple's passionate lovemaking was interrupted by the telephone. The girl got up, answered it and returned to the bed a few seconds later. "Who was that?" her companion inquired.

"My husband," she sighed, snuggling against her lover. "He wanted to tell me he'll be home late tonight because he's playing poker with you and some of the other fellows."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *flirtation* as attention with intention.

I wouldn't want to say that Jill down in accounts is promiscuous," the fellow commented to an office mate, "but she's the only girl I've ever gone out with who had a condom-vending machine on the wall of her loo."

Entering his room at the hotel, the tourist was surprised to see a naked blonde stretched out on the bed. "Sorry," he said, "I guess I must have the wrong room."

She told him he was in the right room, and that's where he stayed for a week, having the time of his life. When he finally went down to the desk to check out and settle up, the management said they owed him $200. Returning home in amazement, he told the whole story to his best friend who himself decided to visit the hotel in the hope of experiencing the same delightful fantasy for a week.

Sure enough, the same thing happened, but when he went down to the desk to collect the money, he was given only $100. "But my mate was given $200," he protested.

"Yes," said the clerk, "but you were only on radio — he was on television."

In the garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
And loud was his mirth
For he knew that on Earth
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

Marketing experts maintain that manufacturers of those pantyhose that "massage" a woman's legs have set their sights too low.

The high school student confessed to the priest that she had been engaging in sexual intercourse with her boyfriend on the front seat of his car every night for the past two months.

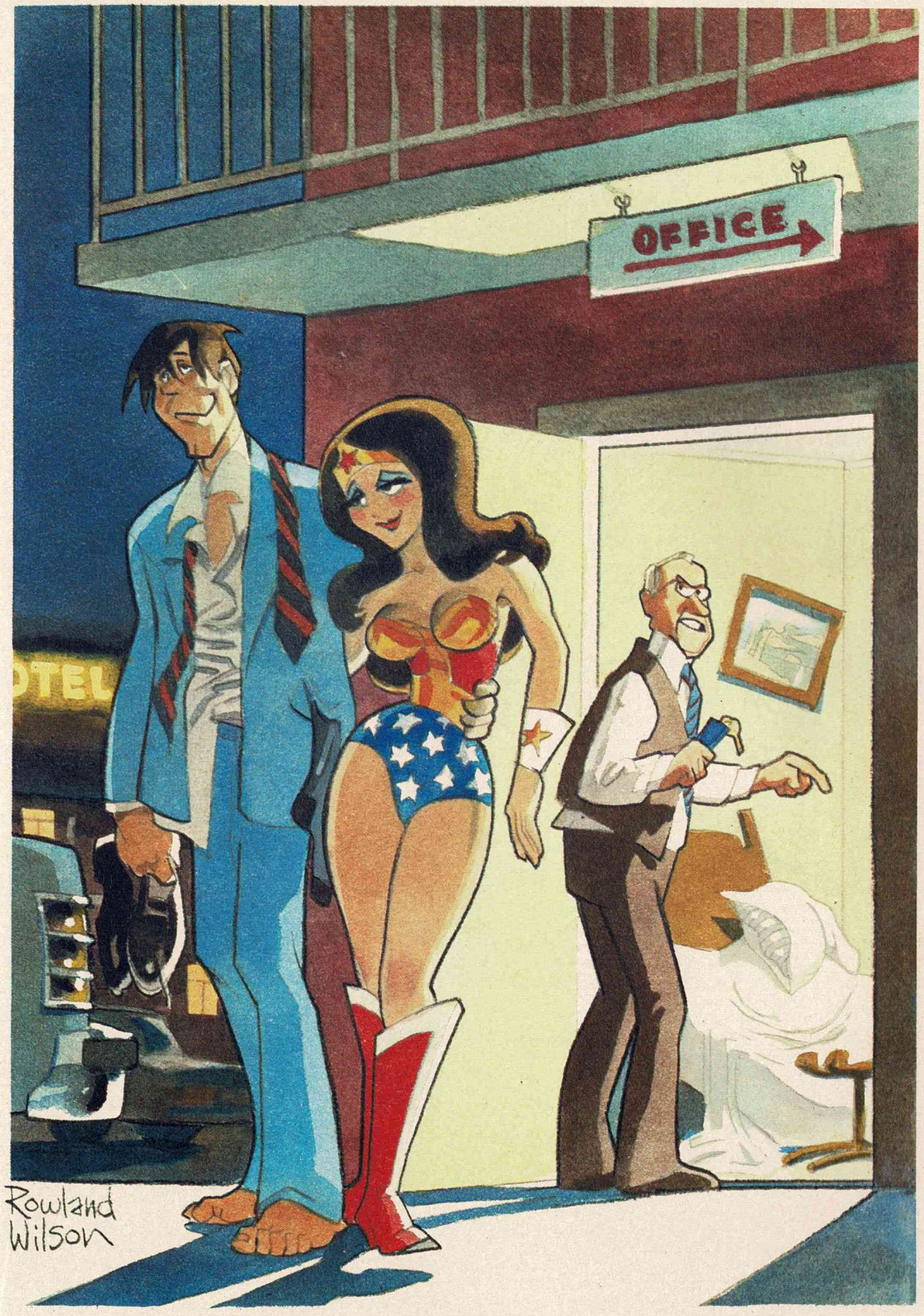
"Don't you think you've been doing something wrong?" asked the priest gently.

"I guess you're right," she mumbled. "Maybe it would be more comfortable in the back seat."

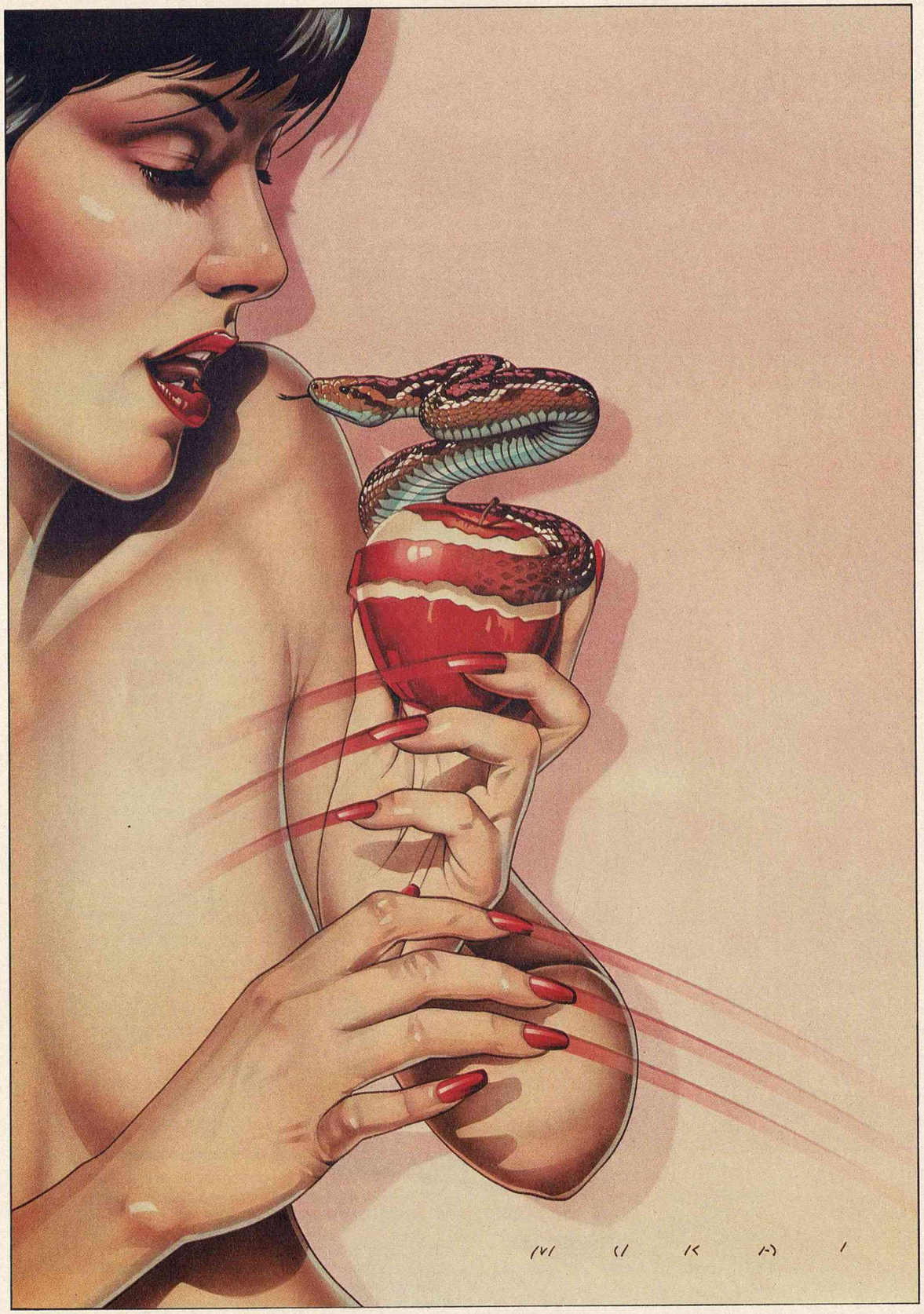
The lecherous banker was renowned for making advances to all of the female cashiers, manoeuvring them into his office after hours to show them some of the finer points of the banking business. Most of them accepted his pawing philosophically, but the new girl took umbrage and soon resigned. A few days later, one of the more tolerant cashiers met her for lunch and, over coffee, asked her friend why she had quit. "He's nothing but a harmless old goat, and he could teach you a lot about the banking world," she admonished her friend.

"He taught me a lot about the banking world, all right," her friend replied sarcastically. "The trouble was that he had no principle and I had no interest."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Just a minute, young lady. There's a matter of damages to be settled."



10 kinds of WOMEN to avoid at all costs

we've all been too cowed by feminists to admit it, but the truth is some women can put a guy through the wringer, writes harry stein

AND SO it has come to this. A guy I know, someone with whom I used to play football, a fellow who, you'll have to trust me, used to have a fair amount of gumption, called me last week to announce his belief that the vote should be taken away from men.

"Listen," he explained, "I know that it sounds drastic, but it's the only way things are ever going to change. We men have run this world for thousands of years now and look where it's got us. We've destroyed the environment and brutalised entire populations in precisely the same way we have, as individuals, butchered relationships and brutalised our women."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but where did you come up with this notion?"

There was a momentary pause at the other end. "Uh, well, actually it was my girlfriend who kind of threw out the idea . . ."

Where else?

Have they done a job on us! As a sex, we men have been in headlong retreat for so long that we have come to accept as plausible just about any accusation hurled by an angry woman.

All right, there are some less than ideal men out there, neanderthals and fellows whose idea of romantic fulfillment is making 300 women, including at least one from each country in Asia and the Pacific, before the age of 30.

But this nonsense about all of us, as a species, being tainted has gone on for long enough. It's now high time for a general acknowledgement of a very simple truth: the vast majority of men, like the vast majority of women, are looking for healthy,

nourishing relationships. All we want, for God's sake, is to be able to feel good with someone.

How, then, did we get such a bad reputation? A lot of it has to do with simple repetition. Starting more than a decade ago, when the women's movement identified the long, now familiar, list of economic and social inequities that had marked this society from the beginning, not a day has passed without some reference in the media to the woman's struggle for full equality. It was a very short step from recognition of those inequities to the assertion that men, in general, are oppressors and from there, that we continue to oppress.

But, in fact, this is just not true. There are as many destructive women in this society as destructive men, as many women who are petty and irresponsible and cruel. Men, too, have plenty of horror stories to tell, we've simply been too cowed to go public.

But no more.

The following are 10 general categories of women to be avoided at all costs. Consorting with these women will almost certainly lead to no good. They will, if given the chance, break a heart or stomp on an ego as readily as the vilest man dissected on the pages of *Cleo*.

We aren't attempting to promote divisiveness between the sexes. As much as anything else, this survey is provided as one small step toward a common wisdom for men — a service to all those guys, young and not so young, looking to love. The women cited here might appear to the naked eye utterly charming, even eminent candidates for the happily-ever-after. That's another reason for this piece; we men do have a tendency to rely too heavily on our eyes.

THE TRAGEDIENNE

There are a startling number of people in this world who don't know they're experiencing emotion unless it's pain. They are not happy, these people, unless they're deeply unhappy, and you can imagine how much fun it is to be around them then. Succinctly put, their notion of a relationship is that you have to take the bad with the bad.

Oh, there might be sporadic periods of calm, but these will only set her to worrying: something's wrong, she should *feel* more, is this all there is? And then, likely as not, she'll provoke a scene that would embarrass Sarah Bernhardt, only to reassure herself that there is, after all, still passion between you.

If trapped into one of these nightmares, you will find yourself getting jumpy, and your work will undoubtedly suffer; but one of the few compensations will be that your reconciliations will probably be accompanied by magnificent sex, replete with back scratching and moans that it's never been so good with anyone. But then, the next morning, you'll be back to the flip side — there's a hell of a lot of flip side to these relationships.

Some women of this genre have, in fact, been known to abruptly alter the sexual ground rules in order to keep things popping. One hapless fellow reports that his ex-girlfriend, a dancer, would periodically cut off sex entirely, with the explanation that she loved him too much to sleep with him.

"What the hell does that mean?" he would ask.

"It means," she would say softly, averting her eyes, "that we shouldn't risk tainting something so beautiful." Which would lead to another fight, which would culminate in a feverish bout of lovemaking, which was, of course, the point in the first place.

These relationships can be endlessly interesting — there's no question of that — in much the same way that a car wreck featuring big-time mutilation is interesting. The problem is, in this case you're the victim.

Nor are your problems likely to be kept to yourselves; invariably there will be marathon phone conversations between her and her friends of the "he said-I said" variety. Drama, after all, needs an audience.

Only a bona fide masochist can learn to live with this kind of thing.

THE NEUTER

Early on in a relationship with this woman you will undoubtedly be convinced that you have stumbled upon nirvana. Never has your ego been so fervently massaged. It is apparent from her adoring gaze that at last you've found someone who recognises that you're as brilliant, as witty, as adorable as you always suspected.

Then you find out the terrible truth: this woman has no critical faculties whatsoever.

Indeed, you soon learn that she is unsure even of her sense of humor. Lacking direction, she will laugh just as hard at *1941* as at Woody Allen — which is why she makes a point of watching you so closely and laughing only on cue. Your political opinions will become hers, and your biases; she'll even dress to please you.

Quite simply, you have been invited to fill a void in her life — and the void happens to be 90 percent of the life. She allows you to envelop her because, in effect, if there is no man in her existence, there is nothing else.

Your first indication that she may not, in fact, adore you exclusively for your qualities might come when you hear about her previous boyfriends.

"How," you ask in bewilderment, "could you have been interested in a Greek disco dancer and then in me?"

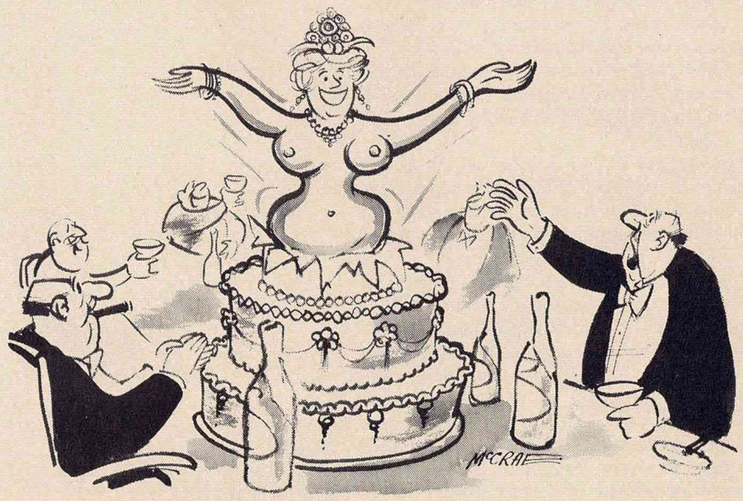
She looks confused. "What do you mean by that?"

"We're so incredibly different."

"Well, I loved you both for entirely different reasons."

The different reasons turn out to be that she was with the Greek disco dancer then and with you now.

There is, of course, an element of genuine sadness to such a person —



"Martha! But what happened to your macrame and your china painting?"

but the time must come, as it has come for all the creeps who preceded you, to recognise that it is her problem and not yours.

One last thing to watch out for: the words "I've never felt this way," spoken within five days of your first encounter. Trust me, she's felt this way before.

THE TOO-RECENT CASUALTY

A guy I know, a grizzled veteran of the romantic wars, has promulgated a theorem about women lately split from longtime mates: expect one year of erratic behavior for every four years of serious involvement; if the woman has been jilted, add another six months for good measure.

It is, of course, terribly easy to be facile at other people's expense, but the principle is nonetheless exemplary. None of us finds it easy to instantly regain equilibrium after an emotional mauling but — with apologies to feminists in the crowd — women generally have it even harder than men. This observation is by no means meant to be slighting; anyone whose emotional machinery is in proper working order should take some time to recover from a wrenching experience. It is merely being suggested that it is not a good idea to throw yourself into the arms of someone recently wrenched.

After a period of intense joy — profound relief is always an occasion for joy — chances are that she will resume her brooding with a vengeance. The old boyfriend, whom you'd hoped you'd buried with that early, endless, tearful conversation about what had gone wrong, suddenly begins to surface in her conversation.

Worse still is the woman who never mentions the departed at all, his presence hanging over both of you like a poisonous mist. And then one night you wake up and find her sobbing.

But the absolute killer is the phenomenon, as common as crabgrass yet somehow always startling, of the woman who purports to despise her former lover, snarls about him constantly, appears ready to slay him on sight, and then turns out to be in regular contact with him.

A great uncle of mine, living in a Gold Coast retirement village and still peppy at 78, had very much the right idea. "You must be doing pretty well," I remarked on one visit, "with all the widows around here."

He clapped a hand on my shoulder. "Only divorcées for me, son. No percentage in competing with ghosts."

THE VICTIM

This is the woman for whom everything goes wrong, personally as well as professionally, but it is never her fault. My friend Arthur was recently involved with one such woman.

"At first," he says, "I was sympathetic. How could I not be? Here was this terrific, sensitive woman, and all this terrible stuff was happening to her. Her marriage had broken up because her husband was so selfish; she'd been fired from her job with a local TV station because her boss was jealous of her; and she was being threatened with eviction from her apartment because her landlord, who wanted to jack up the price, was pretending he hadn't received the rent.

"I only began to get suspicious when she explained that the reason a cheque she'd given me had bounced was that the bank had it in for her; I knew for sure I was in big trouble when, after our first big fight, I was chewed out by friends who'd heard about what a monster I'd been."

That, of course, is what it invariably comes to. In the end, she will contrive to screw up the relationship, as she screws up all else.

THE MAN'S WOMAN

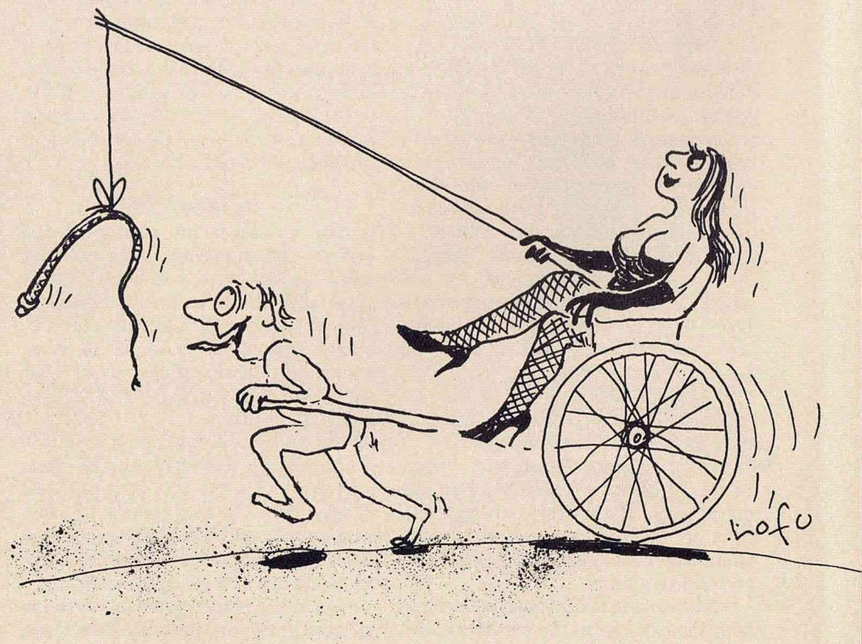
This is the woman with no woman friends, on the face of it a trait that might appear to have little bearing on your relationship with her.

Women see things in other women that we men, struck insensible by a coy little smile, or the purr in a voice, or an appropriate roundness in all the right places, rarely spot until, with our hearts lying on the floor, panting, it is much too late. Women know that females who tailor their beings to appeal to men are, at best, empty ninnies, and more often, coolly unscrupulous wretches.

Your problem, if it is your misfortune to align yourself with such a woman, is that sooner or later you will find out all the things the other women already knew — and then some. For, congenital flirt that she is (probably, according to just about any shrink you ask, with profound unresolved problems vis-à-vis her father), she will be constitutionally unable to suddenly alter her behavior. In all kinds of ways, subtle and overt, she will give the impression of coming on to other men, perhaps even to your friends. And when you point this out, she will almost surely deny it, appearing for all the world to believe her denial; it is, she will say, simply the way she is.

In return, the compensations afforded by such a union are very slight indeed. "For a while," recalls one fellow briefly involved with such a monster, "it was reward enough just to be seen with her, to enter a room and know that every man there envied me. Then I rented a summer house with four other guys. Within a week I was miserable. This woman wasn't going to be happy until she had every one of them panting after her. I'd sit there watching these incredible scenes — she'd talk to them about their problems, stroking their heads, and afterwards suggest we all go skinny dipping together — and later, when I'd rant and rave at her, she'd accuse me of being an insecure little jerk.

"It took a visit from a woman cousin of mine to straighten me out. Alice watched my friend in action for



an hour and a half and told me, firmly, to get the hell away."

THE TINKERER

The woman who instantly sets about trying to change her man has probably been seen around since the dawn of human relations.

Still, a cliché is not always obvious. Often as not, this woman will operate with a deftness that would give Fred Astaire pause, insinuating her way into your life. Then one evening as you are en route to dinner with your boss (such is her timing), she may broach the question: "Don't you think your hair is a little too long?"

From there, it usually will not take long for her to get around to your habit of fishing ice out of your glass and popping it into your mouth, the way your place is decorated, your choice, for God's sake, of friends. "My goodness," she might put it, if she really knows her stuff, "you're so much more interesting than those deadheads you hang around with."

And then, if allowed to get away with that, she will almost surely try to tamper with your very essence. "One evening over dinner," reports one Adelaide friend, "this person just lit into me. 'You're too reserved,' she told me, 'you laugh at the wrong things, your values are a mess'. Then she started playing analyst, shooting at me all kinds of questions about my parents and grandparents — all of which implied that I was a mess and better change." He pauses and shakes his head at the memory. "People talk about figuratively running away from someone. I left that restaurant and *literally* ran away."

THE INFLEXIBLE FEMINIST

Some women are so vigilant in defense of their version of ideological purity, so inflexible in the face of transgressors, that they render life unlivable for any man unfortunate enough to have stumbled into their midst. Say something in the presence of one of these latter-day Emmeline Pankhursts that she deems "sexist" — call a 17-year-old a girl, for example, or make a lighthearted remark about a terrific recent sexual encounter — and you can expect, at the very least, a scowl.

There is often ample cause to speculate on the motives, conscious and unconscious, of these people, for anything beyond perfunctory observation of them is likely to raise the question: is the rhetoric, though sincere, in fact a smokescreen behind which she hides profound insecurities and shortcomings.

Existence around these women, to hear the tales from the survivors, can become a living hell. Says one: "The message was drummed into my head every day in a dozen ways — you're bad and I'm good. I'd start to make the most innocuous remark, and then catch myself and wonder — will it pass muster? You end up feeling like a ridiculous pipsqueak, either that or you become as self-righteous and humorless as she is."

Often their fanaticism does not cease even in bed. "She used to decide how many orgasms she was entitled to," said one survivor. "God help me if I got mine and she didn't get hers."

BABY DOLL

There are certain females in this world — we're talking now about people over six years old — who stick pictures of Snoopy on the wall, refer to their fathers as "Daddy" and name their plants, and call the bathroom "the little girl's room"; chances are you will eventually run into a stuffed animal, too.

To be sure, a woman of this kind can be diverting for a while, as any child can be. But there will come a time when her inability to function as an adult will become absolutely maddening. For, like any child, she is very good at taking, but has a whole lot to learn about giving and sharing. Invariably, the attitude with such a woman is: you buy me the fancy dress and, in return, I won't cook. The chances are excellent that she will be equally passive in bed.

The reason you had fondly hoped, at the very least, that she would be reasonably domestic is that you had learned at the outset that she was in no way prepared to handle the responsibilities of a serious career or, for that matter, even to carry on a lucid conversation with a bank officer after messing up her accounts. What you will discover is that conducting a relationship is even more demanding than balancing a cheque book.

Ms AMBITION

She represents the new breed, the woman as obsessed with getting ahead as any man you know; she is never without her bulging briefcase, is constantly popping up from meals to make vital phone calls, is so often preoccupied with office politics that she is seemingly incapable of talking of anything else.

But at first her galloping ambition is stimulating, precisely because she *is* a woman. It is likely to be a pleasant change from the aimlessness of other women — and, besides, you get a chance to demonstrate how unthreatened you are by a successful woman.

But if she is one of the increasingly large number of the truly relentless, distaff division, lots of luck in trying to make a success of the relationship. The shooting star you've latched on to will almost certainly have little time to waste on you, let alone any leftover emotion. Any liaison with her is by definition tenuous, and very low on her list of priorities. When you gaze into her deep blue eyes, thinking of your future together, she will be gazing back, thinking about quarterly earnings. It will not take you long to develop an acute sympathy for all those suburban housewives of those ambitious, cold-eyed bastards you know in the office.

THE NON-COMMITTER

The stigma of evading enduring commitment has, of course, long been attached to men. Indeed, it is perhaps the accusation with which we have been more frequently confronted by women than any other. But, in fact, there are thousands of women who have the same tendency.

Usually, as in the case of their male counterparts, these women will initially disguise their constitutional aloofness and may even come on surprisingly strong. The object is to get *you* to commit. Only at that point, their egos satisfied, their insecurities once again allayed, do they retreat.

And often the retreat is as total as it is unexpected. "I thought things were working out beautifully," recalls a writer I know. "We had spent a glorious weekend together at a country inn in Queensland and on the last night, relaxing on the verandah, over brandy, I told her that I loved her. For two weeks after that, she didn't return my phone calls."

Yes, these people can be absolutely heartwrenching. Some of them, in fact, pride themselves on their ability to bloodlessly cut things off. "It gives me a sense of power," one confessed.

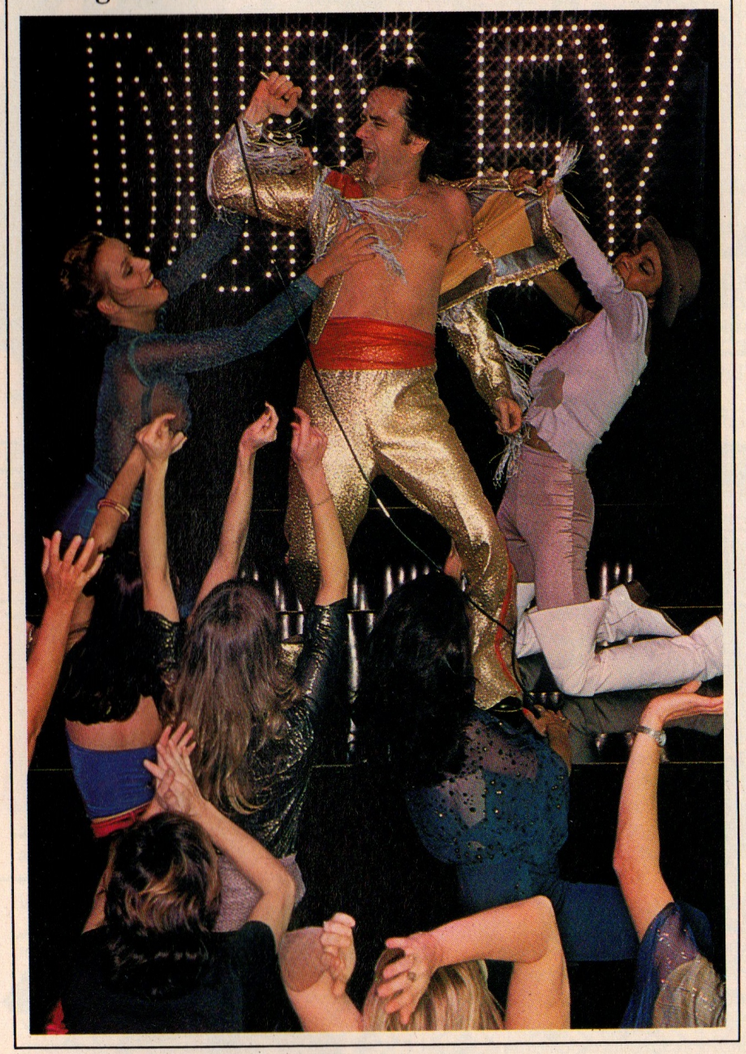
Others, less overtly hostile, will endlessly profess that in the abstract, of course, they are looking for a lasting relationship; they have simply been disappointed by every man they've run across. The truth, it does not take a Ph.D in psychology to work out, is that these people are incapable of being satisfied. If you have a glaring fault, they will find it and dwell upon it until they can barely stand to look at you; if you do not, they will create one and dwell on that.

A woman of this kind does, however, have one decided strong feature. If you can manage to keep her at emotional arm's length, she is the ideal person with whom to have an affair — after you've been through the wringer with one of the other nine.

"George. I think you're wilting."

DUDLEY MOORE'S 10 ways to find the perfect 10

Since we published the sensational spread on Bo Derek in March many people have been asking the pressing question: "How do I go about finding the perfect '10'." For an answer we solicited the services of Dudley Moore who, in the movie, demonstrated his singular persistence in the pursuit of the perfect 10. We were not disappointed with his advice. Says Dudley: "I must tell you straight off that a large part of me disapproves strongly of all this '10' rating business. However, the small part of me that is left over after the large part has had its say admits to a gleeful and insatiable interest. One drawback to



Become a rock and roll star: *Lovely women go crazy for pop stars. The advantage here is that you don't have to have talent — especially if you become New Wave.*

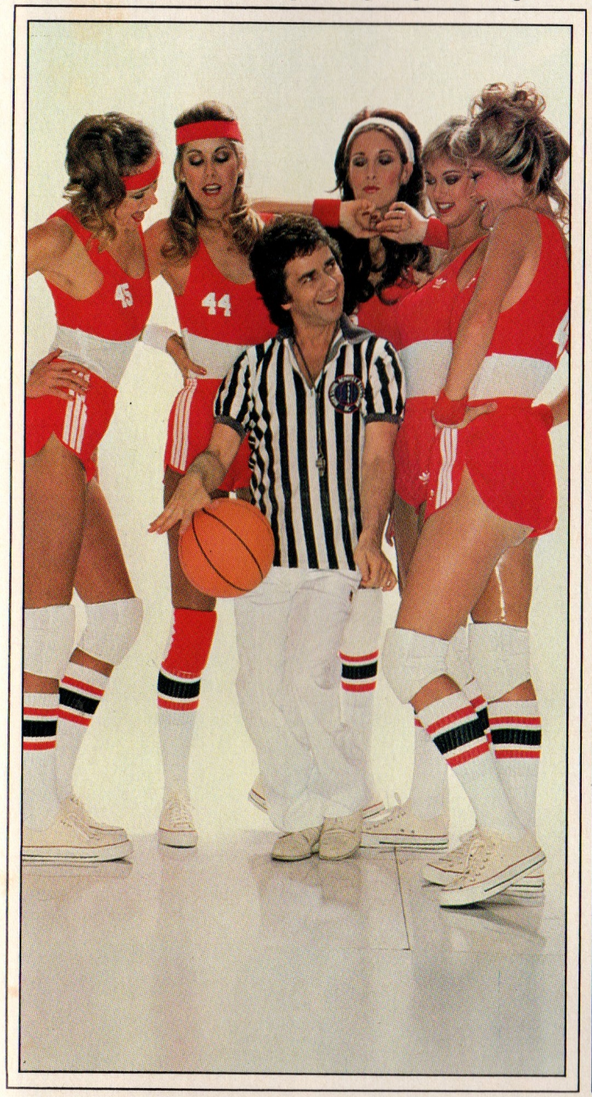
Hang out at the nude beaches: *You can't beat this beautiful view, but it's wise to keep abreast of the tide. These ladies don't know, but I have on a three-piece suit.*

Photographs by Mario Casilli. Produced by Marilyn Grabowski

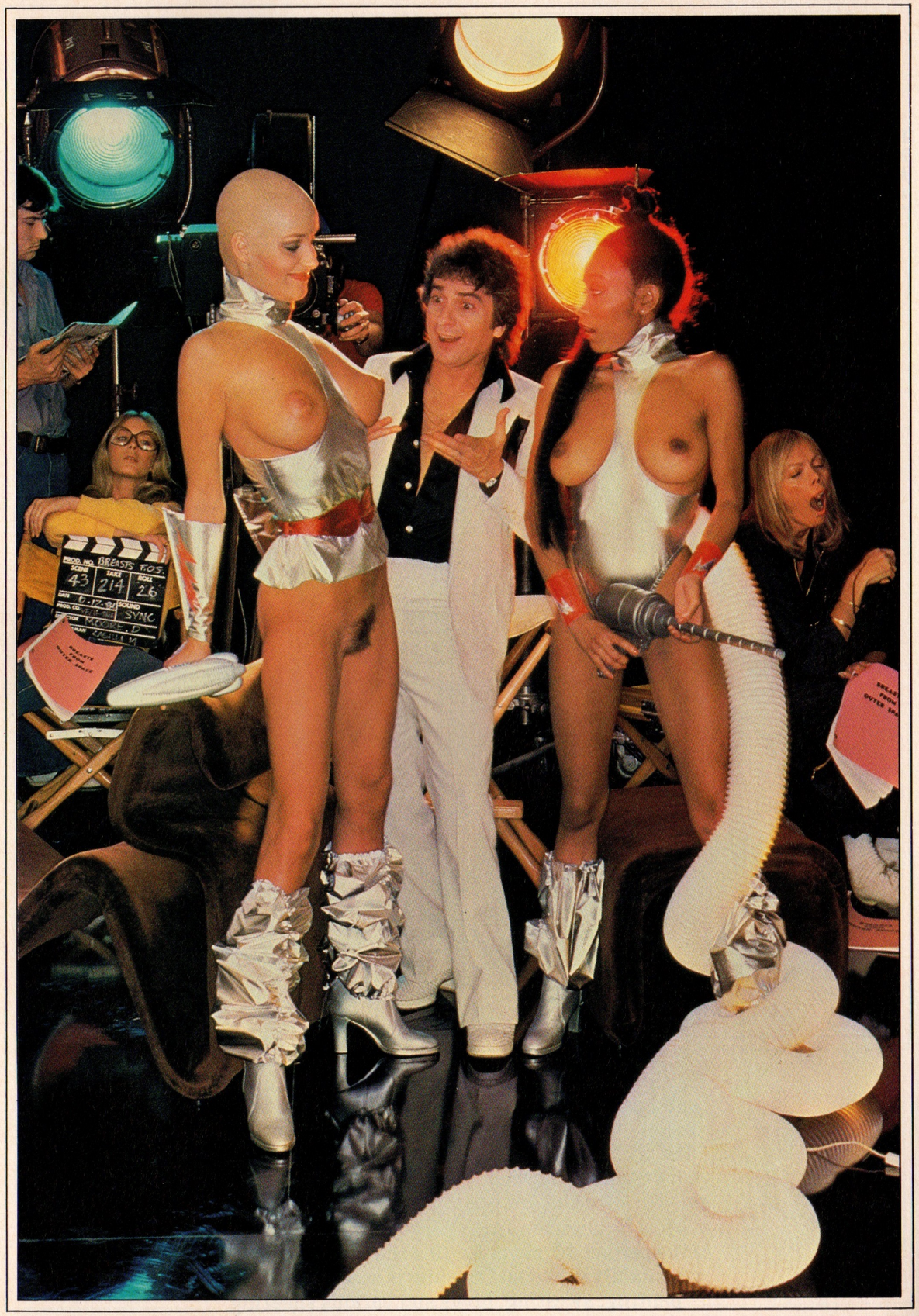
Become a hairdresser: *Call yourself Mr Kenneth. Customers will be so happy to find that you're heterosexual they'll be all yours for the plucking.*

Coach an all-female basketball team: *To keep your eye on the ball can be tricky, but who cares. You're boss and get to hang round in the locker room.*

Get a job, any job, in a lingerie store: *Buy some overalls and a litre of paint. Or dress up as a fire inspector and check the dressing rooms — 50 times.*



the system seems to be that one man's 10 is another man's 8½, although it is clear that, in the realm of feminine aesthetics (or, as it is known in the profession T & B), male assessments tend to converge. If and when you decide willy-nilly to go on your own shallow quest for a 10 you should obey a few basic rules: In preparation for the pursuit of the perfect 10, never let 10's sublime beauty make you unduly nervous. Drooling is acceptable, as are panting, sweating, hives and various sneezing



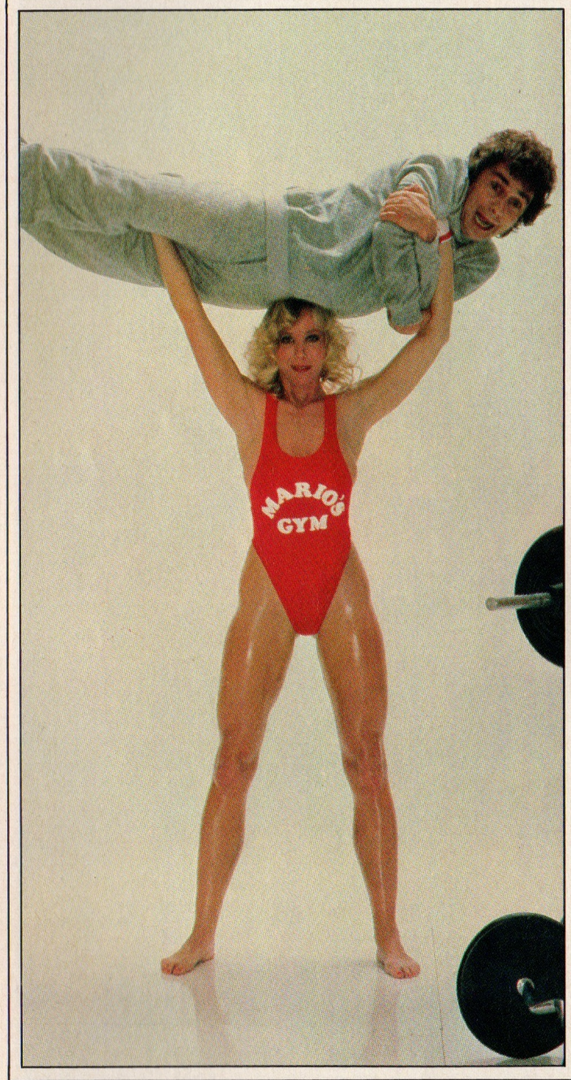
Become a famous film director: *Here I am directing* Planet of the Enormous Breasts. *The advantage is you can write yourself into bedroom scenes and shoot them as often as you want.*

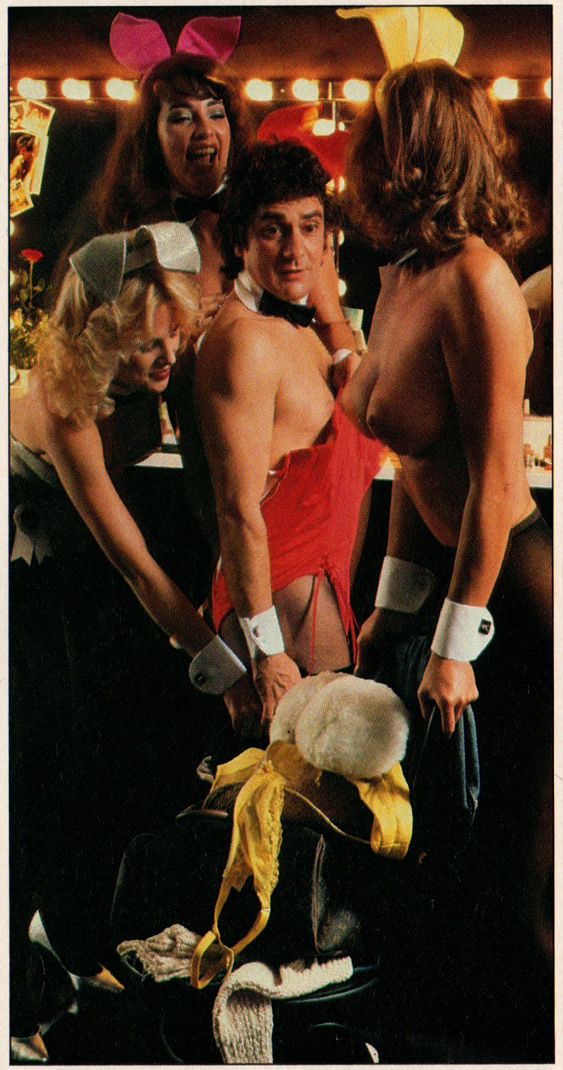
Hang out in the women's steam room: *Notice how I am subtly disguised to look like a towel rack. It was so convincing I ended up in the laundry.*

Spend time in a girls' gym: *For some reason they printed this sideways. In actual fact I am lifting her up.*

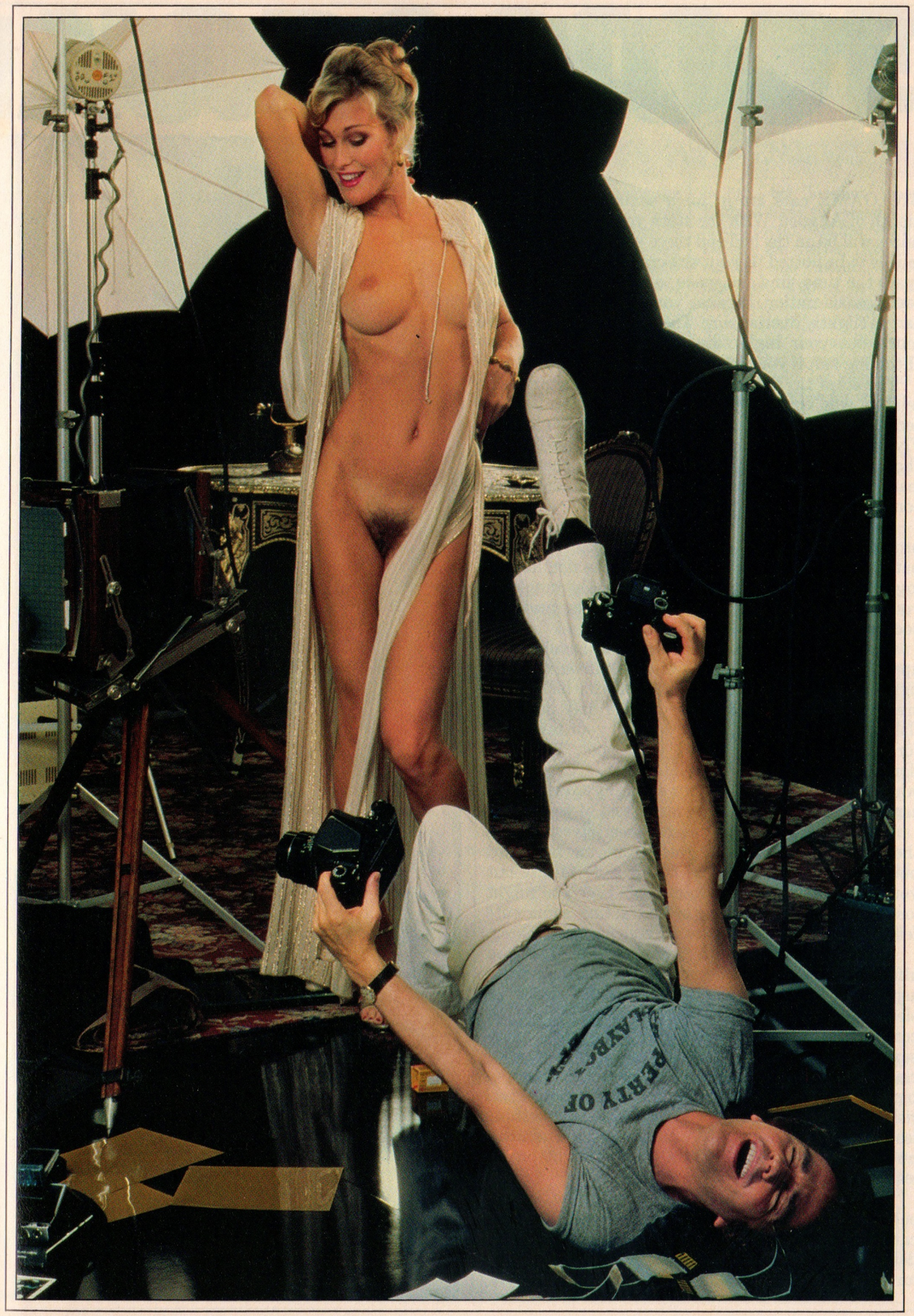
Pretend you are a PLAYBOY bunny: *This is actually quite simple if you get by the corset fitting. I'm third left.*

Become a PLAYBOY photographer: *The fact that I ended up with 72 pictures of the ceiling isn't worth a mention.*





reactions, but weeping in the nude at her feet is not recommended. Remember, beauty is only skin deep. Imagine how she looks underneath that lovely soft skin — all bones and organs and disgusting squidgy things that we all have in common. Think not of her perfectly formed breasts, her silky thighs, her rosy nipples. Think instead of her liver, her pancreas, or her incipient gallstones, her blocked colon. This will make you thoroughly nauseated, a feeling not unlike love in some of its aspects. Good luck."



YOUR SEXUAL

LEO

BIG GAME cats are in for a sexual safari in the month of August. With the stars you've got, the old juices will be on the boil and there will be many frisky felines to be potted. If your sex-crazed little mind can spare the time, find the space to give somebody else some consideration, because your selfish Leo nature can be slightly overbearing. The party whirl promises much but your high-rollin' rort might come to a slithering halt if you don't watch the guest list.

The stars tip the appearance of a bloody-minded relative who could have you skinned and stuffed in seconds flat should you mess with the wrong moggy. Fly your intellectual kite and, if your IQ exceeds your shoe size, you just might have a good chance of learning new skills under the sexual guidance of someone scholastic.

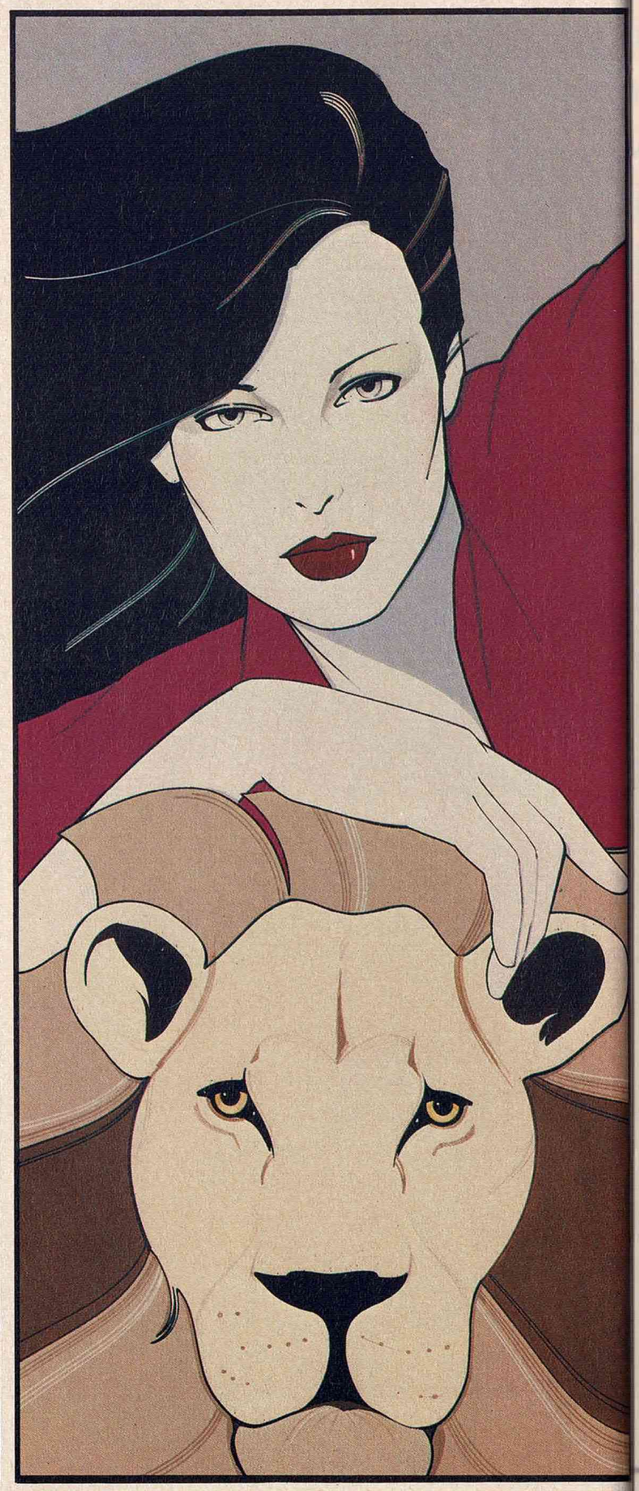
Your fiscal front should be full of fun, with the prospect of money and material possessions being the battleground for a torrid tug-of-war. The lion has no love for having his guts spread all over the jungle so you'll be looking for the comfort of your pride to soothe your bruised hide.

Despite their obvious bluster, Leos have a fond appreciation of the comforts of soft surrounds, soft lights and a soft bedmate. Yes, you can have your cream and lap it too. However, there may be some flak flying on the home front, so keep your tail down for fear of having it filled with shot. The new domestic order might stipulate fresh ground rules which could put an end to your all-night prowling and screwing forays. This will be a real test of your guile.

These moments will present themselves toward the end of the year, but watch out for backyard bulldogs who'd like nothing better than to bite out your bollocks. It will be around this time you might lose your "fraidy-cat" tag by extracting some cute felines from the kitty litter in courageous fashion.

Neptune's sojourn into your angle of love and affection could present deceptive conditions in these aspects of your life. That doesn't mean you'll be sleeping with inflatable ladies but you must be careful that you do not stumble into some nasty sexual misadventures. If you can't count on your claws, take a pocket calculator and check dates of birth. This is a strong warning because there is a real risk of being smitten by a kitten who is something less than 16 summers old. A refusal to entertain this nubile ball of fluff might ruin your eyesight but at least your freedom will be preserved.

Any minor forays outside the letter of the law will end in disaster so you might have to re-think your cat-burglary escapade. Swinging from gutterings is definitely not your caper despite the attraction lurking inside. Trust your own survival instincts.



HOROSCOPE

THIS MONTH

time to lose your "fraidy cat" image and embark on a sexual safari, but beware of getting smitten by a kitten
By Arthur Bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

VIRGO

It promises to be coming-out month for young Virgos who've been keeping their rocks on ice for Ms Right. In fact the Milky Way is now teeming with opportunity for the virginal. The planets are perfectly positioned to assuage all your lingering doubts about being able to handle the small talk after the passion is spent. There are lusty cherry-pickers on your astral horizon, and toward the end of the month a Leo will make you an offer you simply can't refuse.

LIBRA

Just watch the plumb bob that's dangling between the Libran legs. With Mars in the sensual surrounds, it's bound to be on the rise, only to meet with limited success. Weigh the possibilities of potting pussy in the shape of a Leo kitten. A full-tilt sex rort through a score of new places and faces could bring in an element of danger because unbridled passion does have a way of eating into the soft Libran heart and you are particularly vulnerable this month.

SCORPIO

The stinger's come unstuck. You might fancy yourself as a lover to all, but the truth is that you'll look for a rocky hideaway now and then to avoid the eye of the sexual storm. But with Uranus hovering around, you might find yourself experimenting with practical acts you'd never dare expose to your cobbers at the Brewer's Arms. By the end of the month you'll mate with someone whose co-habiting instincts are akin to those of the Black Widow spider.

SAGITTARIUS

Your long-awaited return from a spell has been postponed because the silly chaff-burner has spent so long talking about getting back into harness that he's forgotten how to throw a leg over. Tackling the task at full gallop is no substitute for finesse. If that dislodged arrow should burrow into any taboo territory, get a shooter's licence before you incur a penalty. If a brood mare looks likely towards month's end, check her age and ownership.

CAPRICORN

The goat is certainly not a gourmet, preferring to limit his habits to chewing cud, cans and country maiden's little tit-bits. However, this month's stars give a glimmer of hope that you might be game to let your mouthpiece meander. Your ideal grazing partner might be a Taurean. You are bound to get a steamy come-on from two or three nannies but don't get yourself in a lather; they are hanging out for a bit more than just a quick flash at the old billy bunt.

AQUARIUS

Waterbeds alone do not the playmate make and you Aquarians will be as well to remember this as the sap begins to rise. Sexual partners are genuinely interested in your charms this month, but don't be in too much of a hurry to celebrate the first rites of an early spring. Dissatisfied and frustrated partners are all liable to spread the word that you're not so thirst-quenching. And the last thing you need right now is a reputation as a selfish and dud bash.

PISCES

The stars have certainly pulled the plug on the fish's hopes for the month. Yes, your big plan to slip her the kipper will never hatch because fate has delivered your sexual appetite a hefty kick in the cods' roe. The closest you'll get to being rapt is wrapped up in the Sunday papers. You might try a nibble at a Cancer crabmate but be prepared to get your head snapped off. September, however, will be the spawning of a bright new sexual age for Pisceans.

ARIES

No, the ram hasn't found a new punk dance. It's Mars, the planet of action, putting a thorn under your fleece and causing a commotion in your central sex computer. It would be wise to sink the mutton sausage only where and when safety permits. Rumors to the contrary result in a hefty hoof in the hold-alls. A horny Libran, however, wants to sample the smallgoods, so use it as a chance to show that you still know your way through the undergrowth.

TAURUS

Bullish by instinct, the Taurean likes to spread his favors round, but discretion will be the better part of virility this month. The expansive Jupiter will be tempted to take a heavenly hand in the trysts of Taurus and there is a distinct chance that a seed sown in pleasure will be ambitious enough to shoot for conception. Minimise the risks by hitching your sex star to Uranus and the Aquarians still lurking on the cusp of your love life.

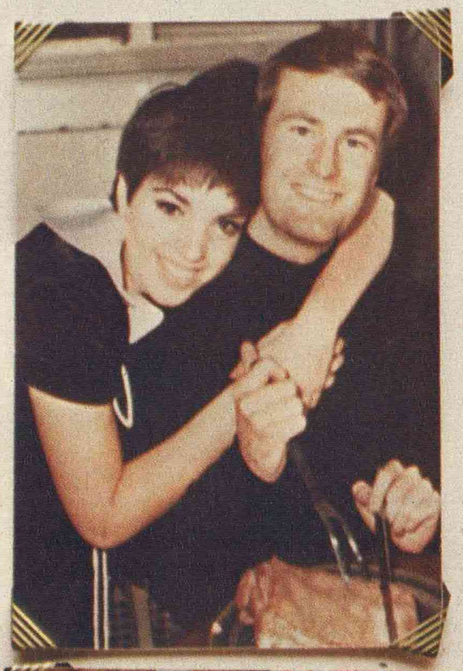
GEMINI

There are good and bad portents. The good news is nubile young maidens will be queueing up to make your bed and lie on it, but unless you show discrimination you'll be as much use to the ladies as a eunuch on nympho's night at Plato's Retreat. Better still, take a series of rain checks and leave them guessing. Abstinence can only make those young Virgo hearts grow fonder. In the meantime, settle for the odd passionate crab.

CANCER

The crab's sideways gait should lend new meaning to "having a bit on the side" this month. You'll spend a lot of time winkling out some succulent shellfish who will take a bit of convincing that crabmeat is to their liking. You'll have to do a bit of nimble scuttling on the home front to avoid the consequences. The energetic Mars will move into your romantic angle toward the end of August, prompting the question: "Your rock pool, or mine?"

1964



3/10/66

1965 N/PETER

'66 VEGAS.

PETER ALLEN

"Just ask me, I've been there"

after years on the road, stardom is sweet for the australian who made it big overseas but always craved to be accepted in the country of his birth, writes stephen maclean

BEDROOM BEFORE REDECORATING 1967

9/68 CLINTON N.Y.

AT HOME PETER LYNNE 68

AT HOME '68

IT IS a Sunday and Peter Allen's 36th birthday. He's invited me to his party. He has flown in from a Melbourne season when I arrive at his hotel. His mother and sister are unpacking for him. "These are beautiful suitcases, Peter," his sister, Lynn Woolnough, tells him. Lynn is an expert on the quality of suitcases, having opened and closed them for several years as Liza Minnelli's secretary. Peter, Lynn and Liza's lives were intertwined during the '60s but, since then, have taken different directions.

Greg, a very good-looking young American who has long been Peter's constant road companion, comes in. Promoter Pat Condon stands by the window admiring the impressive view. He can afford to be expansive because it's a lot cheaper than the view from Sydney's Sebel Townhouse, where Peter wanted to stay.

Peter is in the bathroom when someone comes knocking on the door. His mother, Marion, checks the caller and returns to the lounge looking nonplussed. "There's a mad person out there," she says. "Definitely a maddie." Within seconds, Peter is in

the room in his underpants being serenaded by the "maddie", who is in reality a very nervous singing telegram boy.

Mother and son start laughing, making harmony with raucous, happy sounds which crack through the room. Peter unpacks some carpets he has bought in Melbourne. "The last rugs out of Afghanistan," he says. We drink some champagne, then move down to the foyer, where sister Lynn pauses by a suit of armor guarding the hotel entrance. Her eyes narrow. "Look at *that*," she mutters to Peter, pointing disdainfully at the woollen blanket which appears to hold the armor together. "I *told* you this wasn't the Waldorf." Lynn is being wicked: Peter doesn't laugh. Status is important to performers, a concrete sign of progress.

Cars arrive to take everyone to Kangaroo Point and the party. It is a long drive. We are delivered to a waterside stone house with a sombre exterior and a whoop-de-doo interior, all tricked up with garish decor.

"Well, how about this," Peter says as he leads us inside. "You know I was just saying to Lynn as we were driving *all this way*, I said gee, I've just got an *awful* feeling this is the house we went to a party in three years back, and whaddaya know, it *is*."

The atmosphere is strongly PR. Jack Thompson is there, and Lloyd Lomas, a hairdresser wearing a cowboy hat. (Peter seems to like hairdressers, possibly because they send clients to his show.) Publicist Patti Mostyn arrives late from a Johnny Mathis harbor cruise.

A cake materialises. "My god," Peter says, "this one has a palm tree on it. In Melbourne yesterday, they gave me one shaped like a bum and I thought '*How rude*'."

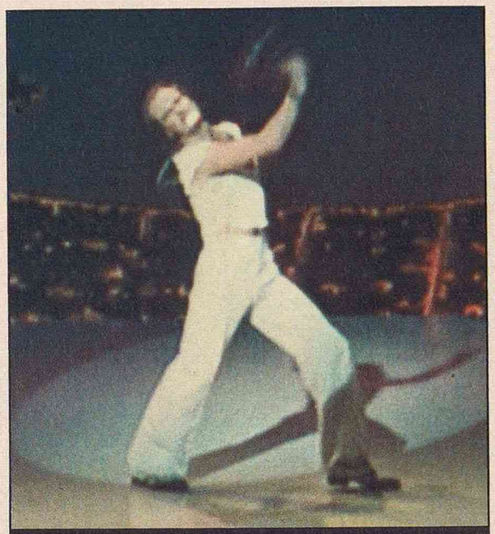
One reporter, from *The Sydney Morning Herald,* asks Peter for his reaction to the Melbourne critic who's written "so what" about a performer who was "born in the country and might be going gay".

"Well, I am," Allen informs him. "What do they want, Othello?"

A week later I set up an interview with Peter Allen over lunch. He wants to eat at Butler's, a restaurant heavy on decor and hostmanship, a place to be seen in. Eventually he arrives with his friend Greg, but while I wait I remember previous encounters with Peter Allen. Our paths have crossed in five cities over five years, always under superficial circumstances.

The first meeting was memorable, more because of Liza Minnelli than of Peter. It was June, 1967. I was the starstruck teenager. Someone took me backstage to meet Liza. Way off, we could hear screams coming from her dressing room. We stood in the open doorway watching Liza Minnelli rolling on the floor, shrieking and writhing and gasping. This state was apparently induced by the audience, still to be heard in the distance roaring for more. Allen stood in the doorway, dressed in woollen underwear looking down at Liza as if she were an ant on the bathroom floor.

Later on that night I saw them partying in a Melbourne disco. Everyone was gushing over Liza. Her husband had appeared in the show, too, and every now and again someone would remember to add, "Oh, and you were good too, Peter." He just sat there staring straight ahead, waiting. But for what?



"I was raised by four mad aunts."

A few years went past before I clapped eyes on him again. He appeared to have aged inordinately. (Curiously enough, he doesn't seem to have aged any more since. Obviously he's happier.)

But the first time I saw him alone, he looked like he'd seen hell. Not a private hell but rather a visitor's hell, a second-hand hell, as if he were someone who'd watched a terrible number of bad things happening to others. He'd written a song called Just Ask Me, I Been There.

Not many surprises left coming to me . . .
Just ask me I been there
Seen angels and sin there
I knocked and they let me in there
I've been through it all

On stage, Allen distances himself from his personal songs, making them more effective. Perhaps it is this capacity, carried off stage, which limits his powers for easy communication. The eyes skim everything, quick and shrewd, like his Aquarian mind. "The downfall of most performers," he tells me over lunch, "is that they think they have to be as interesting off stage as they are on."

Allen projects willpower rather than charm, toughness rather than strength. A nightclub trouper with a cabaret pallor. He laughs a lot, his small mouth stretching to mammoth dimensions. He looks very Australian when he laughs, powerful-chinned Chesty Bond. But, more important, the laugh suggests Roy Rene and Graham Kennedy and the thin line of classically Australian clowns.

"I honestly can't tell you what Judy Garland responded to when we met," he says. More to the point, many have speculated on what Liza saw in him. But it's well known that both ladies liked a good laugh. We speak about Australian humor and Allen says: "It's a combination of American and English but it's unique because there aren't any sacred cows; anything is possible. I think the Aussie sense of humor is the best in the world."

It's possible Judy and Liza, the aristocracy of vaudeville, were quick to sense an important style that was novel to them, refreshing. Allen's mother, Marion, is subtly hilarious. "People think she's the funniest woman in the world, but she's nothing. You should see my Auntie Jean. I was raised by four mad aunts out in the country."

The press release says that Peter had to be locked in his bedroom when the circus came to Tenterfield, NSW. He wanted to run away with it. Believe that pulp and you might be willing to see Judy's discovery of Peter as paperback literature stuff — an Australian Patrick Dennis who has been delivered to his American Auntie Mame for a Grand Tour.

I Could Have Been A Sailor is not merely an Allen album title. "I love travelling," he says. "I love reading books about people who go off travelling; English ladies jumping on camels and riding into adventure. I can't bear to think there are places in the world I haven't been. I want to go to all of them." You believe he will. Allen radiates tenacity.

Family, too, is important to him. He stays in regular contact with his mother and his sister. I've only once heard him refer to his late father. Peter was about to go on for a show I was filming. He looked up into the mirror and gave his Fred Astaire hairline a hateful look. "I curse Dirty Dick for the receding hairline," Peter said. His mother told him not to be awful, loving the wicked joke of it all. "I feel terrible about you kids getting Dick's awful hair," she sighed. "I never would have married Dick had I known you wouldn't like your hairline. But you can't tell. In Dick's day those hairlines were considered to be suave. Nobody ever said receding."

Tenterfield Saddler is Peter's song about his family and it reveals sorrow. Ostensibly, it's all about his paternal grandfather, George.

The son of George Woolnough
Went off and got married and had a war baby
But something was wrong and it's easier to drink than go crazy
And if there were questions about why the end was so sad
Well George had no answers about why a son ever has need of a gun

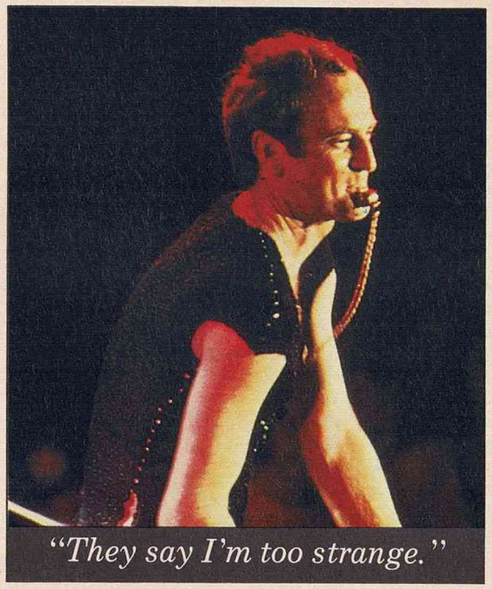
Peter Woolnough lit out from Tenterfield when he was 14, leaving a note behind for his mother. He went to Queensland where he hoped to find himself a job in a pub, banging out tunes on a piano. His mother went after him. She decided wisely to let fate take its course. She found him boarding house accommodation, then returned home to look after his sister.

Peter never found himself that pub job. However, he did meet up with Chris Allen, whose ambitious stage father decided that brother acts were the current thing. Thus the Allen Brothers. *Bandstand* picked them up and they became the epitome of wholesome, Aussie middle of the road music. "We even wrote a song back then, Summer Clouds. It was our first record, which Johnny O'Keefe produced," Peter said.

The Allen Brothers were cabaret rather than rock. At Chequers in Sydney they often opened for Frances Faye, a great performer, more famous here than in her American homeland. She sang from her piano. Peter learnt a lot from her. "When you've come up working with people as good as Frances Faye and Judy, it's hard to be impressed by anything that you see afterwards. They really knew what they were doing. The acts today, the ones who have two records or a TV series and then play Vegas; it's hard to be impressed by them."

In 1964, the Asian tour was a tradition for *Bandstand* performers. First stop for the Allen Brothers was Hong Kong, where Chris' father got them a booking at the Hilton. Here they met Judy Garland, who had just finished a disastrous Australian tour. "Those were the bad old days," Allen says, "when Australians were angry because they always seemed to get second best from performers. In fact, the public assumed that anyone who came here was already washed up."

For years Australia carried its hex for entertainers. Judy, Tony Hancock, Lenny Bruce, Marlene Dietrich — every one of them cracked up here. "Australia was such a long way away. It tended to be the very last place performers came to and when they did they often weren't at their best. And the press could be very cruel. For instance, they drilled holes through to Judy's hotel bathroom and planted microphones," says Allen. "Now things are different. Planes are faster, Australia is better known overseas, the press is better. Performers come in their prime now."



"They say I'm too strange."

He is vague when he speaks of meeting Judy. Someone says that her then boyfriend, bit actor Mark Heron, first came across Allen. "I believe Judy had taken an overdose and was upstairs in an oxygen tent for a few days. The boyfriend used to come in and watch the floorshow," she recalls.

"The Allen Brothers were doing their act one night. They used to do this thing called the Kangaroo Hop. At the first mention of Australia, this woman came storming up out of the audience saying how terrible Australians had been to her. It was Judy Garland. Peter tinkled Over the Rainbow on the piano. She melted on the spot and she said she'd sing it because they seemed such nice boys."

The Sydney frock designer Hall Ludlowe was in Hong Kong at the time and had been to parties with Judy. "I met her when I checked into the Hilton during a typhoon. She was a delight. She rang me one night and said she was interested in taking the Allen Brothers to America to perform in her concerts." However, Judy followed the Allen Brothers to Tokyo first. She'd had four years of non-stop work and felt like having some fun. "She'd simply decided that we were her friends and that was that," Allen remembers aloud.

In November, 1964, the Allen Brothers joined her again in London. She'd gone there to do a series of Palladium concerts with her daughter Liza, then 18. The concerts were a triumph, and Peter and Liza hit it off. Two years later, when things were tougher for Judy, she attempted to repeat the concert series with Liza, who refused. "I didn't know how competitive she could be," Liza said. But in the London days, things were sweeter and everyone went to a lot of glamorous parties. "We'd all be sitting up with Noel Coward or Vivien Leigh and I'd just be falling asleep," Peter explains, a picture of studied innocence.

By 1965, Peter and Liza were an established couple. The Allen Brothers began appearing on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* from New York. "We ended up doing around 20 appearances, so many they just couldn't use us anymore. The joke is these days I can't even get myself booked on the *Tonight Show*. They say I'm too strange, not suitable for it. Don't ask me why."

The Allens were also opening for Garland. "Judy didn't go on but we did. Always. Sometimes it was less than pleasant, like once in Chicago when the doctor went on stage and announced that Miss Garland could not appear and then the audience stormed backstage . . ."

Peter and Liza married in 1967. A long engagement. "We wanted to be sure," Liza explained. Judy flew in to the wedding from Hollywood, where she had just been fired from *Valley of the Dolls* of all things. She bought the Allens' wedding present with an invalid credit card. Liza's director father, Vincent Minnelli, also came but his wife of the period gave the nuptials a miss. She was a Hollywood hostess who felt Peter wasn't important enough. Peter's mother Marion flew from Sydney. She remembers being disturbed by the apparent neglect Judy endured.

Later that year, Liza toured Australia with the Allen Brothers. "Not one of the reviews even mentioned we

were on the show!" Peter remembers. It still rankles. "We went over really well with audiences. I didn't expect accolades but the reviews could have mentioned we were on. People said: 'Oh, you can't come back and expect everyone to make a big fuss'."

Peter's cabaret career was sinking at the time Liza's film career began booming. She signed to star in the 1968 clinker *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon.* "One day I went by Otto Preminger's office to pick her up and I met this girl who said she was writing the title song for the film. She had a great idea for the lyric but had no melody. So we decided that I would write it with her."

Preminger decided not to use the song, but Peter and Liza got to perform it on TV, the happy married couple singing into each other's eyes. However, they were no threat to Steve and Eydie. They began to drift apart. "Because of our work we were always in different cities. These days a lot of married couples operate that way but, back then, people thought it didn't seem right and it certainly didn't work very well for us."

The Allen Brothers, too, hit rock bottom. The '60s were ebbing, rounded off by Judy's death. The Allens were no longer opening for a legend . . . "We were booked for a month over Christmas opening for a lady yodeller in a motel by the freeway in Jacksonville, Florida," Allen remembers. "It was *ghastly*. Out of boredom, we wrote a song, Butterfly McHeart, which Liza recorded. But one night we came off and I said to Chris: 'I think that's our last show together somehow . . . I think the actual career is coming to an end'. I flew home and Liza came into the room and sat down and said, 'This isn't working, is it?' So in fact I broke up with Chris and Liza on the very same day."

Peter had been with Chris Allen since the age of 15, with Liza since he was 21. Now he was alone. "My sister Lynn was Liza's best friend in those days. Lynn rang up and said she'd heard it was over between us, and I said: 'Yeah, everything's over, let's go out for a drink'."

In those days, Lynn went with a musician called Jake Hooker. After several years, Lynn split with him and he went on to marry Liza's singing half-sister, Lorna Luft. Incestuous? "Very *Design For Living*," quipped Peter Allen.

"Anyway, we went out for our drink and ran into David Steinman, a very funny standup comedian. I think he was interested in Lynn, actually. But he'd seen me on TV singing Junie Moon with Liza and loved it. He told me to think about opening for him when he played the Bitter End — my first job solo."

Peter had been studying acting with Uta Hagen. He almost won the lead in an off-Broadway play. "I was a terrific actor. Everyone would cry as I rehearsed the final speech. But at the last minute the author decided I was too real and I lost it. I eventually got even by taking some of the lines from the final speech and using them in my song Cocoon.

"But I was left thinking 'How do I earn money now?' I knew some people at Metromedia because they had published some of Liza's shows. I took them five songs and they hired me on salary as one of the last of the locked up, Carole King-type cubicle songwriters. You went into the office and had to grind out a song every day.

"In the summer I went out to the Hamptons and started singing in a joint there every Sunday night for the holiday crowd. The audience would be amazing — Gwen Verdon, Edward Albee. It became the thing to see me singing on a Sunday night. A tough audience but a good one. I virtually had to be dragged on stage, I'd get so dramatic about the whole thing.

"Then Metromedia started up a record label and had teenybop hits with Bobby Sherman. He was supposed to be 17 but he was really 30. They decided that I should record and I thought they could perhaps launch me by announcing 'The company that brought you Bobby Sherman now presents someone even younger!' But I was whipping the songs out. I was alone for the first time and I had so much to draw on."

His first song was Honest Queen, obviously about Liza Minnelli. I asked Peter if this song suggested that Liza's psyche was perhaps similar to that of a gay guy. In this song, the word queen does not appear to be used in its traditional sense. Peter did not want to be pinned down. "Those first songs are all mixed up. I wrote them with this girl who was thinking about Janis Joplin while I was thinking about Judy and the others."

She was never her mother
Never even my wife
But I knew her backwards
and forwards
How I wish I could have given
you life
But what she was was an
honest queen
Never straight or never in
between . . .

While Liza was filming her smash movie *Cabaret*, Peter was in Australia singing this song for ABC TV, fee $50. *Bandstand* brought him back to present some awards and Peter decided to stick around for three months. He wrote Tenterfield Saddler on his mother's roof in Bondi.

When Peter returned to New York, he wrote with Carole Bayer Sager. "I had written some Neil Sedaka soundalike songs. Neil recorded my Looking Through A Tear. It became his first hit in years and they used to play it every night to finish off the evening at Arthur, which was the big disco in the '60s. When I met Carole, it turned out this was her favorite song, so we went from there."

Peter made his second album but, unfortunately, Metromedia sank without a trace, his records along with them. The high-rolling days were over. The New York nightclub boom had passed. Some of Peter Allen's songs

"That's not what the Prime Minister meant about conserving energy."

were etched with a feeling of lost grandeur — the mood for the early '70s. His work was outside the conventions of its period. "John Denver and the rest were singing about planting trees and living in the country while I was writing about the big cities, which was what I knew."

Before too long, though, the cycle started coming his way. Cabaret entertainment made a comeback. However, the revival launched by Bette Midler came not from a penthouse nightclub but rather a basement steam house intended for gays. "Bette started it all at the Continental Baths, which became the place to go no matter who you were. The ladies in ball gowns and the men in dinner suits would go down and mix with the towel set. I went into the Continental Baths after Bette."

Bette Midler garnered the first big gay following since Judy Garland. But Judy had become *passé* — gay political dogma branded her a negative heroine. Peter Allen touched on this when he wrote his song about Judy Garland . . . *"she's been honest through her songs long before your consciousness was raised"*. Was the Garland song intended as a swipe at gay lib? "I'm totally apolitical. I can only agree with things that are basic common sense — like I did an Equal Rights for Women show because I think it's crazy that they don't exist."

In 1974, A and M Records took a punt on him and he released *Continental American.* "Then I went to Los Angeles and opened for Bette Midler at the Troubador. For some reason, Bette was against the idea of having me. Barry Manilow was her music director at the time and Bette complained that she couldn't find him whenever I was on. He was always watching me, taking notes. When I saw the clip of Copacabana I realised just how well he'd taken his notes!"

His big break came when Olivia Newton-John turned I Honestly Love You into a hit. "That meant an awful lot to me — about 50 grand actually," Allen said.

He bought a beach house in Leucadia, outside San Diego, where he still lives. Three albums followed. Reviews were great but none were big sellers in America. "I think that's because I've always been too much of an elitist in where I choose to perform. I don't like performing in the midwest. I don't like the people, I don't like going there. The audiences aren't adventurous. I stick to New York, San Francisco; I stay on the coast. Australians are coastal people and that's where I feel most comfortable."

In 1975, Peter toured mid-America with Helen Reddy before pairing for a Sydney concert which attracted few paying customers. "I'd opened with Helen in 1970, when we both started out solo at the Bitter End. I got the most disastrous review. One powerful critic wrote that Helen Reddy was not to be missed but if you saw her you'd have to sit through someone called Peter Allen who was just awful.

"This was before her big hit I Am Woman. Helen was just doing popular songs and I was doing these wild original things. And I got that dreadful review! But then some years rolled by and we came to Sydney. You wrote a great review all about me, barely mentioning Helen, and the situation was reversed. I thought then maybe things were finally coming my way."

They were. Dee Anthony, who had racked up huge takings with Peter Frampton, offered to manage Peter. I Go To Rio became a huge hit here and Peter finally had the Australian audience he'd craved. He toured, then two years later returned with his Broadway show, *Up In One.*

"America is so big you can have limited appeal but still be a star. In Australia, you have to appeal to everyone but luckily the audiences are discerning: they discover and create their own stars.

"But Australia's changed. In the old days, you had to get out, get overseas. And if you went away and made it, you were damned for quitting Australia. If you went away and failed you were damned for not being good enough to make it."

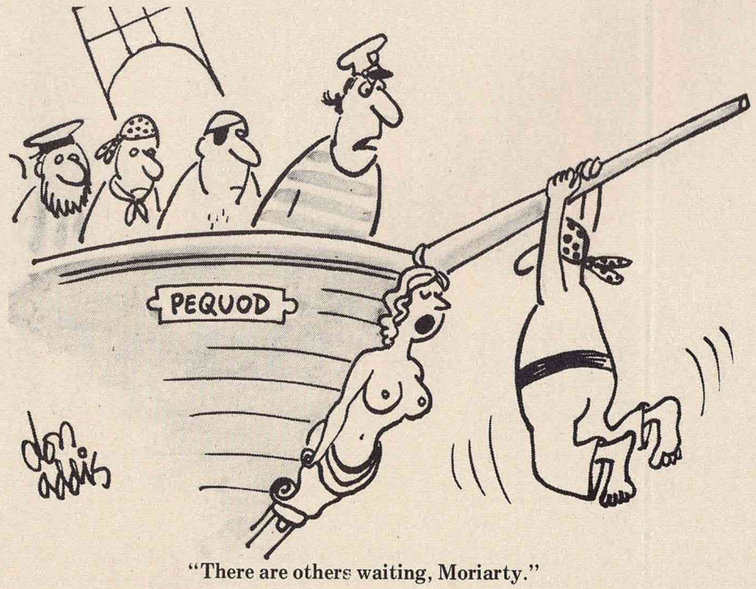
In a country pummelled by the American media, Peter's songs signify some sort of maturity. Peter was the boy who got to see the high life in America and achieved success in a country as illusionary as Oz. He broke the mystique, as evidenced by his early song Dixie.

When I was just a little boy, away
across the sea
I heard a lot of pretty songs at my
mother's knee
And there was only one place I
wanted to be
In Dixie way down south
I wanted to be a darkie making
music all the day
Didn't want to be a white folk
because they don't know how
to play
But Australia seems a long way
from Dixie way down south . . .
Now that I been down there
I got a big surprise
No magnolias blossomed there
before my very eyes
And I'd like to know who made up
all those goddamned lies
About Dixie way down south.

These days his old partner, Chris Allen, is a pilot, flying Learjets on commission. His sister Lynn is back at home, living with their mother, and Liza is still a star.

"I have seen the pitfalls and I have avoided them," says Peter. "Because of the way I look, the way I am, I am not one of those people born to be a star, making it happen just by being up there. I am fairly good on stage because I have been doing it so long that I know how to relax the audience, give them a few shocks. I have to work and the audience has to think: 'There's Pete working well . . .'."

Lyrics from Just Ask Me I Been There and Tenterfield Saddler by Peter Allen. Lyrics from Dixie and Honest Queen, written by Estelle Levitt and Peter Allen, music by the Times Publishing Corporation, reproduced with the kind permission of Intersong Pty. Ltd. Lyrics from Quiet Please, There's a Lady on Stage, by Peter Allen and Carole Bayer Sager, by courtesy of Woolnough/Rondor Music and Castle Music.



"There are others waiting, Moriarty."

VINCENT PRICE - living with Oscar Wilde

what happens when a master of the macabre meets a debauched dramatist? vincent price, touring australia with his witty one-man play, "diversions and delights", casts a magic spell as he conjures up the wiles of wilde

WHEN AN actor plays a part for a long time the question often is: does he live the part or does the part live with him? Oscar Wilde as a part came into my life about three years ago when I introduced him to audiences in San Francisco, and I can honestly say without the usual actor's hocus pocus that I have lived him ever since, in more than 80 cities in the US, Canada and Hong Kong. He is, as constructed in the play *Diversions and Delights,* a very real man, I hope, revealing himself (through me to be sure) as a man of great humanity and with more than his share of human frailties. In the sense that a play is a "revelation of character", I have been allowed by John Gay, the author, and aided by Joseph Hardy, the director, to expose not only his incredible wit, but his wisdom and lack of it.

As for living the character Oscar Wilde, I have never felt, on stage, closer identification with any other character real or imagined than with this extraordinary man. I empathise with his feeling that "One must always be a little improbable."

It has been said that more has been written about Wilde the writer, Wilde the man and Wilde the personality than any other English author. I believe it. I have been greatly helped not only by the author and director, but also by this incredible amount of material, be it from critically conjectural biographers of the present or the hosts of people who knew him and spent much of their lives remembering him. Thanks to photography and caricature, we know how he looked and how people thought he looked. Thanks to a rare recording and dozens of comments about the timbre of his voice we know how he sounded; thanks to his talent we know how he thought.

He was indeed a man to remember. Laurence Housman, my theatrical godfather and author of the first play I ever did, *Victoria Regina,* knew him at the end of his life, and one of the charming parables in my play was his remembered meeting with Wilde in Paris. Mrs Bram Stoker, wife of the author of *Dracula,* fabled beauty and friend of Wilde showed me many mementoes of their friendship.

Above all else, it was Hesketh Pearson's superb biography, *The Life of Oscar Wilde,* recently reprinted, that gave one the most sympathetic and deep insights into his life and times. One needs, above all, knowledgeable sympathy to understand such a complex character. Pearson reveals the all-important fact that Wilde was a man bent on two quests in life: his genius and his innate feeling for self-destruction. Wilde meant it when he said: "For he who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one must die." His confession that he put all his genius into his life and only his talent into his work is sadly true, but, happily for us, the talent in his work amounted to genius.

So much for learning how to live the part, and now to tell a little of my experience of living with the man.

Opening in San Francisco three years ago, the play was an immediate

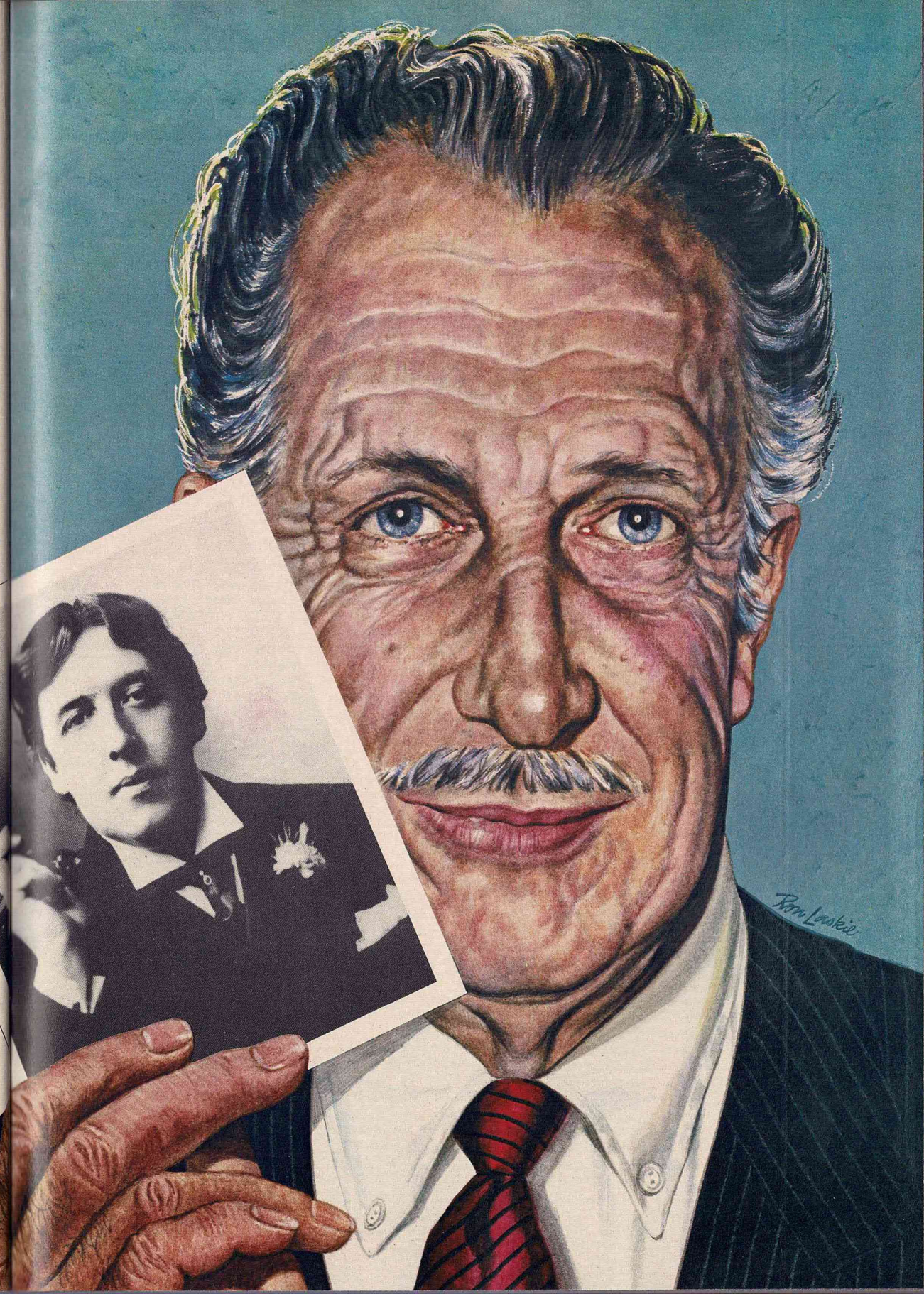


Illustration by Ron Laskie

success, and I was inundated by fans and my friends with Wildeana. He lectured in San Francisco in 1882 when the Gold Rush was only 40 years past, and he must have been quite a sight to the rough-and-ready fortune seekers in the new west. He was 28 years old, an established "character" in English art circles, and to say he left his mark is an understatement. One cartoon I came across, drawn during his visit, shows the flamboyant Wilde living up to his sartorial philosophy: "You should either be a work of art or wear a work of art." Dressed in satin breeches, stockings and pumps, with flowing tie and long wavy hair, he is cartooned riding a camel across this then cultural desert holding a large sunflower in his hand. He is followed by a great procession of the leading literary and business figures, all named, of the day. The cartoon is entitled The Modern Messiah. His subject was The Aesthetics of Art but, from accounts there and across the entire country, he seldom stuck to the subject. People ridiculed him but adored his effrontery, and he was a great success.

He had much to say about his tour of America, such as his discovery of it as a lecturer ("America has been discovered before, but it has always been hushed up"), but for all his crackling barbs, one feels he enjoyed America and America enjoyed him. In the South, he left letters of gratitude for its traditional hospitality, and one southern lady showed me a gift to her great-grandmother from Wilde, an autographed poem by Keats. In Buffalo, audiences roared at Wilde's summation of Niagara Falls, the place all newlyweds visited. It entered the dictionary of American humor: "The second greatest disappointment in American married life."

When I played in Denver, Colorado, Wilde's remembrances of a nearby city, Leadville, filled people with joy, and I was bombarded with clippings from that time telling how Wilde took on the local "boys" in drinking bouts that ended up with him becoming more and more brilliant as they slid under the table. Eugene Field, a great American reporter and humorist in his day, was arrested for staging a mock protest against Wilde's costumes and manners in the company of a bevy of ladies of easy virtue. My audiences couldn't wait to share all these 100-year-old scandalous tidbits with me.

Today, when we read Wilde's very amusing recollections of this tour of America, we can appreciate it all as irony touched with truth. It was indeed "a nation with no lower classes but no ruins either". This hits home today when the cities are just beginning to rebuild on the ruins brought about (since his visit in 1882) by a materialistic and phoney aristocracy.

One of the prime targets of his wit was American women, but they adored him and beseiged him for autographs and locks of his resplendent hair. He claimed he had to hire a secretary to supply these treasures, and that his hands had become crippled as a result of granting the first favor and his skull was becoming rapidly bald as a result of the second. He enjoyed American women, finding them irresistable, and their modern counterparts titter with delight at his remarks, for they are certain that their all-too-recent emancipation has made them brighter and more verbose than their still unliberated spouses.

Wilde's scintillating wit turns up everywhere. With renewed appreciation of language for its own sake and a growing boredom with the decline of American humor into smut, Wilde is quoted in advertisements, magazines, on TV and in the press. His comment that the press has replaced the rack as an instrument of torture is witnessed every day when we read its vilification of our greatest heroes if they so much as sidestep for a second from the straight and narrow. Recently, I read Wilde's wonderfully cynical wish that he had been an actor because actors can choose what role they want to play — comedy or tragedy — while most people are cast in parts for which they have no qualifications. He sums up the idea by paraphrasing Shakespeare: "All the world's a stage, but the play is badly cast." Thus he firmly brings down the final curtain on the human comedy.

Some time last year, Halston, the noted designer of mens' and ladies' chic everything, came out with a full page in the *New York Times* advertising a new line of mens' neckties. Headlined in bold type, the ad stated that Oscar Wilde would have approved of these ties, and it included a quote to the effect that the first serious act in a man's life is learning to tie a tie.

In America and everywhere, the talk show is the great sales pitch for every human product from books to theatre to ballet and opera, as well as many subhuman products such as soap and toilet bowl disinfectants. Since the beginning of my life with Wilde, he has stood me in the best stead for those shows; even the most loquacious of us is often at a loss for the *bon mot,* the toppers, but one of Wilde's never fails to hit the target and send the audience away with the feeling that, even if at second-hand, this particular guest is not depending on a stale joke handed down from some stand-up Las Vegas comedian. Several of the most cantankerous and cynical talk-show hosts are convinced I'm a great conversationalist because my self-aggrandisements are interlaced with liberal borrowings from Wilde's enormous vocabulary of wit. You can be assured, however, that I always give him credit — it helps the show! How can you top a discussion on any subject, even inflation, better than by quoting his hedonistic philosophy: "I have the simplest tastes; I am always satisfied with the best," or: "The only thing that can console one for being poor is extravagance. The only thing that can console one for being rich is economy."

But my greatest admiration for Wilde has come about since I took the show on the road to dozens of colleges and universities across the United States. Some of these places had auditoriums that could house a 747, and almost always were sold out to youthful audiences of up to 3500. Frankly, I was afraid the sophistication of Wilde's wit might go over these young TV-trained heads but I need have had no fear; Wilde's identification with today's youth, with their basic philosophy of "doing their own thing", is so alive that the play often runs five minutes longer than with mature and often over-ripe audiences. The youngsters not only understand every comedic nuance, greeting the wonderfully worded wit with raucous laughter, but also with spontaneous applause. My theory is that modern comedy has so long played down to their budding intellectual curiosity that Wilde's flattery gives them a feeling of self respect.

The play does not dwell morosely on his plight in prison and always manages, as he did in life, to alleviate self-pity with humor, to temper his anger against society with contagious wit. Even his jailers, in spite of themselves, were caught up in this ability. Audiences old and young are caught up, too, and have great sympathy with a man who can see his own punishment in the light of self-appraisal of his peculiar talent to turn the unbearable into true sophistry instead of sophomoric self-indulgence: "In this world, there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants and the other is getting it."

He justifies the tragedy of his ill-fated love for Lord Alfred Douglas, the love that sent him to prison, by saying that "friendship is more tragic than love; it lasts longer." But even with this bitter comment, perhaps he summed up his greatest tragedy with: "There is no sin except stupidity."

what she aroused in us we still haven't come to terms with

Abigail

ABIGAIL. That is her only name — by deed poll. And no one knows too much about her past. Up until eight years ago that is, when the British-born beauty first appeared on TV in the soap opera *No 96* — and confronted Australia with sex in their own homes.

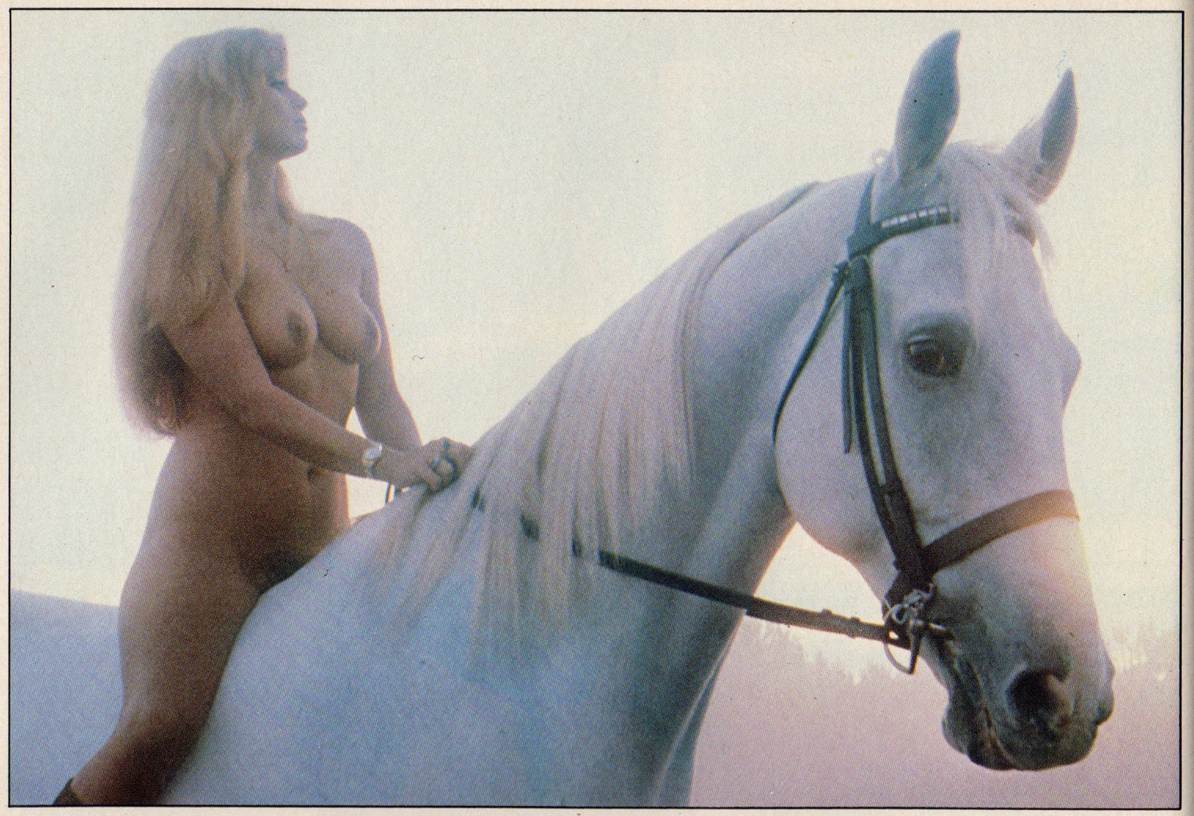
No 96 offered us a few glimpses of Abigail nude as the beautifully neurotic Bev Houghton. There were fleeting glimpses of her 37-26-36 form partly obscured by the swish of her waist-length

blonde hair, or an occasional back shot. It may seem tame now, but those tantalising glimpses caused a sensation. Through *No 96* Abigail became the Marilyn Monroe, the Diana Dors, the Brigitte Bardot of the antipodes. She inspired locker room speculation, generated wishful thinking, lustful talk in pubs. She became an object of desire so strong that she refused to walk out in public.

But Abigail has no regrets about her high-profile sexual image — even though she has often encountered belligerence from males. "It seems that what they can't get they refuse to admit they admire," she says with a grin. Abigail counters such belligerence by being what she really is — a nice person.

"Ooh, you have had a bad day, have you?" she'll say to sap the resentment.

"Then they would turn around and give me a thump on the arm, crack a joke and say: 'Mate, you're all right'. And believe me, I have a



permanently bruised upper arm," she laughs.

Abigail thinks the sex symbol tag will always stick. But she is also a comedienne, which gives her performances that extra dimension — a touch of absurd to the erotic. Her marvellously arch and camp performances in *No 96* were usually overlooked by critics intent on the show's more lurid aspects. However, her starring role in the record-breaking play *There's a Girl In My Soup* got due recognition.

It was during *There's a Girl In My Soup* that Abigail formed the long-standing close relationship she has with manager/lover Mark Hashfield.

Strangely, after the play ended its long run she was unable to get work of any duration. "I starved in Sydney," she recalls. "I saw myself working as a straight actress and had no thought of selling myself as a sexual being." Abigail survived on earnings from television commercials.

Although Abigail refuses to identify her family, she

does acknowledge that her father was a leading British director and writer and a university professor. She was educated in France and England and studied medicine at the University of London for nearly two years. And before landing the starring role in *There's a Girl In My Soup* she studied civil engineering at Perth University! She explains her university career thus: "Darling, it was like this. Chemistry didn't agree with me but physics did."

Abigail abhors jealousy as the single most destructive human trait. "Of course I get jealous like everybody else, but I fight it."

She sees love as a challenge — which males have to face. "Australian men are experiencing challenges from women in the work place. At the same time they are being subjected to a new experience — they are actually being propositioned by women who are now confident of seeking casual sleeping partners. This is a bit too much for some Australian men."

THE POWER OF CH'I

ch'i, the foundation of all oriental disciplines, gives man the breath of life, and i discovered it just in time to rebuild my own

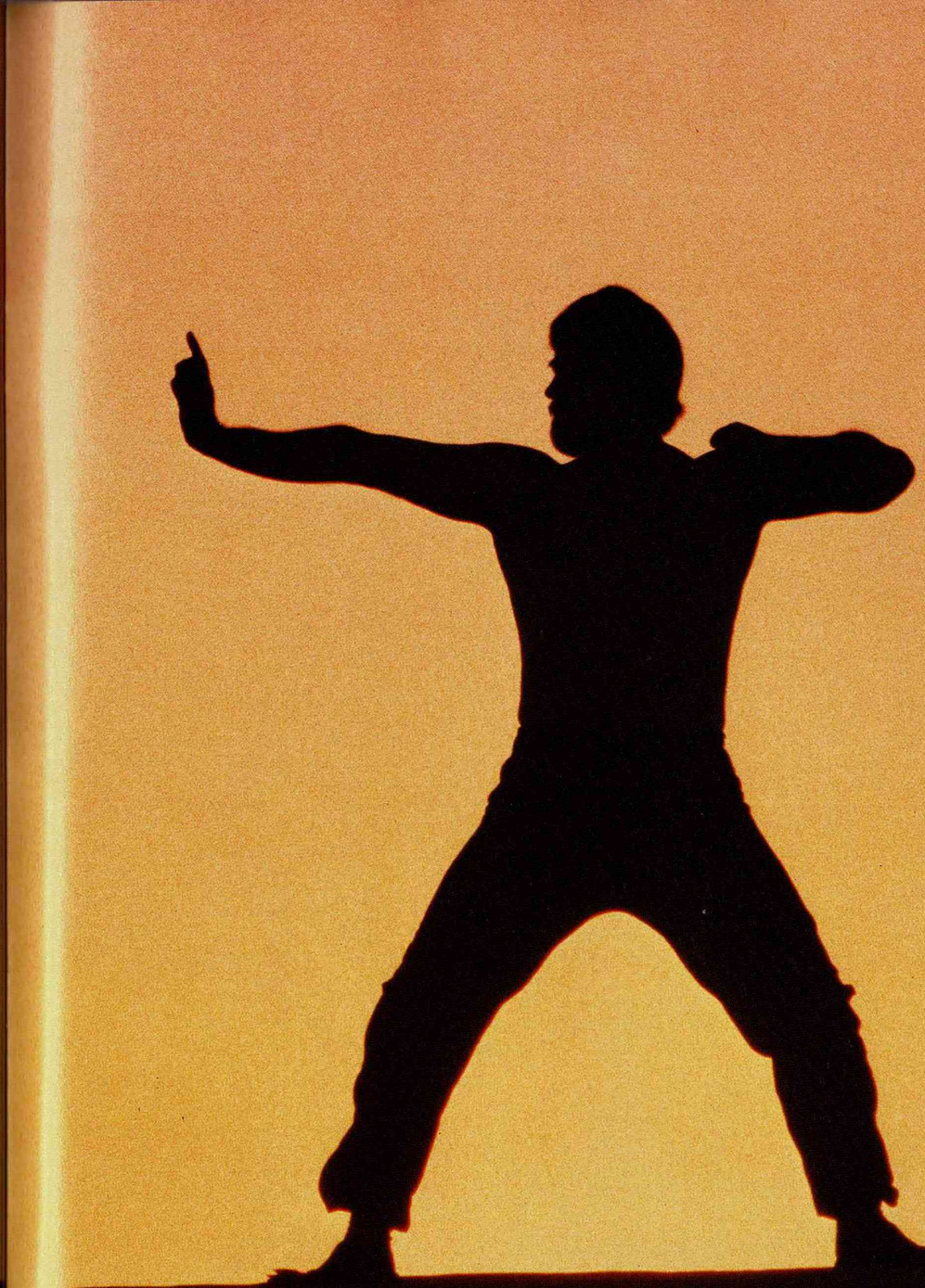
Article by Geoff Pike

IT WAS 1945. Hiroshima Bay was silent. The bow of the troop-ship didn't raise a sound as it cut through the thick oil slick that spread in ponderous, irradiant waves which slopped against the wharves at Kure, the landing base for occupation forces in south-west Honshu and closest port to the radioactive devastation which had been the city of Hiroshima.

The water sloshed against the topmasts of ships that stuck up above the surface like broken fence posts and lifted the corpses of gulls and cormorants that were floating among the endless shoals of belly-up fish. Now and again there appeared other corpses: a horse, feathery clots that might have been chickens, several dogs, and, quite often, bloated rafts that were once human beings. No birds bothered the corpses.

It had been like that for days now while the SS Arundel Castle, ex-Royal

Photography by Pierre Vinet



Mail cruise liner turned troop carrier, picked her way through Japan's Inland Sea. No sound came from the myriad troops that lined the rails of the ship or perched along its cargo derricks. Contingents of Sikh, Gurkha, American, British and Canadian soldiers — 30,000 throats all struck dumb by the first contact with the ultimate victory.

As we neared the shore I looked for signs of life. A small gang of Japanese long-shoremen waited without a shout or a signal to take our lines. Below me, on the roof of a gutted building, I saw a man, standing alone, lost in a strong and graceful movement that was all his own. Even from that distance, I could see he was old. He was bald, and a long beard flew from his chin like a white pennant. But his stance and his posture seemed strangely youthful, buoyant and strong. He executed mysterious ballet-like moves, with unexpected lightning thrusts and incredible leaps and turns that might have come from an acrobat a quarter his age. I didn't know it then but I was seeing, for the first time, the power of Ch'i.

A year later, from the deck of another ship, I was reminded of the old man on the roof at Kure. It was another, even older — a Chinese so delicate looking that the black silk pyjamas he wore seemed to enclose his bones like a shroud.

The port was Saigon, and we were landing French legionnaires to fight the Vietminh rebels for the control of Indo-China. The old man was part of a sampan family that was unloading picks and shovels from the hold for the entrenchment of Dien Bien Phu against "He Who Shines", the tiny ex-pastrycook whose name was Ho Chi Minh. When unloading was completed, he came aboard and, with the overseer's permission, challenged any two of the legionnaires to fight him for prizemoney. In the course of the next few hours, a score of trained and hardened men attempted to subdue him, sometimes in pairs. He defeated them all with hardly any sign of effort, and with a lightning speed and awesome strength that left the onlookers speechless. Then he gathered up his winnings and, shuffling lightly down the gangplank, disappeared into the waterfront crowds.

Throughout the '40s in Asia, I was to witness similar displays of what I believed to be superhuman strength among the street-side fakirs of India, the bomos (wizards) of Malaysia, and the Buddhist monks of Thailand.

When I returned to the East in the late '60s, I again saw this incredible manifestation of indescribable inner strength. Covering a story at Po Lin, the temple of The Precious Lotus on the highest peak of Lantao Island near Hong Kong, I was invited to observe the monks at morning prayer and exercise.

Before dawn, to the striking of a great gong, they filed out into the vast courtyard to chant their mantras and meditate. After an hour of motionless contemplation, they began a rhythmic series of deep breathing exercises. Their inhalations and exhalations were silent, and they appeared to be inordinately long and drawn out. As a heavy smoker, I was amazed by their capacity for breath. Following this intricate sequence of deep breathing exercises with a vigorous physical warming-up period, they formed pairs and sparred with one another. I was seeing a close performance of the ancient self-defence methods of Wu-Shu, the original martial art form, a galaxy of offshoots of which have spanned some five thousand years of Chinese history.

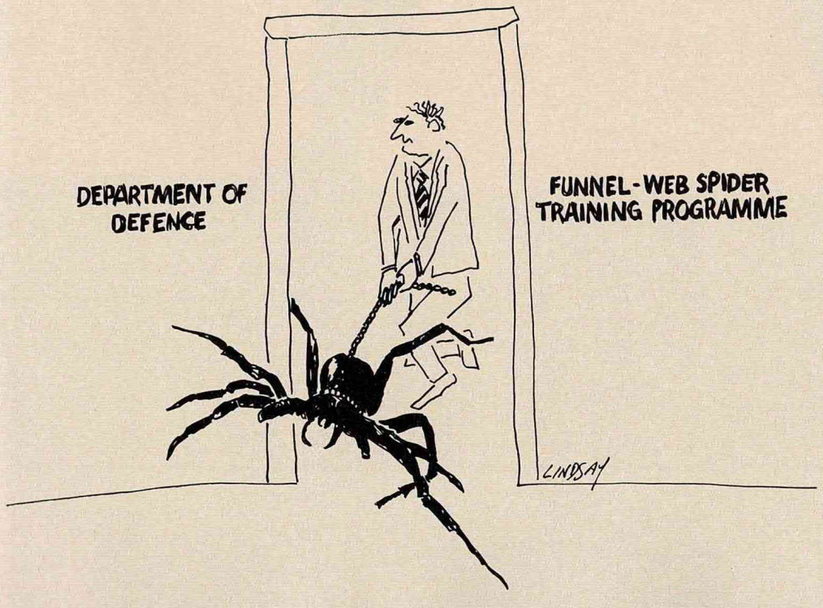
A continuing fascination led me to seek out further proof of those unbelievable powers which produced feats utterly incomprehensible to even the most fit and strongest of Western physical culturalists. I witnessed the giants of the Ryogoku sumo stables, the superb techniques of kendo and aikido around Osaka and Kyoto; I visited the ancient schools of ju-jitsu and its more modern variation, judo; and I observed the violence of karate, shattering all my concepts of human capability. Opportunities came my way to observe the miracles of mind and body control practised daily by the yogis of Rajasthan, Kashmir and Bengal. And always behind all of them was the almost indiscernible discipline of deep breathing.

Breathing exercises have also been practised throughout the eons in the Middle East and in Africa. Many militarists believe that the amazing staying powers of the Sudanese warriors, the Turkish troops of Kemal Ataturk and the disciplined Zulu armies of Shaka were all the result of daily, compulsory drilling of breath control methods.

But it was in Asia, and particularly in India and ancient China, where this control was developed to a degree bordering on the superhuman. The Hindus call it prana, the life force or vital breath, drawn from the universe. To the Japanese, it is called Ki, the Heavenly Breath. The Egyptians know it as Ka, absolute energy and life force. And for 5000 years the Chinese have revered it as Ch'i, the inner strength best described in this passage from *Secret of the Golden Flower: Chinese Book of Life.* (Trans. Richard Wilhelm, Harvest Books, New York 1970):

> "Heaven created water through the One: That is the true energy of the great One. If man attains the One, he becomes alive; if he loses it, he dies. But even if man lives in the energy (vital breath), he does not see the energy, just as fishes live in water but do not see the water. Man dies when he has not vital breath, just as fish perish when deprived of water. If one guards this true energy, one can prolong the span of life and can create an immortal body."

Such is Ch'i, the intrinsic energy inherent in us all and which, once harnessed, can render its master invincible, free from illness and the



ravages of old age. Although such mastery is available to everyone, it is attained by few, demanding years of physical and mental discipline to achieve the threshold, and a lifetime of dedication to reach its peak. Few Westerners attempt it; of those who do, only a handful achieve it.

It was not this goal of recognition that first attracted me to Ch'i, but the realisation that the basic breathing exercises which formed the platform of the martial arts must be of great benefit to normal everyday health and well-being. I knew that my own good health (at 45, I had never had to visit a doctor because of illness) was due to my early years at sea, hard physical labor and the exertions of the army parade ground. I was lucky enough to have been taught to breathe properly when young, and I believe it had helped carry me through the first half of a lively and colorful lifetime.

I also knew that, like many others, I had spent that robust youth with all the abandon of a pirate digging into a chest of silver. For many years, I had considered myself immortal. Sickness happened to other people, like being hit by a bus. I ate without thought of sensible nutrition, smoked and drank without restraint, and devoted no attention whatsoever to exercise or body care.

In 1975, when a Filipino specialist told me I had bilateral cancer of the larynx, I had been studying kung-fu at the Chin Wu School in Manila's Chinatown. For a year and a half, I had trained under Master Shakespeare Chan three or four times a week with one hour of breathing exercises each morning at dawn. When my voice became hoarse, a local doctor put it down to a laryngitis epidemic.

It was three months before a biopsy finally revealed that my by then total loss of voice was caused by a tumor that had already bridged one vocal chord to the other. He prescribed immediate surgery in the US. Losing your voice box, he explained, was better than losing your life. It had to go before the malignancy spread.

I had lived for some weeks without a voice by this time and was surprised and horrified at the difference it made to the quality of life. At first, I considered myself lucky. It was better than losing sight or mobility. But the thought of never again being able to hold a conversation, never to shout at a football match or, worse still, never again to laugh out loud, began to get to me. The power of speech is a dimension of living that is so taken for granted one has to lose it to know what it means.

"Of course," the specialist explained, "if the operation is a success, you will have to learn to speak again through a microphone inserted in your neck. It sounds a little funny, a bit like a robot, but some people even learn to answer the telephone."

I tried to imagine making love, confiding, conversing, telling a joke, trying to carry on a business discussion with a voice like an Edison recording coming from the knot in my tie. "What do you mean, *if* the operation is successful?" I scribbled on my little magic slate.

The specialist tried not to shrug and turned instead to a wall chart. "Such an operation is usually successful, so long as the tumor has not bridged to the throat tissues."

The tip of his finger traced the lymph system as though there was no need to go further.

"What's the alternative?" I wrote.

"You could try radio-therapy," he said. "I should, however, warn you that, if it doesn't work, you would have wasted considerable time, perhaps aggravated things considerably and you will have to turn to surgery with less chance of success."

It was a calculated risk. I decided to return to Master Chan. Most authentic kung-fu masters are highly skilled in Oriental medicine, and I had learned during the time I'd spent in the East to trust them completely.

He read my questions carefully and, typically, without any sign of emotion. "How long is it since you have smoked a cigarette?"

"At least eight years," I wrote.

"How many each day?"

"Too many," I wrote. "Is that the cause of this trouble?"

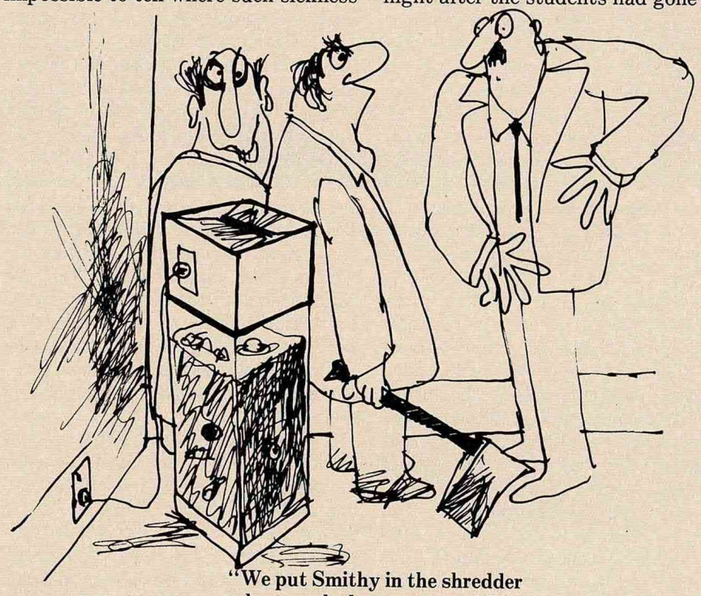
Master Chan shook his head. "It is impossible to tell where such sickness comes from. It only remains to cast it out." (Some months later, in London's Hammersmith Hospital, I learned from leading experts on respiratory cancer that it takes up to 10 years to completely expel the effects of long-term smoking and, at any time, damage which may have lain dormant for several years can still materialise.)

"You must not submit to surgery," the Master's words were decisive and comforting. "I will make you a gift of Pa Tuan T'sin: The Eight Precious Sets of Exercises," Chan continued. "They are the oldest of all breathing forms, brought to China from India in 400BC. They will refresh your blood and improve its circulation, replenish healthy tissue, exercise the lungs and revitalise the heart."

I remained at the Chin Wu gym under Master Chan's personal instruction for two days and two nights, constantly practising the exercises he called Pa Tuan T'sin. They were a combination of gentle but very deep breathing, bodily relaxation coupled with intense stretching and a form of standing meditation. They were like no others I had learned; very different to the strenuous and often violent movements that are the prelude to the ancient forms of kung-fu.

In the many months I had sweated under the gruelling expectations of Master Chan, there had never been any personal or social contact. In the true tradition of the authentic sifu of classic Shaolin boxing, he kept apart from his students, except for the two or three hours of training sessions when we were drilled like machines.

Now, however, he took great care in teaching me, staying late into the night after the students had gone and



"We put Smithy in the shredder because he knew too much!"

beginning again before dawn. There was no time to lose and when he was sure I had the routine memorised he held out his left palm, cupped like a half moon around the ball of his right fist. The ancient gesture represented the sun-moon salute of Chin-Wu, a great honor when given by the master to an individual student.

"Practise these movements every day, wherever you are and whatever else happens. You will build new cells and destroy bad ones. Ch'i will help you to fight."

I had become acquainted with the old-fashioned, almost quaint manner of speaking adopted by all strict devotees of Shaolin. It was sometimes hard to credit such gentle manners with men whose controlled powers could trigger superhuman energy capable of killing at a touch. I returned the salute and, with his words to keep me going, bowed out to catch the first available flight to London.

Within a week, I had been fitted for my radiation mask. The attack on the dual cancer in my throat had been planned and calibrated with great skill and precision and entered into a case book with my name on its spine. I was due to begin a course of daily treatment that would span five weeks and include 30 consecutive doses of maximum super voltage. The little green booklet they gave me spelled out the side effects that are to be expected from such concentrated exposure to radiation: loss of weight, appetite, sleep and spirit. It also told me what I could and could not do. I must admit I never opened it again.

Any exercise routine is difficult to maintain when major changes and emotional conflicts interfere. Practising the ancient breathing methods of the monks of Shaolin was certainly not easy at first. We were staying in a dark Victorian flat in the heart of London. It had no access to the roof, no garden, the rooms were crammed with over-stuffed furniture and glass cabinets loaded with bric-a-brac, and none of the windows had been opened in years. I decided the first morning in London to find somewhere more suitable and I found it in St James's Park, a 15-minute run away. It was ideal. I was on my way before the milkman had called, through the streets of London I had not seen for years, past paper-boys, ears scarlet in the spring chill and breath rolling like steam in the first rays of sun. Thames like a brassy glacier with boats and barges bumping into its current.

I found an elm in a corner by the park railings, one of the few that hadn't fallen to the Dutch blight. The morning air, as yet uncontaminated, poured through me like a refreshing draught. I could feel the lifeforce spreading from the tan tien, that spot five centimetres below the navel, to where the breath is forced. A tramp, wrapped in yesterday's newspaper, rolled out from under a stack of deck-chairs. He sat up, squeaked the cork from a bottle and took a swig, eyeing me with suspicion. I gave him a quid to go get some breakfast.

One day I startled a passing horse, ridden by a lady in tweeds and cavalry twill. She returned with a young guards officer on a grey charger who asked what I was doing. I wrote, "I am breathing", and held up my magic slate. Did I know I was frightening the horses and that this was a bridle-path? I wrote "The air is free and I am not on the bridle-path."

He would have let it go at that but the lady was still frowning from under her hard black bowler. "Suggest you move further away from the path," the guards officer said in a high-pitched voice with a slight lisp. The tramp, attending to his ablutions behind the tree, heard this and stepped out, tying the piece of rope that held up his trousers. The language he offered in my defence sent them both wheeling off at a brisk canter.

From that day on, it cost me a quid every morning to lose my tramp. He would be waiting, face washed and hair combed at the drinking fountain, ready to protect me from the curiosity of passing equestrians. Not that I minded being watched, except that on the fifth day he was joined by a friend, then another, and another, until by the end of the second week I was surrounded by an audience of 11. It was hard to concentrate.

I moved trees. When that didn't work, I changed parks. In my next park, a little old lady who, she carefully explained, had walked her dog at the same time and place for 14 years, mistook the movements of Shaolin for the gyrations of a man amok, and called a constable.

So, it wasn't always easy to keep up the breathing exercises of Pa Tuan T'sin during such traumatic times, but I came to depend upon them for my hope and comfort. They kept my mind clear and my spirit encouraged. I felt fit and active at all times, eating well and enjoying a pint or two of Guinness each evening. I slept without drugs and spent my days sightseeing or writing.

I'll never really know how much the breathing secrets of those Shaolin monks did to conquer the cancer that had me by the throat. What I do know is that I never faced a day without its practice. My voice began to return within 10 days and was almost normal by the end of the fourth week. I had not lost any weight, and my attitude had been so positive throughout that I recorded that confidence in the lighter aspects of immortality with a novella I called *To God From Hammersmith.* The radio-therapists and specialists seemed amazed and delighted by the results and in July, 1976, I was told I could return to Manila providing I received regular check-ups during the next five years.

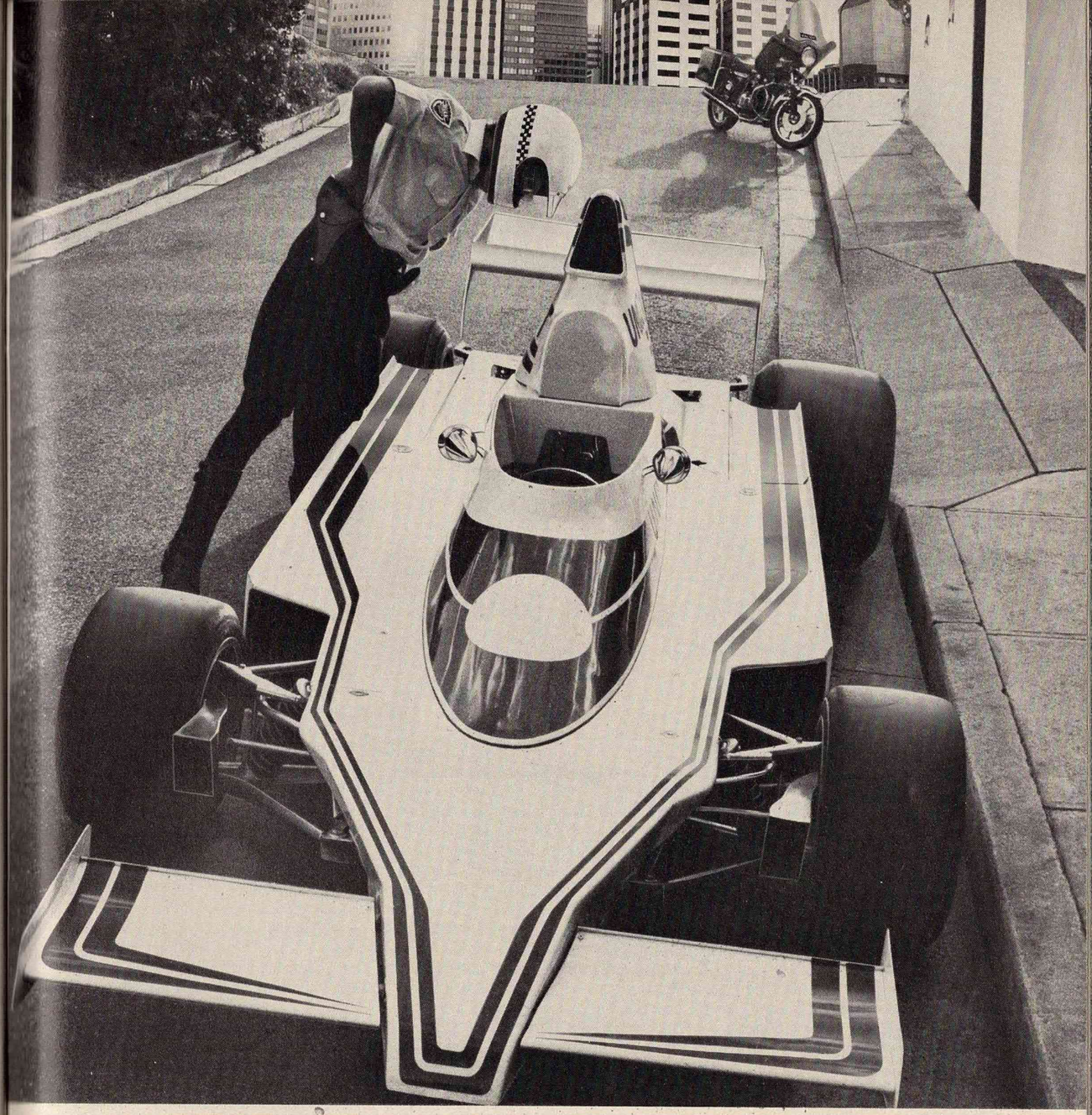
Master Chan was pleased but not surprised to see me back in the best of health. "I see you kept up the Eight Precious Sets of Exercises."

He welcomed me back to his class without further comment until I was due to leave the Philippines a year or so later. "You have learned well. Go and teach the things you know to others. You have my permission."

This was an honor, as the teachings of kung-fu circles are bound to secrecy by a sacred oath unless freed from that oath by the master. I knew that what I had learned of the development of Ch'i had changed my life and helped to restore my health. Its pursuit had seen me through one of the most terrible periods of a lifetime which, for the most part, had been far from a sheltered one. Only the passing of the next five years (the period considered by most specialists to be conclusive in the triumph over cancer) would show how much it had done.

I celebrated the fifth anniversary of my return to the Philippines from Hammersmith with the release of these exercises in book form. It is not a book for the practising or aspiring martial artist. He or she knows only too well the value of internal systems of breathing. It is a book for anyone of any age who, for one reason or another, may be looking for alternative methods of physical culture. Not everyone jogs. Not everyone has the time, opportunity or incentive for regular exercise routines offered by health spas or squash courts.

The practice of Oriental breathing exercises requires no equipment, no training partner, no space or travelling. It costs nothing but will-power, some initial effort, the air to breathe and room enough to take one step in each direction. Above all, it is for those who have lived well but perhaps not as wisely as they could have. Pa Tuan T'sin will not turn back the clock, but it will rejuvenate and replenish the vital internal organs that are often the first to fail under the stress of modern living. It will refresh and revitalise flagging spirits with a little healthy discipline and relax emotional tension with a simple form of meditation.



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THE ANZUS QUESTION

australia has offered the united states a military base in western australia — leaving us even more open to a nuclear attack

article by Alan Renouf

THE OFFER to the US by the Australian Government of the facilities of Cockburn Sound in Western Australia to be used as a US Navy base represents a far-reaching change of foreign and defence policy. The offer, if taken up, will have serious consequences for many years. In the circumstances, it is surprising both that the Government revealed the initiative so casually and that it has not so far aroused much public interest. While this may suit the Government, the matter is much too important for the public to be left unaware of its significance.

One explanation of the public's relative lack of interest (apart from the fact that the Government had done little to stimulate it) is that there is nothing novel about the initiative. The philosophy of the Liberal and Country Parties ever since the ANZUS Pact came into force in 1952 has been that it is up to the US to assume the main burden of defending Australia, preferably as far away from Australia as possible and with Australia herself making a minimum contribution unless, of course, her own territory were attacked. In the early years of the Pact's existence, Australia was even prepared, and tried hard, to have joint military planning for this purpose. Conceivably, the Government would have gone as far, if necessary, as to have a certain amount of integration of US and Australian forces. Determined to preserve her freedom of action, the US resisted Australia's blandishments in this direction (ironically, when the US earlier this year did propose to the Fraser Government something of this kind — an Australian component in the projected US Rapid Intervention Force — this Liberal-Country Party Government politely refused).

It follows naturally from the Liberal-Country Party philosophy of long standing that, to have US military bases in Australia would be valuable, for the US would be obliged to defend them and hence would be obliged to defend Australia. Accordingly, for many years the US has been made aware that the Liberal and Country Parties would be very sympathetic to any request by the US for such facilities, although this sympathy was never conveyed as formally and as officially as it has now been conveyed. In the past, the US has always turned a deaf ear to Australia's overtures, pleading that there was no need for bases in Australia (the defence-related facilities like North-West Cape are different). Undoubtedly, there was another reason for the US reluctance to be drawn into the question of bases in Australia — the realisation that these would require the US to defend Australia in a most binding way. This time, Australia's offer has been received positively in Washington.

The reasons are clear. The US has decided to beef up its military presence in the Indian Ocean. It has sought, with some success already, base arrangements on the western fringes of that ocean (for example, in Kenya) but it has nothing elsewhere except the island of Diego Garcia which is too small to provide all that is required (for example, the infrastructure necessary for a lot of families) and has no prospect of obtaining them except in Australia. This latter fact shows the stark contrast between Australia's policy and that of the ASEAN countries. Malaysia and Singapore are much more vulnerable than Australia is to a push by Russia into the Indian Ocean, yet there is no indication at all that they are prepared to offer the US military bases.

More generally, the atmosphere in most places in the world has become hostile to foreign military bases; there is a widespread tendency not to grant new bases and to get rid of those that already exist. These facts have complicated the task of the US as the superpower of the Western World, with its wide-flung responsibilities. Hence, Australia's offer of a base at Cockburn Sound is a welcome development for the US.

Australia's initiative is valuable, therefore, in improving relations with the US, and this is an achievement.

However, there are severe costs which have to be offset against this benefit. The first cost is the effect that the initiative will have upon countries other than the US and her allies, particularly those of the Third World. The great majority of Third World countries are opposed to foreign military bases. They include countries very significant to Australia, such as those of South-east Asia and Western Asia. Moreover, Australia's offer runs counter to the purport of ASEAN's policy that its region should become a zone of peace, freedom and neutrality (ZOPFAN). Australia's relations with the members of ASEAN are already sour because it is felt among them that the Australian market is overprotected; they will surely not be improved by the proposal that a US military base should be set up in Western Australia. The proposal also runs counter to the concept dear to such an important country as India that the Indian Ocean should be a zone of peace, a concept that was approved by the United Nations General Assembly upon the initiative of Sri Lanka.

Another cost of the policy is that it will increase the risk of attack upon Australia, whether conventional or nuclear, if a US base is established at Cockburn Sound. Of course, the

Illustration by Michael Lodge

answer is that, in that event, the US will be bound to resist such an attack; this reduces the risk and means that, if attack there be, it will be thwarted. In the latter event, Australia would, however, still have to suffer the pain of attack.

In addressing this aspect of exposing Australia to attack, it has to be admitted that the risk of attack has been present ever since the US defence-related facilities were allowed to be established in Australia. Nevertheless, the risk involved in granting those facilities to the US was probably unavoidable. The facilities were, and will remain for an indefinite period, indispensable to the US and to the Western World as a whole (including Australia). They are also of great importance to the total relationship between the US and Australia.

The same cannot be said of a US naval base in Western Australia. Such a base would be a convenience to the US, not a necessity. If consulted, the reaction of the rest of the Western World to it would be, at best, equivocal. Moreover, the reasoning behind Australia's offer of the base and the US interest in it is questionable. It rests upon the view that is taken of the long-term significance of Russia's aggression against Afghanistan. The US, Britain and Australia see this aggression as the first step attempted in a drive by Russia toward control of the oil supplies to the Western World which flow through the Persian Gulf (40 percent of the West's total supply) and towards dominance later of the Indian Ocean, an attempt which must be resisted by force, if necessary. The rest of the Western World, including countries more dependent upon Persian Gulf oil than the US, Britain and Australia, do not completely agree with this "worst-case" scenario and are hesitant about backing wholeheartedly the effort now being made by the US to head off the assumed Russian thrust. The US and Australian policy is therefore based upon a premise about which many Western countries are doubtful, and these include a lot of eminent critics in the US itself. In short, the policy of the US and Australia could be unnecessary. Yet, it is a policy of great moment, involving a radical change by Australia in previous attitudes.

One of these changes in Australia's attitudes is that, until Russia's invasion of Afghanistan by troops to supplement the earlier invasion by "advisers", the US and Russia were engaged in trying to negotiate arms limitations in the Indian Ocean: to agree to keep their respective armed presences in the region down to stated minimums. They had held several rounds of talks directed to this end, not entirely unproductively. These negotiations owed quite a deal to Australia's endeavors under the Whitlam Governments. The negotiations have now been ended and the US has embarked upon a program in the opposite direction, a program which Russia is emulating. Accordingly, an arms race between the two superpowers in the Indian Ocean has begun. This is not conducive to peace in the region. Once a backwater, the Indian Ocean is becoming another area where the US and Russia will confront each other — with Australia's encouragement.

Press reports emanating from Canberra have said recently that, in the wake of Russia's invasion of Afghanistan, the ANZUS Pact has been extended to include an undefined area of the Indian Ocean. As with most such reports from Canberra, it is likely that these have originated in Ministers' offices. Assuming that they did (and the Government has not denied them), the Government's purpose is clear — to win credit with the public for having persuaded the US to extend its protection of Australia under the Pact. It is doubtful that the US would agree that it has done so. Any US Government would be foolish to take such a step without consulting Congress. There is no suggestion that Congress has been consulted, and there is a good reason why it should not be consulted. Congress no longer looks with ready approval upon security pacts and whether it would approve an extension of any of them and hence an increase in US obligations is questionable. Yet, without Congress' approval, any increase in the US obligations is virtually meaningless.

There is another problem about this talk of an extension of the area of application of the ANZUS Pact. This is that the obligations of the Pact are reciprocal, a fact that has always been played down by Liberal-Country Party Governments. Given that the peace-keeping role of the US is immeasurably greater than that of Australia, the chances of Australia becoming involved in hostilities in support of the US are much greater than those of the US becoming so involved in support of Australia. Hence, if the ANZUS Pact is now to have application beyond the Western coast of Australia (which it has always covered) out to an unknown distance into the Indian Ocean, Australia is undertaking new and serious responsibilities. For example, if a US warship were attacked in the middle of the Indian Ocean, would Australia be obliged to support the US in ways other than diplomatic? Either these new responsibilities are spelled out so that the public can be made aware of them and register its view or the Government should take steps to quash talk about an expansion of the territorial scope of the ANZUS Pact.

Co-operation in matters of security between the US and Australia under the Pact had reached an intimate level before Russia invaded Afghanistan. The establishment of the US defence-related facilities in Australia put a lot of valuable flesh upon the ANZUS tie. In the field of intelligence gathering and intelligence dissemination, there has developed over the years a very close liaison, to the benefit of both countries. The armed services of the US and Australia have come to know each other well and have a regular pattern of joint exercises. Australia has largely become dependent upon the US for defence supplies and, usefully, arrangements have just been concluded about guarantees of resupply should Australia experience an urgent need for resupply. Weaponry in the two countries has been standardised to a considerable degree. It is hard to find objection to these developments.

However, the unsolicited offer to the US of a naval base upon Australian soil is another matter. It runs against the current international tide about foreign military bases, it is contrary to the policy of many of the countries around the Indian Ocean, it suggests that, far from becoming more independent of the US, Australia is willing to be more dependent on her at a time when at long last Australia appeared to be acquiring the confidence of maturity and was prepared to stand upon her own feet.

It is fortunate that the US is not about to accept with haste Australia's offer of a base at Cockburn Sound. Clearly, the US would be foolhardy to accept the offer and invest a lot of money in building up a base there without first obtaining the views of the Labor Opposition in Parliament. Recent history is only too full of cases where the US has been ejected from its bases abroad or obliged to pay a high price for the privilege of maintaining them. A US base at Cockburn Sound may well therefore never materialise. Nevertheless, enough damage has already been done to Australia's position in the world by the mere offer of the base; most of this damage has been done in Third World countries which, ironically, the Fraser Governments have been assiduous in courting. Seeing how decisions are taken in Canberra under those Governments, one may wonder whether all the pros and cons of the offer were properly examined before it was made.

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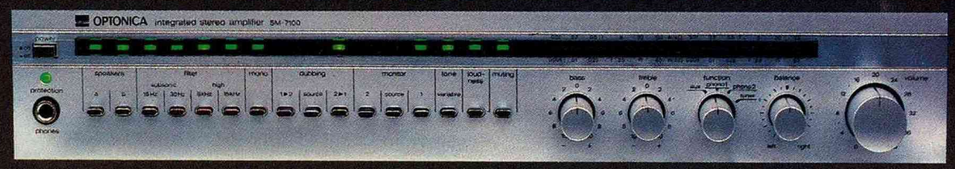

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SHA82C

THE SEXUAL MISADVENTURES OF DAVE THE RAVE

SATIRE BY TERRANCE HARRISON.

IN... THE PARIS END OF HUNTER ST.

38... 24... 36...

COLORING BY NUMBERS AGAIN, DAVE?

DAVE, THE ETERNAL SEARCHER FOR THE EASY LAY, HAS FINALLY REALISED THERE'S ONLY ONE THING EASIER TO SCORE THAN A SECRETARY... AN ART STUDENT! THIS MONTH WE'RE FOLLOWING HIS SEXCAPADES THROUGH THE NEWCASTLE ART SCENE. HERE, IN THE CITY WHERE CREATIVITY MEANS MAKING UP NAMES FOR LOTTERY TICKETS AND TALENTED PERFORMANCES MAKE THEIR PREMIERE ON THE BACK SEATS OF F J HOLDENS, SOMETHING EXCITING IS IN THE AIR. YES!.. ART... THAT POLITICAL FOOTBALL THAT'S ALWAYS GETTING THE DROP KICK INTO OBSCURITY... THAT CHEAP, HARMLESS WAY FOR LOCAL CIVIC DIGNITARIES TO GLOSS UP THEIR PUBLIC IMAGES... IS ON THE MOVE. AN INDUSTRIAL RENAISSANCE, PROPPED UP BY RED SCHEME FUNDING & THE OCCASIONAL GOV' SUBSIDY, HAS INSPIRED THE LOCAL ART MAFIA TO EMBARK ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF A CULTURAL COLOSSUS TO RIVAL WOLLONGONG.

IT'S THE OPENINING NIGHT OF A NEW EXHIBITION AT THE EXCLUSIVE "DEJA-VU" GALLERY. AN INVITATION ONLY, UP-MARKET, INTELLECTUAL, BEER & PRAWN NIGHT WHERE NEWCASTLE'S BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ARE MANAGING TO MAKE ATTILA THE HUNS HORDES LOOK LIKE PROFESSIONALS. LET'S THROW ON A PAIR OF FORMAL "DRESS STUBBIES" AND JOIN THEM!

DRINKS... SAVOURIES... ART...

GGRRR

FREDS THE STRONG SILENT TYPE...

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... WELL HUNG, WHAT ABOUT YOU?

SOMETHINGS WRONG! THE PAINTINGS ARE DRYING FASTER THAN WE CAN SELL THEM.

LET'S FORGET ABOUT ART FOR AWHILE AND CONCENTRATE ON MY HAIRY CHEST.

GULP

THEN HE SAW HER... A BOTTICELLI VISION!

GRUBBING FOR LEFT OVER HORS D'OEUVRES & FLICKING HER ASH INTO AN EMPTY BEER CAN.

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IT WAS ONE OF THOSE CLASSIC NEWCASTLE BEAUTIES...

PHYLLIS STEIN

A LOCAL ARTY AND "BIRD-ABOUT-TOWN", SHE NEVER LET A CREATIVE URGE GO BY WITHOUT GETTING SOMETHING DOWN ON PAPER... EVEN IF IT WAS USUALLY A TEL. NO. PHYLLIS POSSESSED ALL THE PATHOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS OF A REGULAR, OPENING NIGHT GALLERY GOER. THE WORST OF WHICH WAS THE INNATE ABILITY TO CONSTANTLY REPEAT THE STORY OF HER LIFE WITHOUT EVER BORING HERSELF.

THIS IS THE VERSION DAVE GOT

SINGING LESSONS, DRAMA CLASS, PIANO TUITION ETC, PHYLLIS HAD BEEN WHIPPED TO FRENZIED PEAKS OF EARLY ACHIEVEMENT. BY AGE 5 SHE MANAGED TO COME IN 3RD IN THE NON-STOP, 48 HOUR CHARITY BALLETATHON.

HUNGRY FOR FURTHER ACCLAIM SHE WENT ON TO A MULTI-MEDIA TRIUMPH AT THE CESSNOCK SCHOOL OF ARTS JUNIOR TALENT QUEST.

AFTER SUCH A TRAGICALLY OVER-INDULGED CHILDHOOD IT'S NO SMALL WONDER THAT PHYLLIS FINALLY REBELLED BY BURNING HER VERY BEST PINK CHENILLE DRESSING GOWN.

PHYLLIS! WHY DON'T YOU BURN YOUR BRA, LIKE NORMAL GIRLS?

WITH TITS LIKE MINE THAT'S NOT A BRA... THAT'S A LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM!

AFTER WHICH IT WAS BUT A SHORT, HEADLONG PLUNGE INTO BOHEMIA, WHERE SHE PAID THE "TRADITIONAL" PRICE FOR AN ENTREE INTO THE ART WORLD...

DON'T THINK OF IT AS LOSING YOUR VIRGINITY... THINK OF IT AS GAINING A LITTLE BIT OF MY ARTISTIC INTEGRITY.

BACK AT THE GALLERY PHYLLIS HAD BEEN CAUGHT OFF GUARD AND QUICKLY SUCCUMBED TO DAVE'S CHARM. BESIDES, EVER SINCE HER ARTS GRANT HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED ON TAXI FARES SHE'D BEEN LOOKING FOR A BULGE IN A PAIR OF PANTS THAT SAID 'WALLET' INSTEAD OF 'WALLOP'! THUS BEGAN PHYLLIS AND DAVE'S COUNTER CULTURAL SWING THROUGH THE LEFT BANK AREAS OF THE HUNTER RIVER...

WHY DO THEY CALL IT THE LEFT BANK?

BECAUSE EVERYBODY ELSE LEFT WHEN DEADBEATS LIKE THESE MOVED IN!

PLANK PLANK PLANK VINO

IN AND OUT OF ALL THOSE GARRETS WHERE STUDENTS DON'T SO MUCH STARVE AS SUFFER SEVERE...

VITAMIN DEFICIENCIES!

CHOKE... BURP... ERK! ...AAH CHOKE!

HOT DOG COLES BIG M PIZZA

... INTO THAT ANT-ESTABLISHMENT UNDERWORLD WHERE AN ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE MEANS BEING A PART TIME WAITER INSTEAD OF WORKING AT BHP... AND THE ULTIMATE SOCIAL REBELLION IS HAVING YOUR NUTRI-GRAIN, ORGANIC, ALMOST BIO-DEGRADABLE MEAT PIE... WITHOUT TOMATO SAUCE.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE ART SCENE.. ALL THIS FREE SEX

HEY! WHO'S FREE?

THIS IS LIKE HAVING THE SISTINE CHAPEL TO PRACTICE ON!

APPLIED FINGER PAINTING VOL XIV

TAKE IT FROM ME, GLORIA... YOU'RE A GREAT PAINTER... BUT A LOUSY SCREW!

YEAH, GLORIA, A LITTLE MORE TECHNIQUE... AND A LITTLE LESS SELF EXPRESSION!

PLONK

VINO

CHURCH LOOTING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

THEN IT WAS OFF TO THE NEWCASTLE FILM FESTIVAL. FOR ALL THE LATEST ART FILMS FROM DENMARK & SWEDEN. MINOR MASTERPIECES LIKE "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN CORPSE", OR "VIRGIN NUNS FROM AMSTERDAM GO EAST WITH EMMANUELLE" AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE OLD ISLINGTON THEATRE THE NEW "BUMS ON SEATS" POLICY IS IN FULL SWING.

SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM FILM BUFFS!

IS THIS JERK FOR REAL?

BOX OFFICE

PHYLLIS HAD THAT RARE ABILITY TO MAKE FRIENDS IN THE DARK AND, IN A CITY NOTED FOR SHORT ATTENTION SPANS, LONG MOVIES USUALLY LEAD TO AN INCREASE IN... AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE BOYS... TEAMWORK!

LIKE HELPING A TRUCKIE TRANSLATE THE FRENCH SUBTITLES...

EEERR

CHIPS

CHOCS

STRUTH! I THINK I'VE JUST CONJUGATED THE FRENCH VERB TO COME.

FRENCHIES

...OR BEING ON HAND WHEN THE MOVIE BEGINS TO CLIMAX.

POP CORN!

ICE CREAM..?

MEANWHILE... OUT IN THE VACCUOUS DEPTHS OF SUBURBIA, NORM & NORMA WERE SETTLING IN FOR A NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE ONE-EYED MONSTER.

FOOTBALL! ALWAYS BLOODY FOOTBALL... WHADDA THEY THINK I'VE GOT BETWEEN MY EARS... GOALPOSTS?

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, YOU OLD NARK?

VALS

LOCAL TV GUIDE

THEIR RISING MIDDLE CLASS ASPIRATIONS HAD EVEN LED THEM TO TUNE IN TO THE ABC ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION.

... SCIENTISTS HAVE RECENTLY DISCOVERED THE MOST PRIMITIVE FORM OF LIFE IN AUSTRALIA...

I KNEW THEY'D CATCH UP WITH THAT CROWD NEXT DOOR!

WHILE NORM SAT CRAPPING HIMSELF OVER THE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS, THE LITTLE WOMAN" WAS FACING THE REALLY BIG QUESTIONS.

STRIKE ME ROAN... WONDER WHAT HE PREDICTS FOR NEWCASTLE?

BALLS OR BOWLS?

NORMA! I'VE LOST ME VERTICAL HOLD.

IT'D BE A MIRACLE IF YOU EVER CRACKED A GOOD HORIZONTAL HOLD!

YES... THE KNOWLEDGE CULLED FROM A LIFETIME PERUSING THE PAGES OF "READER'S DIGEST"... AND A HANDY BOTTLE OF "BAITZ ISLAND CREAM"... HAD FINALLY LED NORMA TO THE CONCLUSION...

THERE'S GOTTA BE MORE TO LIFE THAN THIS!

AND MAYBE THERE IS... ONE PLACE YOU WON'T FIND THE ANSWER HOWEVER IS ON STAGE AT THE FAMOUS...

ARMPIT THEATRE Co.

HERE IN THE TOWN WHERE AVANT GARDE MEANS "NOBODY ELSE WANTS TO PUT IT ON", GUEST, AMATEUR DIRECTOR, DICK PULLAR IS LOOKING FOR A LEAD LADY

I SEE YOU'VE GOT A BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER... COMING UP!

WOW! LOOK AT THE TALENT ON THAT!

NO SOONER WAS DICK IN THAN PHYLLIS WAS...

YOU MEAN I'VE GOT THE MAIN PART!

IT CERTAINLY FEELS LIKE IT! TO ME...

IT WAS A BIG GLAMOROUS PREMIERE. A ROLL CALL FOR ALL WHO ASPIRE TO NEWCASTLE'S SOCIAL REGISTER. THEY WERE ALL THERE TO RATTLE THEIR JEWELS IN TIME TO THE MUSIC, ONLY DAVE HOWEVER WENT PREPARED FOR THE TERROR THAT STALKS THE STALLS... THE PHANTOM FARTER!

I THINK THOSE SALMON SANDWICHES HAVE GONE OFF, FRED!

TALK ABOUT RAW!

STRUTH! SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING AT THE PARAGON...

F-K-IN 'ELL!

IS THIS WHY THEY CALL IT "LIVE" THEATRE?

ESKY

THEATRE CRITIC

IF THE PLAYS DON'T LEAVE MUCH OF AN IMPRESSION... THE SEATS DO.

SHIT! IT'S THE MARK OF ZORRO!

AFTER THE SHOW DAVE WENT BACKSTAGE TO SEE PHYLLIS BUT, LIKE MOST AMATEUR ACTRESSES... SUCCESS WENT STRAIGHT TO HER HIPS!

WRACK OFF, DAVE. I'M UNWINDING AFTER A VERY HEAVY PERFORMANCE!

THEN IT WAS OFF TO ONE OF THOSE TRENDY APRES-PREMIERE THEATRE PARTIES

IS THIS SOME KIND OF ENCOUNTER SESSION...

...OR JUST A CHEAP ALTERNATIVE TO GROUP THERAPY?

YOU KNOW I'D RATHER BE HOME IN BED... SNUGGLING UP WITH A GOOD BOOK

...OR SOMEONE WHO'S READ A GOOD BOOK?

BUT I THOUGHT "ORAL SEX" MEANT WE WERE JUST GONNA TALK ABOUT IT!

WAR & PEACE

ALL THESE YEARS! ...AND I NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED...

NO... THAT HE WAS STRAIGHT!

THAT HE WAS GAY?

ISN'T IT TRAGIC WHEN THE MOST EXCITING THING AT A PARTY IS THE FOOD!

YOU'D HAVE TO BE AN ORAL COMPULSIVE PERSONALITY TO EAT THIS JUNK!

...OR ANAL RETENTIVE!

THIS TASTES LIKE SHEEP DIP!

MORE LIKE CHEW 'N SPEW IF YOU ASK ME.

ACTUALLY THEY CALL IT "AMBUSH STEW"... IT CUTS YOU OFF AT THE PASS!

WHACK

DON'T WORRY MATE, THERE'S MORE THAN JUST FISH IN THIS SEA!

LET'S PLAY THE COVERS... THEY HAVE LESS SCRATCHES...

THE SHERELLES GREATEST HITS

DIP

FOLKS! WE HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE...

YEAH... PHYLLIS AND ME ARE SHACKIN' UP!

TO BE... OR NOT TO BE...

...CAUGHT DEAD IN AN UNCULTURED HAMLET!

AFTER SUCH A FUN PARTY CAN YOU IMAGINE DAVE'S SHOCK WHEN HE TRIED TO PUT THE HARD WORD ON PHYLLIS...

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND YOU BOURGOIS INSECT. I WANT A SOUL SCREW!

OH NO!

THE FICKLE FIST OF FATE HAD STRUCK AGAIN... YES! PHYLLIS STEIN & DICK PULLAR TOGETHER ..... AT LAST! IS IT THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DE FACTO RELATIONSHIP THAT WAS MADE IN HEAVEN? WHAT LIES AHEAD ON THEIR ROSE-PETAL STREWN PATH TO A NORTH COAST COMMUNE... BESIDES A LOVE BABY?

FIND OUT

NEXT MONTH... THE CALL OF THE WILD.

SLAG HEAP NATIONAL PARK... WHERE NEWCASTLE GOES AU NATURAL!

ZING GO THE STRINGS OF MY VAS DEFERENS

having a vasectomy is an incisive decision, but richard beckett reports that a great many men have found there's really nothing hard about standing up for male sterilisation

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE really. I've changed from a working model to a sports model."

And that's the best description you can make about vasectomy. It came from a 44-year-old fellow who was ecstatically happy that there wouldn't be any naughty little people drifting around in his sex life any more.

Available figures on the subject are fairly inaccurate. However (taking the recent out-of-date statistics) about 25,000 Australians per year opt for having the tube to their balls cut off. They do it for many reasons. Some are pushed by their wives who are sick and tired of the Pill or the option of having a million children. Some men do it because they have decided that they and their female companions don't want any children, ever. Others do it because they want to be super studs without "another paternity suit Mr Waldo", to take a line from the late Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk-Wood.* I mean, after all, who in the name of the Almighty wants a number of sprogs running about the place and all those dirty nappies floating about in a bucket in the shower after a rather silly night up in Kings Cross?

In the past, males depended on condoms or withdrawal or hoped the

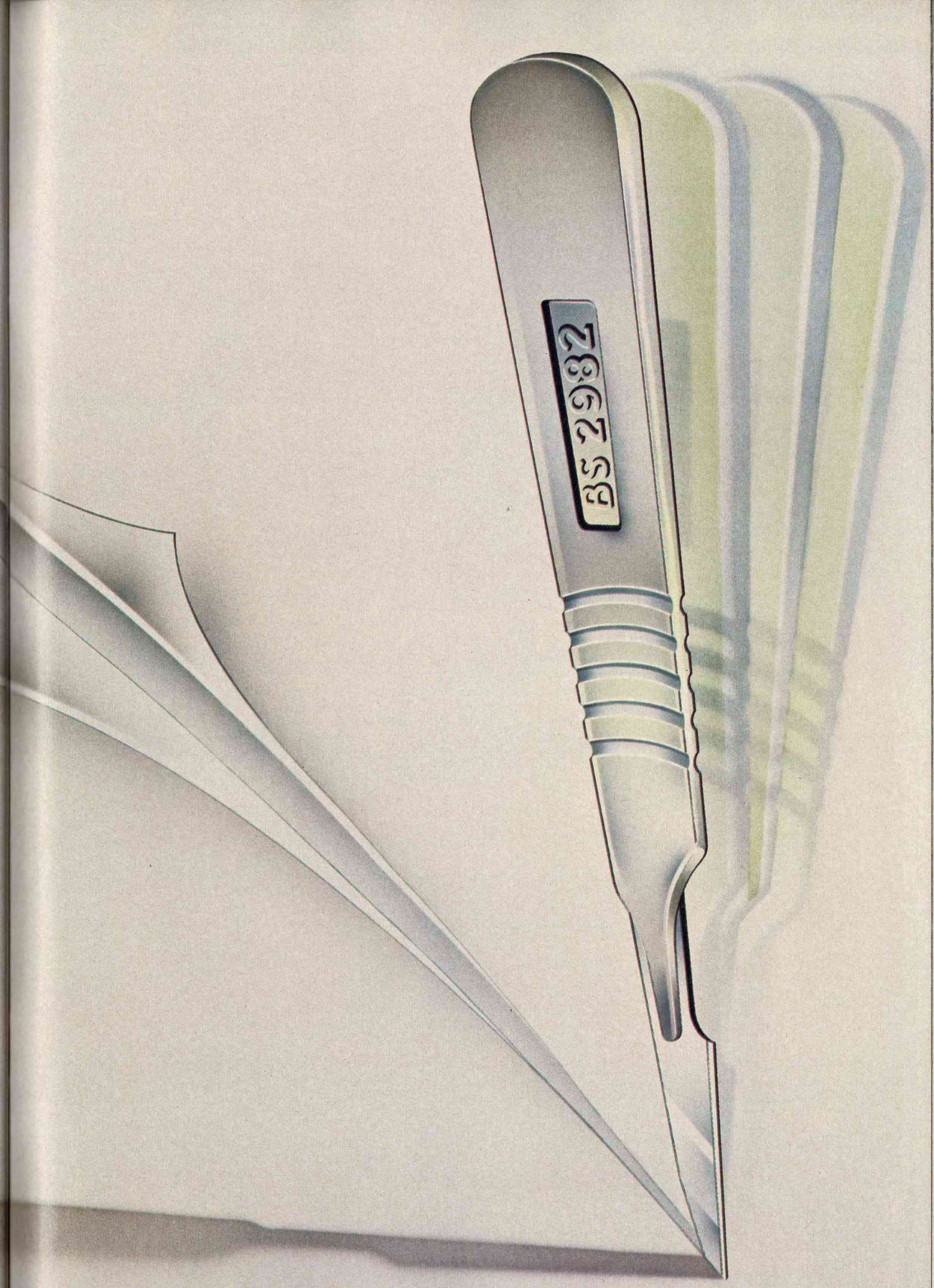


Illustration by Davis/Farrell

girl in question was on the Pill or, in one vicious instance involving a friend of mine, claimed that a piece of chalk was a "surefire" thing. Others have urged their women to have their tubes tied, to use the layman's expression for a delicate surgical procedure. But then several thinking men came to the realisation that they could have *their own tubes tied!*

The big thing against this was the Eunuch Syndrome. In the early days of vasectomy, it was oft whispered around the public bars of the nation that, if you had the operation, you lost interest in sex, your tits got bigger and that you developed, well, certain tendencies. As one clinical adviser mentioned to me when discussing the subject: "They don't want to join a minority club of poofs."

However, in Australia at least, thanks to a certain number of people in the public eye who have openly boasted about having their tubes tied, men have come to the understanding that, not only does it not turn you into a poof, but it makes you and your wife and/or companion happier.

Although most women still prefer to use the Pill as a contraceptive device, many are worried about its ultimate side effects. Other women attempt to use those internal things that look like a collection of fishhooks and end up throwing them away in hysterics. I don't suppose I should use my family in this discussion, but a cousin of mine, on being confronted with one of those intra-uterine devices (IUDs), said: "My God! I'm not having that thing stuck up me. It would never fit!" She later told me in strict confidence that she'd had a quiet try with the plastic monster and that it felt like having an alligator up her pubic parts.

One of the most frequently misunderstood fears that men have of vasectomy is the fear of not ejaculating. It must be realised that the sperm makes up a very minor proportion of the ejaculatory fluid. Most of the fluid, in fact, is lubricant, which is why on occasions one's dick starts to dribble. Now if you tie off the sack, or snip it, or whatever, the sperm keeps on producing, but instead of sneaking out and giving a great boost to the population explosion, it is absorbed in the body by white blood cells. The seminal fluid, on the other hand, still belts away. So you have a complete and satisfactory ejaculation. So no worries, my friends—you're not going to have what is sometimes coarsely called a dry blow . . . otherwise known to almost every male in this country as too much beer (and serves you right).

Thanks to the newest techniques of microsurgery, it is now claimed that vasectomy is reversible in about 70 percent of all cases. But there is no guarantee (it's like if your lawyer states that you might win the case, but then you might just not), so you'd better be absolutely certain.

The operation itself is so simple that it can be performed by a GP while he's giving you a local, scratching his ear and feeling up his nurse. The reversal operation is more complicated and takes longer to perform.

After you have had a vasectomy, it's a good idea to be tested from time to time for about six months to see whether or not any of those little buggers are still alive and well and ready to wreak havoc. As far as I can gather, they are like bloody tadpoles. They hide in all sorts of places and, if given a chance, will swim for the womb. *Beware! They know you are not letting them out!* So give it some time, and be fairly safe.

A few final points . . .

— The Federal Government at present is deciding whether or not it is a "cosmetic" operation (Cosmetic? Cutting off tads is cosmetic?)

— Your mates in the pub will think you're a hero.

— My 17-year-old daughter doesn't want to be a mother anyway.

— And if you really want proper advice and some support, whether you are male or female, ring (02) 635 4844. That is the phone number for the Australian Association for Voluntary Sterilisation. They ask that both partners take their time over the matter; they like to see both partners *together* for the first interview; and they want you to think about it very seriously indeed.

It is, to end it all, a very serious subject. Think about it, and think about it very hard.

WELL-WORN CONTRACEPTIVE METHODS

HOW WOULD you like to wear a tortoise shell condom every time you made love? Or undergo the unkindest cut of all — a deep slit down your penis with a sharp-edged rock?

These are two of the more drastic forms of birth control practised in the past. The solid condom was favored by the ancient Japanese. Called *kabutogata,* the tortoise shell or bone phalluses were also used by women on fluted sticks as a means of self-gratification. Slitting the urethra with a sharp-edged rock is a variation of a circumcision rite performed by certain Australian Aboriginal tribes, and it causes a man's semen to dribble down his testicles when he ejaculates. It also means he must splay his legs widely when urinating.

Less uncomfortable but just as effective forms of birth control have been practised for thousands of years by different civilisations. The oldest prescriptions for contraceptives still in existence are those inscribed on Egyptian papyri written in 1850BC. One prescription calls for a half litre of honey mixed with sodium carbonate to be inserted in the vagina. Another requires the female to use dried crocodile dung in a similar way. The papyri do not indicate whether couples preferred the honey or the dung.

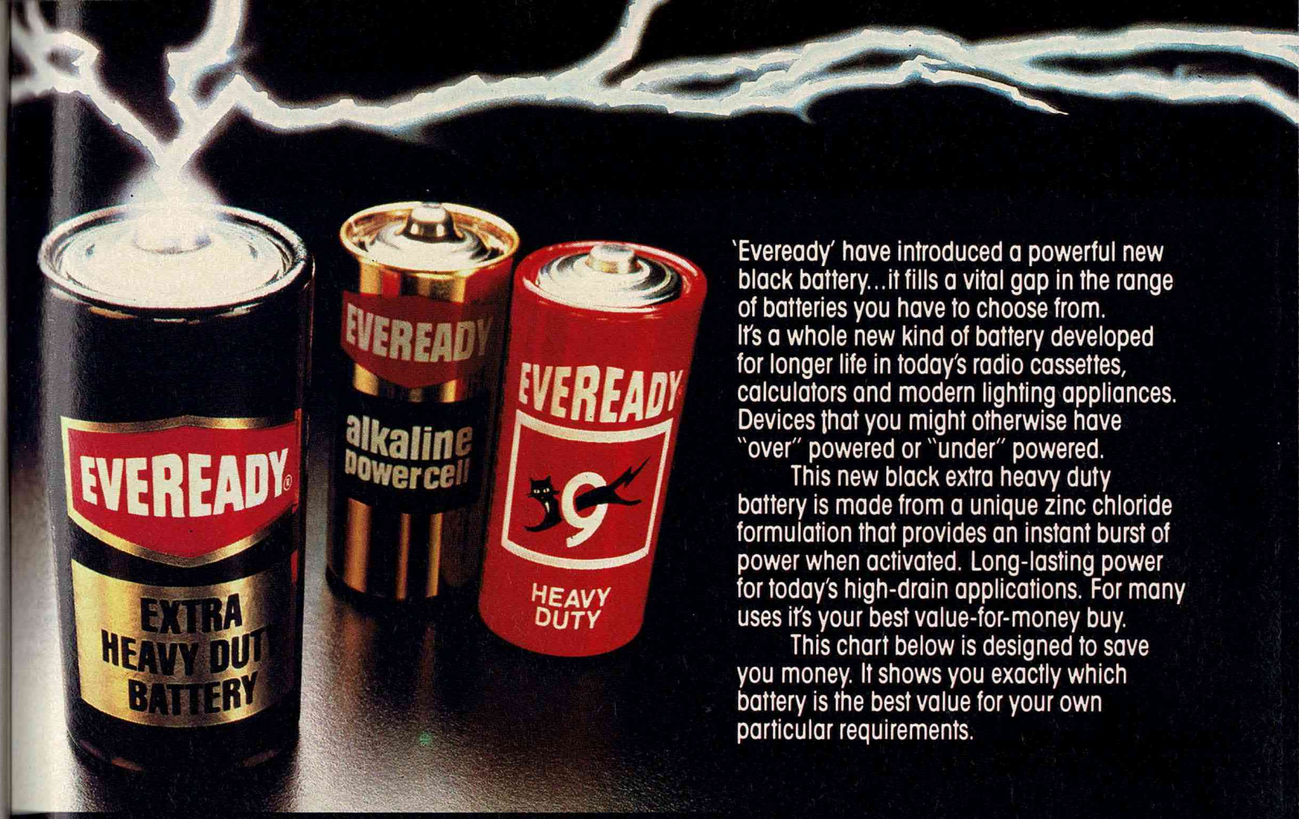
The usage of condoms and of diaphragms was first described in ancient Greek writings. In Antoninus Liberalis's *Metamorphosis,* there is mention of how Minos, a king of Crete, when having sex with Prokris, daughter of Erechtheus, employed a goat's bladder. The legend was that Minos' semen contained serpents and scorpions — so the bladder was essential — at least from Prokris' viewpoint. The text says: "Into this bladder, Minos cast off his serpent-bearing semen."

The question of whether the bladder which protected Prokris from the serpents and other nasties was a condom or diaphragm has been the subject of many an academic argument. In any case, condoms made from bladders did later become popular in Europe. Meanwhile, the Japanese were having a hard time with their tortoise shell condoms, and rubber sheaths were introduced in the 1870s.

Various contraceptive potions have been in use for thousands of years in the East and in Africa. These concoctions are reputed to render the user sterile for one night — or even permanently. And there is evidence to suggest that some of them work. So oral contraception is nothing new.

In fact, forms of contraception in use today are simply refinements of well-worn methods. We have yet to devise a form of birth control which is completely comfortable and free of side effects. Perhaps modern family planners should look at some of the contraceptive potions of the Third World, or even the honey method. After all, when you find you're on to a good thing . . .

— TONY MAGUIRE



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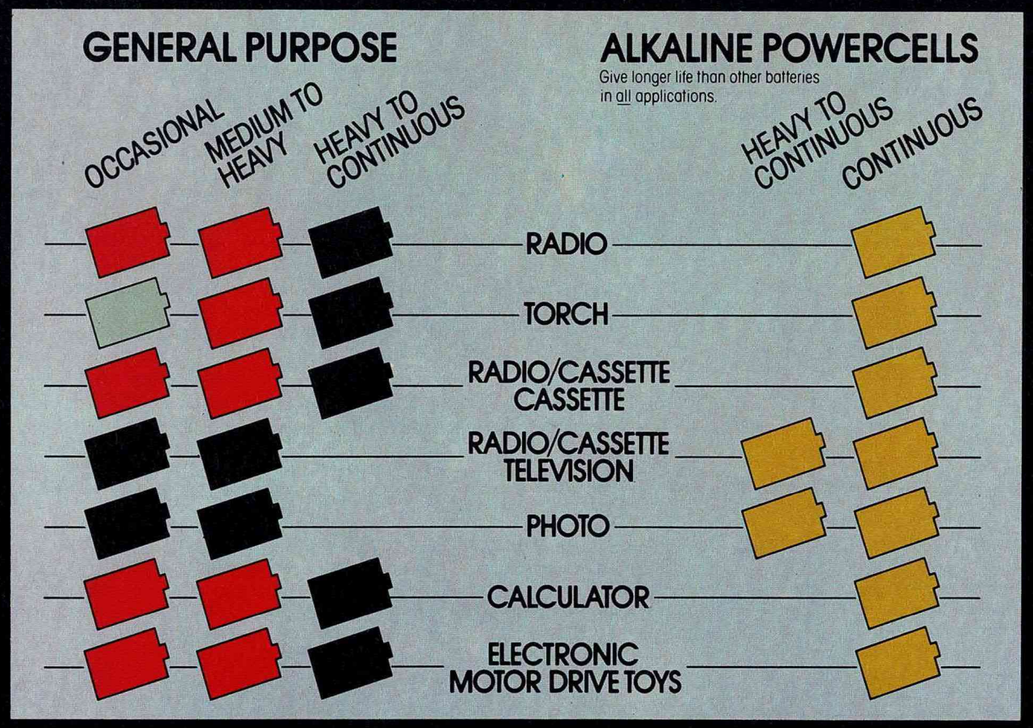

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THE PROCURER

tutankhamen stipulated that his sacrifices be virginal as well as beautiful, so did it matter that the lovely blonde australian met only one of the great pharaoh's requirements?

Fiction by Paul Mann

"TACKY," Fiona thought, wrinkling her tiny perfect nose. "The pyramids are tacky."

And viewed from this perspective there was no denying it. They were. From the curved iron rail of her balcony at The Royal Cairo Hotel, across the sullen moonlit swathe of the Nile to where the nightly Son et Lumiere fluttered across the craggy facets of the famous pyramids of Egypt, they appeared like Cecil B. DeMille props on the MGM backlot.

"Just like last year at the Taj Mahal," she thought. Another so-called Wonder Of The World. Another flop. Soft drink stands, postcards, beggars, pimps, fortune tellers, inane babbling tourists and the all-pervasive odor of the mysterious East — shit and diesel fumes.

She recalled the graffiti scribbled on the wall of the ladies' loo at the Taj Mahal. "There is no gravity," it said. "The earth sucks." All the way from the spraygun graffiti on the walls of urban Australia to India for what — the earth sucks?

Still, Fiona concurred at the time and even more so now. The ubiquitous Kilroy was right. It does.

She sipped at her mug of warm milk and turned back to the coolness of her room, shutting the French windows and the fetid clamor of Cairo out behind her.

At 28, Fiona Spence was world weary. And the fact that she had no one to blame but herself only made her wallow even more in resentful self-pity. This trip was intended to be a personal treat but after only a couple of days it was turning sour and she was considering cutting her stay short and flying to London where at least she knew she could find civilised company. Even if it was the same boring Toorak and Double Bay transplants she'd wearied of.

Fiona put her drink down on the fine marble-topped dressing table, shrugged her pale pink bathrobe to the floor and engaged in one of her favorite pastimes, looking at herself in the mirror. Narcissism might well be a foolish self-infatuation for some people, but with Fiona it was the real thing. She loved herself, unreservedly. Which was why she was holidaying on her own.

She was natural blonde. Unalloyed pedigree. Her hair, thick and golden, fell almost to the small of her back. Her eyelashes were long and fine and her bodyhair soft as baby's down. There wasn't a blemish on her body. Not a mole, a birthmark, a scar nor a single tiny wrinkle to impair the honey-gold perfection.

Her face was fine-boned and aristocratic, the mouth small, budlike and tantalisingly red. Her breasts were firm, uptilted and would have fitted snugly into a champagne glass. They were, as her mother had often reminded her, ladylike breasts. Her

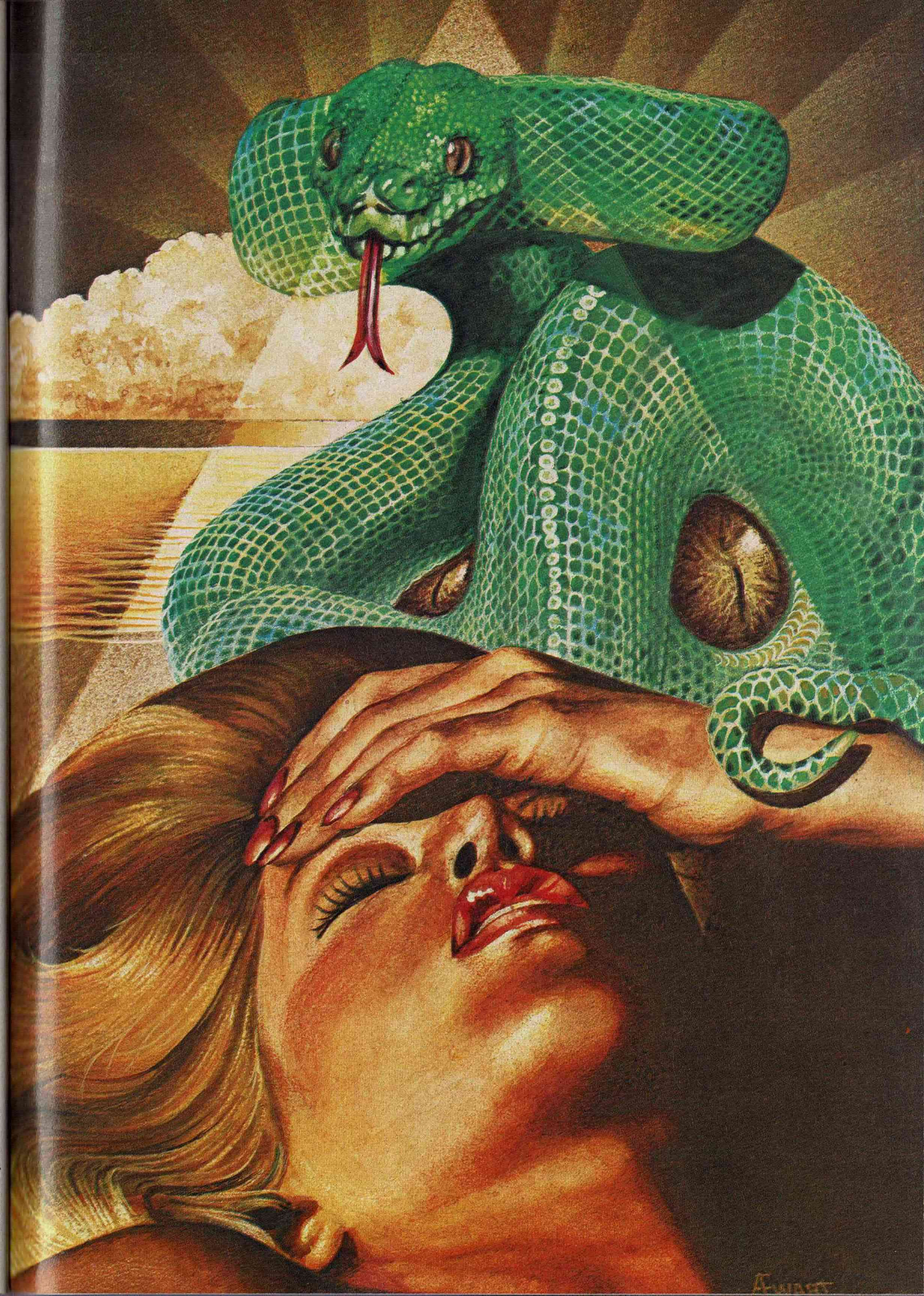


Illustration By Alan Ewart

tummy was flat as an ironing board but like satin to the touch. But her legs and bottom were her finest physical features, she thought. The buttocks small and round, her legs impossibly long and sleek.

She well knew her effect on men and didn't object to the carnality of their interest in the slightest. After all, she had decided a long time ago, what else could they do? Fiona worked hard to preserve her figure. Tennis, swimming, jogging, ballet and a lot of lettuce and Perrier. She thought she had the body of a 16-year-old. A beautiful 16-year-old.

Abruptly she stopped posing and slumped on to the bed to stretch out and close her eyes. Inside she felt old and jaded. Something was wrong but she couldn't begin to determine what. That would mean peering too closely inside herself, and deep down Fiona knew that she was shallow. Having concluded that, she had also decided she would be better off if she could simply manipulate the world and its infinite resources to keep her amused. But it wasn't working. Despite her rich, secure family, her privileged education, first class honors in economics, soaring career with a respected financial consultancy in the city and her stable of glib and glossy friends, she felt lonely and unfulfilled.

After a while she drifted into an uneasy sleep. And had that dream again. As always, it began without imagery. Just creeping awareness of something darkly claustrophobic. Not something she could see or hear, rather something that permeated her skin, seeped through every pore and triggered alarm in every nerve. Then she would begin to perceive dimensions in the gloom. Lines and angles that gradually became more defined. Until she could see she was back in that corridor again.

It was a corridor like any in a big office block. Except it had no doors, no windows and no way out. Just eerie turns and junctions leading deeper into the labyrinth until she feared she was never going to escape. Faster and faster she would walk and then she would be running, her heart thudding louder and louder and her breath coming in short panicky gulps. And that's when the other sensation would take over. The feeling of becoming detached from her body and drifting into some other sensory dimension. It was a feeling both frightening and compelling. Something was waiting for her in that floating, astral void, something that wanted her, something she was afraid of, yet drawn to. Then it would stop. Vanishing like vapor scattered by a gust of wind. Sometimes she would struggle to hold it but it never worked. She would wake up feeling cheated.

And there was something else. Fiona had never had an orgasm. She had taken many lovers but none had brought her to climax. Yet, when she awoke from this dream she would feel a tingling vibrancy in the pit of her groin. And she was always heavily lubricated. More than with any man. But she couldn't, for the life of her, understand why.

The next morning Fiona was in a better mood. She opened the windows, sniffed the fresh sirocco from the Sahara and decided to have breakfast on the balcony. She ate cinnamon toast and drank strong coffee while watching the creaky hulks and dhows of Arabia nudge sluggishly back and forth on the Nile. Afterwards she went shopping and bought some gold and silver jewellery in the bazaar. When she returned to the hotel she put on her black maillot and lay on a chaise longue beside the vast pool to spend a restful afternoon with a book in the shade of the palms. She had just settled comfortably when a male American voice boomed harshly in her ear. "Scuse me honey," it grated. "Wouldja mind?"

It was more a command than a question. Fiona made a mini-opera of putting down her book and sitting up to inspect the intruder who had vandalised her privacy. He was overweight, pallid, with a sweating jowly face, canary yellow Bermuda shorts and polyester sun jacket. And he was shoving a camera at her.

"Justa quickie. Me, the wife and the kids?"

"Certainly," Fiona said with an icy smile and took the camera.

He rejoined his wife and two sons at a nearby table heaped with dates and exotic drinks and behind them an ebony waiter in his starched whites grinning obediently. After she had taken the photograph Fiona was told she had just immortalised on celluloid Mr and Mrs Brad Dexter of Des Moines, Iowa and their sons, Brad Jr, 15, and Vernon, 11.

"I'm in the insurance business," said Brad Sr. "I was last here with the Navy in the war kicking the shit out of eyeties all over the Med."

Fiona chatted to the Dexters of Des Moines with all the charity she could muster. When Sybil Dexter discovered Fiona was Australian she wanted to know all about her. Which was actually quite to Fiona's liking because, when she wasn't telling other people about herself, Fiona's next favorite topic was other people asking about her.

Fiona tried to take a break once by going into the pool but Brad Jr kept ducking beneath her like a pubescent porpoise to inspect her body from every aquatic angle until his mother told him to stop being a pest.

That evening Fiona went into the hotel dining room only to find the Dexters already entrenched and Brad Sr insistent that "a pretty little gal" like her couldn't eat alone. Throughout dinner Brad Jr gazed soulfully at Fiona and began to get on her nerves.

The following day Fiona was urgently examining her escape route. She was standing near the front desk in the lobby leafing through an EgyptAir timetable when a tall man with a very slight French accent approached and introduced himself.

"Pardon me, I could not help noticing that you were alone until our American friends discovered you. And

"For starters son, let's clear away all the bullshit about it being lonely at the top."

now," he smiled charmingly, "you are thinking of leaving? So soon?"

Fiona was about to give this new interloper the same warm reception she saved for clients she considered had an IQ of around 50. Then changed her mind. He was handsome. Slender with crisp, closely-cropped grey hair and he wore an expensive lightweight beige suit and had the most hypnotic eyes Fiona had ever seen. They were purest amber. The rest of the face was dark, unlined and smooth shaven. A patrician, strangely ageless face. He had a wide, thin-lipped mouth that was oddly sensuous and his gestures had a certain fluid grace. The only jewellery Fiona saw was a ring on the marriage finger. It wasn't a conventional wedding ring. It was a serpent entwined on itself in green jade. He never took his eyes from hers and for the first time since she was a little girl Fiona stammered.

"Ah, ye-ye-yes actually, I was thinking of moving on." Then she caught herself. "But I really don't see that should be any concern of yours Mr . . . Mr?"

"Rene Barriere," he told her pleasantly. "And of course you are correct. But I have only the interest of an Egyptian who wishes every visitor to have a happy memory of his country. It would pain me to think you had left before having the opportunity to see what Egypt is really like. Cairo is not Egypt you know."

He was so disarmingly polite Fiona was almost inclined to overlook that this was one of the smoothest pick-ups she'd seen in a long time.

"I'm sure that you're right Mr Barriere," Fiona answered. "But I think what I have seen of Egypt is common to most Eastern countries. They tend to enshrine the worst of both cultures, East and West."

"Quite so Miss . . . I don't believe I know your name yet?"

"Yet?" Fiona mused. She hesitated for just the right length of time then told him.

"Miss Spence," he continued, "I have no wish to intrude on your plans, but I am knowledgable in the culture of my country and I think perhaps I could tell you much you would find fascinating. I travel the Middle East and Europe extensively, I am a merchant, I deal in antiques and I have had the pleasure to chaperon many visitors. And I can assure you," he told her with a mischievous inflection, "I am really quite, quite safe to be with."

Fiona smiled involuntarily at the word "chaperon".

"That's very interesting Mr Barriere," she replied archly. "But I have no need of a chaperon. I am used to my own company. I enjoy it. And half the fun is finding things out for oneself, don't you think?"

"Most certainly I do," he said without a pause. "But if you will permit me to make an observation, the company of your new friends, it tires you does it not? And perhaps they are not the best company in which to experience Egypt. Please allow me one small favor. Let me take you to dinner tonight, here at the hotel. I promise you I will not bore you and you may discover much that is new and exciting. It would be sad to come so far and see so little."

His manner was pure, sweet reason and he fixed Fiona with a look in those amber eyes that defied her to challenge such reasonableness. Fiona clicked the heel of her shoe into a seam on the tiled floor and swivelled her foot side to side as she pondered his invitation and stared back at him with hard blue eyes. He was urbane and obviously cosmopolitan, probably married. The silence between them lengthened. Fiona was confident she could handle any situation. And besides, he had a point. Dinner with the Dexters was an experience she didn't care to repeat.

"I'll have dinner with you Mr Barriere," Fiona said. "But dinner only." And before he could regain the initiative she added: "I'll meet you here in the lobby at nine o'clock."

He smiled at her. "It will certainly be my pleasure."

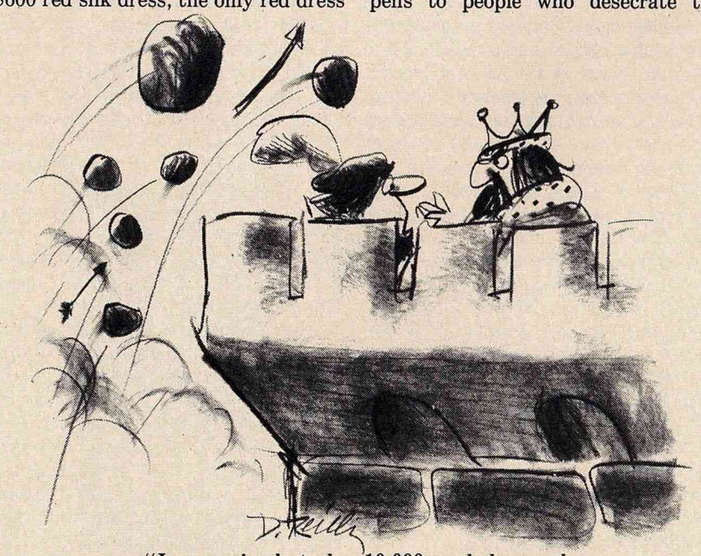
At 9.30 Fiona emerged from the lift into a lobby ablaze with the reflected light of crystal chandeliers on polished marble. The only sound was the murmur of well-heeled guests sifting gently back and forth. She wore a $600 red silk dress, the only red dress she owned because the expensive cut muted the scarlet blaze and didn't make her look tarty. With her honeyed skin and cascade of golden hair she knew how striking she looked. Barriere was waiting patiently, his white dinner jacket contrasting with the polished teak of his skin.

When they walked into the dining room, heads turned, including those of the Dexters who appeared jilted. Especially Brad Jr.

Dinner was splendid and Rene Barriere as fascinating as he had promised. He told her a little about himself, how he was descended from a French family which settled in Egypt following the Napoleonic conquest and that he socialised often in Paris. But he preferred to talk about his favorite subject, the lore of ancient Egypt. He told her of the great pharaohs, their fantastic lives, great deeds, their lavish and spectacular burials. And one pharaoh he spoke of with an affection bordering on reverence. That was Tutankhamen, the boy-king. Fiona thought it mildly absurd that such a sophisticated man should betray such passion over a long-dead pharaoh.

"I thought a lot of those stories were myth," she said. "Like Robin Hood. A real man but the legends came to outweigh the man. How do you know this mumbo jumbo is true?"

"Many people have been sceptics, just as yourself," Barriere replied. "The power and greatness of the pharaohs is fact. As you know, our pharaohs were buried with their treasure, their most cherished possessions, even their servants and most loyal guards. Their power went with them. And you have heard what happens to people who desecrate the



"I agree, sire, but when 10,000 arseholes speak with one voice, even the king must pay heed."

tombs. Many have died in strange circumstances. I personally know of several mysterious deaths associated with the tomb of Tutankhamen."

"But," Fiona said, "Tutankhamen's mummy, his treasure was removed years ago wasn't it? Why he's practically on tour now. Like a rock star."

"That is true," Barriere shrugged. "But they are only the worldly manifestations of his existence. The true spirit of Tutankhamen remains here in Egypt at The Valley Of The Kings. It is part of the soul of Egypt. His spirit endures for eternity here, replenished by those who serve him."

"Those who serve him?" Fiona echoed. "How?"

"The immortal guardians of his tomb. The spirits of those buried to serve him and reincarnated in many forms — they exist only to follow his every command."

"And what does Tutankhamen command?" she asked.

Barriere gave a slight, shy smile. "Tutankhamen was young, virile and handsome when he died. Even today women are fascinated by the beauty in his face. And when he lived he had many mistresses. Thousands. He still carries the insatiability of youth with him — and his eye for beauty is undiminished by the passing of all these centuries."

Fiona felt a shiver even though the dining room was quite warm. "Wow," she said. "Randy King Tut. And after all these years."

After dinner they wandered out on to the terrace watched by Brad Dexter Sr, who said to his wife: "Some gals never cease to amaze me. Imagine taking off after some slick Ay-rab like that. Thought she had more class."

Fiona saw Barriere constantly during the following two weeks. They went on drives in his air-conditioned Citroen and she met his chauffeur, Ra, a neat, squat man who said nothing to Fiona but spoke occasionally in rapid Arabic to Barriere.

They went out on expeditions to museums, palaces and archaeological digs. One day he took her to Alexandria in his small private plane, piloted by Ra. All the time, Barriere was the perfect gentleman. In fact, Fiona was beginning to feel peeved that he hadn't made the slightest pass. He appeared to be all he said he was, a respectable businessman with a love of Egyptian history.

One evening at a restaurant where the clientele was all-Arab she asked him about the jade ring on his finger. He hesitated, as though wondering how frank he should be.

"It is a common symbol of fertility in Egypt as in many cultures," he explained. "Also including your own I understand." And this time those penetrating amber eyes appeared loaded with sensuality.

Fiona thought there was something serpentine about Barriere, but she found it appealing. She liked the way his slim, taut body moved with a lithe and supple languor. One night she thought she saw him in her dream. It was becoming much more vivid and she realised she wasn't in a modern building at all but something older. Because the walls were mottled and yellow and she felt cold earth beneath her feet. She had been hurtling through those corridors when she thought she saw Barriere's face ahead in the gloom. It seemed to materialise out of the dark and, while the features were vague, the eyes were unmistakeable, glinting yellowly at her from within a wraithlike coil. And then it dissolved into the murk and she entered that other world of promised but always elusive eroticism.

Then Barriere suggested they visit The Valley Of The Kings. Fiona only had a few more days left in her holiday and he said they could fly the next day to Luxor, the town nearest the valley, several hundred kilometres up the Nile into Egypt's ancient heart.

He said he would take her to the tomb of Tutankhamen.

She thought it was a marvellous idea and they agreed she would put her luggage in Barriere's plane so they could fly back from Luxor direct to Cairo airport for her connection.

The flight to Luxor took just under three hours and Rene pointed out points of interest along the unfolding ribbon of the Nile a few thousand metres below. At Luxor's tiny airstrip, another car mysteriously waited and Ra quickly transferred their bags. They had to cross the river on a ferry jammed with battle-scarred old cars and trucks, farmers, peasants, sheep, goats, chickens and a few petulant camels. Once on the other side Ra swung the car on to the dusty single-lane highway and they drove with the setting sun on their left. After an hour he peeled off to the side and they jolted down a palm-lined track to a villa nestled amid a huddle of ancient date palms.

They stopped at the entrance to a classic French colonial villa, white-painted with shuttered windows and a verandah. It was a pearl within an oasis. Fiona's room was big and airy and furnished with polished cane and mahogany. The vast bed looked like something out of a sultan's harem. She was relieved to discover that irrigation which had turned the villa grounds into a verdant jungle also made for an efficient hot and cold water system. Once she had towelled herself dry and brushed her hair, she put on a pure white cotton shift with colorfully embroidered Arabian collar, and decided to explore the house.

As she expected, the whole villa was a memorial to ancient Egypt. There were antique chairs, tables, chests, cases, wardrobes and cabinets in exotic woods. There were carvings and tall statues in ebony, ivory and often what looked like solid silver or gold. At the bottom of the stairs were two man-size figures. Each had the body of a man clenching a spear, but the heads were the fierce carved heads of savage dogs. Fiona had seen many such statues in the past weeks. They depicted the reincarnation of Egyptian spirits in animal form. Some had the heads of dogs, others cats or eagles. Barriere had told her that one of the gifts of the immortals was the ability to metamorphose into almost any creature and sometimes to take on the form of half-beast half-man.

Fiona was transfixed. She wandered down a hallway to the back of the house and there, at shoulder height, running the width of the back verandah wall, was an intriguing frescoe. By its weathered condition it was authentic and had been transferred here and built into the wall. From what she could discern it was a parade of some description. There were chariots, horses, camels, slaves with fans and parasols, soldiers, priests, all manner of figures. Then she froze.

The parade seemed to be entering the dark entrance to a great pyramid and beside the doorway was a coiled green serpent with startling yellow eyes. A dull current of disquiet rippled through Fiona's body.

"The serpent is one of the guardians of Tutankhamen," said someone from behind. It was Ra.

"I didn't realise that you spoke English," she said.

"I speak many languages," he said. "It is necessary to do so in the service of my master."

"You call him your master?"

"He is my master."

"And this is the 20th century. Why not simply Mr Barriere?"

"Because," he added impassively, "that is not his name."

Fiona tried not to show any sign of bewilderment. Instead she asked him: "Ra, what is this frescoe all about?"

This time it was Barriere's voice answering from the shadows at the foot of the stairs. "It portrays the day of Tutankhamen's burial. You are looking at his funeral procession."

Barriere, or at least the man she had known as Barriere until now, crossed silently to where she and Ra stood. Barriere too was wearing a

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long, cool shift and when he moved she could see the outline of his lean sinewy body. Never before, she realised at that moment, had any one man intrigued her so much. And instantaneously came the realisation that she had never wanted a man so much.

"And what does the serpent mean?" she asked.

"I think I told you before," he said pleasantly. "He is a guardian of the pharaoh and he is also the symbol of fertility. In this case, the fertility of Tutankhamen."

"But what is he doing here . . . in a funeral procession?"

"He is performing his appointed duty," Barriere said, "which is to select the women who will stay with the pharaoh for his journey to the other world."

"Oh," Fiona remarked with more coolness than she felt. "And how does he know which ones stay and which ones should not?"

"That is easy," he replied. "They must be virgins."

"Virgins?"

"Of course," he added. "Only the purest and most beautiful maidens were allowed to accompany him. It was a great honor and many women sought to preserve their purity so that they might be chosen."

"It couldn't have been easy," Fiona muttered dryly. "And he sure wouldn't have much success if he was around today, would he?"

Barriere smiled and nodded despite the coarseness of the remark. "These are new times," he said. "Perhaps you would care for a drink now?"

Fiona stood back from the frescoe. "Gin and tonic. Heavy on the gin. I have a few more questions that I want to ask you."

Once Ra had brought drinks and left, they settled on the opulent sofa on the verandah and she asked him about his name.

"Ra tells me Rene Barriere isn't your real name. Why did you lie?"

"I didn't lie to you," he said softly. "And neither did Ra. Rene Barriere is my business name, I use it for my dealings in Europe because it is so much easier than my Arab name which no one can pronounce anyway. I use Rene Barriere because I found the name among my French ancestors and I have registered it by deed poll in Paris. So we are both right."

"What is your name in Arabic?" she asked.

He hesitated. This time it was a lengthy pause and his yellow eyes clouded over.

"You might not like it," he warned.

"Try me."

"It is Istahsal ala. In English it means . . . procurer. You can well appreciate my difficulties in using that in European business circles."

"Procurer?" she repeated with a slow, dawning smile of relief. "And that ring on your finger. Why it all fits doesn't it? It means procurer to the pharaoh. How extraordinary. Why do you keep it up in this day and age?"

He shrugged. "It is just another family name around here. All the local families are descendants of those who served the pharaohs in some capacity. We still carry their names. It is much like the names Butcher or Baker or Carpenter in English. And of course, like many families we have our little crest, the serpent. It is quite amusing but I am discreet I think. I do not tell everyone, unless it is someone who happens to be particularly inquisitive such as yourself."

Dinner that night was especially relaxed. Fiona was in high spirits and surprised herself by flirting outrageously with Rene whom, she suspected, was beginning to show some real

"Rene was there, his thin-lipped mouth lit by the glow of naked lightbulbs. 'You feel it, don't you,' he said softly, but urgently."

interest. Rene walked her to the door of her room and they stood in the darkness, unsure of how to pursue the moment. Then Rene leant forward and brushed her cheek lightly with his lips. They were warm and dry. He flicked his moist tongue along the line of her jaw, teasingly. And then he drew quickly back and bade her goodnight.

As he passed the stairs, Ra appeared beside him.

"We take her to the valley tomorrow?" he whispered.

"Tomorrow."

"And then?"

"We shall see."

"She isn't suitable," Ra said.

"That," hissed the Procurer, "is for me to decide."

Fiona slept a dreamless sleep and awoke brimming with energy. After breakfast the two of them climbed into a jeep driven by Ra and set off for The Valley Of The Kings. It took less than an hour but the trip was hot, uncomfortable and dusty.

Fiona felt as though every bone in her body had been jarred loose. She got out of the jeep and felt a familiar disgust. It was the same old story. Hawkers, hustlers, trinket sellers, souvenir stands and platoons of stupid tourists. And flies.

But Rene was oblivious to it. He took her on an energetic walk around the great, historic site, bypassing gawking tourists and enthusing about the pharaohs. Fiona trailed behind, half-listening, with Ra at the rear, impassive as ever. After two hours Fiona was feeling bitchy. She was just about to say she'd had quite enough traipsing through the shambles of Egypt's glorious past when Rene brought them into a shallow wadi and pointed to the entrance of King Tut's tomb. A series of clay steps descended to a cave-like entrance. They ducked into the cool, dark interior. It was musty, smelled of stale urine and she had barely gone a step when she crunched down on a Coke can.

They walked along a corridor about 10 metres long, lit by naked electric lights strung on a flex along the wall. Rene led the way describing the antechamber, the treasure room and the annex, all empty and featureless. Even the burial vault looked like any other hole in the ground to Fiona. Rene had sensed her disillusionment and fallen quiet. They turned to leave and had to sidle past a gaggle of Japanese tourists also peering dejectedly around the glorified warren.

"Looks like rush hour for King Tut," Fiona grumbled as she pushed past the tourist flow.

They were just coming into the antechamber again and Fiona could see the exit corridor ahead when a sudden surge of *deja vu* washed over her. The feeling was so strong she thought she was going to faint and she sagged against the wall gulping at the stale air. Her head began to reel. She reached out a hand as though trying to feel something through the blur. And then Rene was there, his thin-lipped mouth lit by the glow of naked lightbulbs.

"You feel it don't you?" he said softly, but urgently.

Fiona tried to speak but couldn't. Her throat began to close, her skin grew cold and clammy. She tried to move her legs but they were leaden.

"You feel it Fiona don't you?" he repeated. "You feel something wants you to stay here don't you?"

Fiona's mind swam with fear and nausea. And then she felt herself rise out of her body. Her consciousness seemed to detach itself from her mortal form and hover overhead so that in her mind's eye she was actually looking down on her physical shell. As she floated there she felt an irresistible pull, something was drawing her farther and farther away from her body and she was helpless to resist. Then she heard Rene's voice again. The words were distinct and indelible on her mind.

"Fiona," he intoned. "You haven't begun to live."

The moment he uttered those words she was back inside her body. She could feel her strength coming back as though the blood had frozen and was rapidly thawing. She slowly raised her head to look at Rene and what she saw sent a shudder of horror through her whole body. In the ghastly yellow light his eyes seemed inhuman. The pupils dilated and then shrank into slits. Vertical slits against purest amber. Serpent eyes.

Fiona summoned all her strength, pushed past him and stumbled for the way out. She felt her feet slapping against cold earth and saw the mottled yellow walls pass as though in a daze. And then she burst out into brilliant sunlight gasping for fresh air. Her face was pale and covered with a cold, damp sheen. Several tourists turned to stare. Her breath still coming in short panicky gulps, she sat down on a pile of rubble and waited for the terror to subside. With the sound of boots crunching on dirt she looked up to see Rene hurrying out of the tomb towards her, his face creased with concern. His eyes were quite, quite normal.

On the jeep ride back to the villa Fiona hardly spoke a word. Rene and Ra spoke to each other occasionally. Several times Rene asked if she was all right. She nodded weakly and managed a shaky smile. But the further they drove away from The Valley Of The Kings the better she felt.

When they arrived at the villa the color had returned to her face and she was beginning to feel ridiculous for behaving so strangely. Her head had been filled with weird and exotic thoughts these past weeks and somehow in that tomb it had combined with a feeling of *deja vu* to provoke some kind of anxiety attack.

Rene poured her a cognac and took her up to her room. After he left, Fiona lay there for a long time while a variety of thoughts eddied through her mind. Tomorrow she would be going back to Cairo, then flying to Johannesburg and on to Sydney and home. It had turned out to be quite an adventure, this holiday. Something she could spin out when she got back. And besides, hadn't she and all her friends talked about *deja vu* often enough? They had all claimed to experience it. But not, Fiona knew, quite as exotically as she had.

When she went downstairs to rejoin Rene she was a different woman. Relaxed, sure of herself again.

Rene stood up with an anxious frown on his face. "You're looking much better Fiona," he said. "I was terribly worried about you. How do you feel? Can you drink something? Would you like something to eat?"

Fiona sat down on the sofa. "I'm fine," she said evenly. "I wasn't so good for a moment back in that damn tomb. I don't know what it was. I thought I was going to pass out. It was almost as if I were hallucinating. Not a pleasant sensation at all. I would love a drink."

They sat in silence for a while and then Fiona stirred. "There is still something I don't understand Rene. This afternoon, when we were both in there, did you say something to me, something about . . . I hadn't even begun to live? What did that mean?"

Rene nodded: "There was a very strange atmosphere in there today. It is a very unsettling place all the time, no matter who you are with. I think perhaps it is the feeling that it is filled with ghosts, so many dead people are associated with it. Sometimes I think you can feel the weight of all the centuries pressing down on you. It's as if you don't belong there, but once you have ventured inside the ghosts want you to stay. There have been deaths in that tomb Fiona, the recent, unexplained deaths of healthy people. I have often seen people faint in there. But you Fiona, you worried me, I didn't know what was happening. I kept talking to you to bring you to your senses. I told you your whole life was ahead of you but you did not seem to hear me. It was frightening for me too. And then, just before you ran outside you looked at me in the strangest way, as if you were afraid of me. I think perhaps I shouldn't have taken you there. It has spoiled your trip and our friendship too, I fear."

"She felt the touch of his hands stretching her arms until they were spread out wide. And then her legs . . . open to his wishes."

Fiona leaned forward and placed her hand reassuringly on his wrist: "I've had my holiday adventure this year and it's been quite memorable. But that's all, just an adventure. And to think, two weeks ago I was sure this was going to be the most boring holiday of my life."

They smiled together: "I am glad," said Rene. "But how is your appetite? I was hoping tonight would be a special dinner, your last night as my guest. We should celebrate."

Fiona nodded enthusiastically. "I don't know why but all that nervous energy I burned off this afternoon has made me ravenous. You'd think I was never going to get fed again."

Ra served a most memorable meal. It was, Fiona thought, her most romantic night. Here with this warm, sensitive man in a delightful desert hideaway. Just wait until she told the hicks at home about this.

They lingered over dinner and when all was quiet and the night seemed to hold them alone in its embrace Rene led her upstairs. As they glided along the dark, empty corridors Fiona felt a thrill of sexual anticipation. It was finally happening.

When they reached her room he followed her inside. They stood at the foot of the bed illuminated only by the gleam of starlight, and kissed. She felt his tongue flicker deeply into her throat. Then he drew her gently on to the bed and lay her on her back. Putting his fingers to her eyes he lowered the eyelids and gently pulled the cotton shift from her compliant body.

She was naked underneath and, as she lay there, she luxuriated in the caress of his eyes on her body. Then she felt the touch of his hands stretching out her arms until they were spread out wide. And then her legs. Until she lay there, like a starfish on the beach, open to his wishes. She had never felt so indecently or deliciously exposed to a man. Never this vulnerable, never this wanton. She moaned almost inaudibly in expectation, revelling in the moment. She had never felt so . . . sacrificial.

Fiona drowsily opened her eyes to look upon her lover and the last thing she saw before she died was the shimmering green coil of a serpent with glittering amber eyes where a man had been but a second before.

•

A fresh new morning bathed the desert pink as a dusty jeep with two occupants bumped up from The Valley Of The Kings and on to the deserted road that paralleled the Nile. If there had been a casual observer he would have seen two men, grimy and sweaty, returning home perhaps after a night's work at one of the several digs in the area. The driver spoke first.

"She wasn't like the others," he said. "Beautiful. But not pure."

"I know," said the ageless man with the amber eyes next to him. And then he added with irresistible reasonableness: "But we are in a new age. Even a pharaoh must move with the times."

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Type of enclosure:	Motional Feed Back box with three amplifiers
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Total power of amplifiers:	75W cont. sine wave power
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Cross-over frequencies:	650 Hz and 3500 Hz
Frequency characteristic:	27-20,000 Hz
Input sensitivity:	variable; impedance up to 3V: 100 kohm above 3V: 1 kohm switchable
Low-note filters:	
Amplifier for woofer	
Output power:	50W cont. sine wave power
Amplifier for squawker	
Output power:	20W cont. sine wave power
Amplifier for tweeter	
Output power:	5W cont. sine wave power
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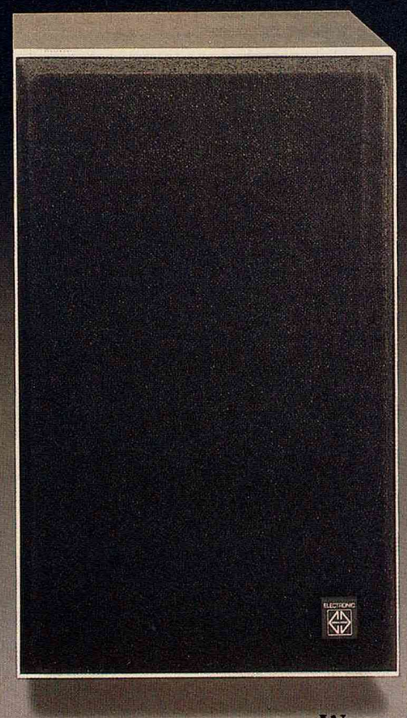

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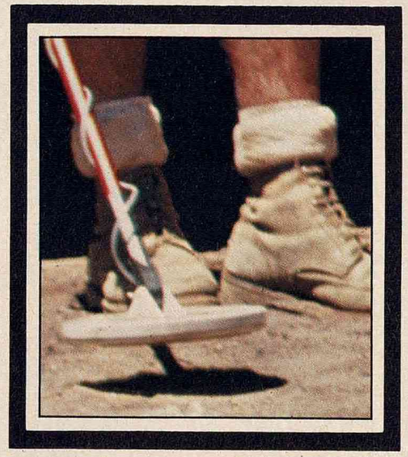


Playboy's Pipeline

THERE ARE some people who won't have a bar of gold. Unstable, gambling, they claim. On the other hand, they're unlikely to own even a bar of soap if somewhere along the line they don't place their trust in the infallibility of the precious metal as a basis for our currency and, consequently, our standard of living.

Recently the world has seen people going mad over gold, shooting the price up to unprecedented heights, pawing through the family heirlooms to check whether grandpa was lavish with his watch or a cheapskate who settled for only a nine-carat gleam.

Others have taken to the bush in droves hoping to emulate the discoverers of Victoria's 68.5kg Welcome Stranger or Western Australia's 32.2kg Golden Eagle. But such finds, most of them have come to realise, are few and far between. So few and far between, almost illusory, that they'll probably never begrudge the price of gold again.

But gold is out there, of that there is no doubt, and as long as it's there, people will look for it.

Your best bet is to start your prospecting in a library. Check on old reports of gold finds, identify localities which the old-timers once scoured. Move on to your local Bureau of Mines. Time spent in researching old reports on the areas of interest is a valuable aid to any prospecting trip. Maybe the State Geological Survey has sheet maps of the relevant area, and the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra has a vast range of maps available which cover most of the continent.

Once you've decided on the locality you'll prospect, you will need to take out a miner's right, obtainable from court-houses. This right, which costs about five dollars, depending on which State you live in, entitles you to prospect over Crown land. It does *not* allow entry on to private property and, contrary to popular belief, does not entitle you to dig up the main street of a big city. Entry on to someone else's claim or lease is also illegal without permission. If you do strike it rich, then you have to apply for permission for a lease. In the time-honored manner, you have to stake out your claim with pegs of regulation height at each corner, marked with initials and indicating the direction and extent of the claim. For most people, though, this implies you're becoming a professional as it is a fairly long-winded task. The bulk of people just like to potter up creek beds on weekend excursions poking around rocks and sandbars.

For those out for fun and a day's outing, following a creek bed with a known history for yielding gold is the most enjoyable way to prospect. All you need is a miner's pan, a pick and a garden spade.

Pans can be purchased at most hardware stores and can always be found at army disposal shops. They come in three sizes, with the largest costing a little less than four dollars. For the beginner, the small or medium size is best, as a large one can become heavy and unwieldy when full of wet sand. Presuming you use your garden pick and shovel, you can be off to the diggings for just a few bucks.

The pan looks deceptively easy to use, but requires practice before you get the knack. Swirl it back and forth, tilted about 45 degrees, letting the bigger stones and gravel move to the front. Brush off this waste material and persist. If there's any gold, it'll stop at the back of the pan, usually as tiny flakes trapped in fine sand. Don't throw them away; they're what most gold looks like — not great lumps.

Obviously you'll need water for the panning, so pause by a pool. Look along the banks, note any curves or old trees projecting into the stream or its course. The best places are on the inside bends of creeks and under tree roots. Scratch down through the topsoil until you hit what is known as "wash", identifiable by being heavy with sand and preferably almost black. This is old river bed and the source of alluvial gold. Be warned — it's darned hard work.

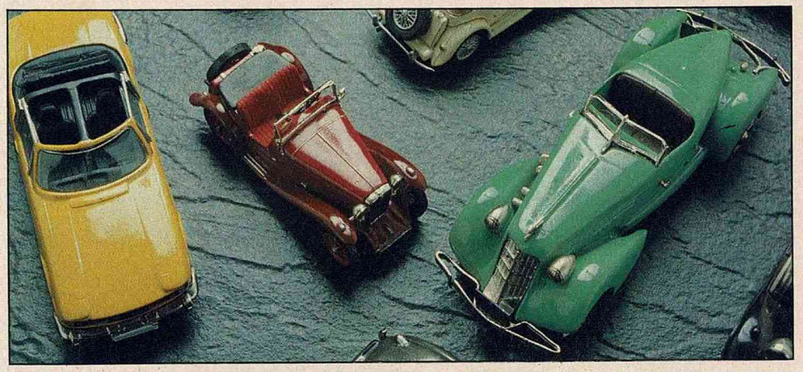
If you want to go the modern way, then anywhere between $100 and $850 will put the handle of a metal detector in your hand. Along with the wildly fluctuating prices for gold, the emergence of the new lightweight electronic metal detector has done more for the upsurge of interest in prospecting than anything else. Most detector users will tell you not to buy a cheap model if you want to strike riches; plump for one around the median mark. It'll pick up metal reliably 15 centimetres below the surface and, on full blast, down to 45 centimetres.

Man has been searching for gold in rivers, thousands of metres below the ground or in alchemists' laboratories since time immemorial. The lure is still as powerful as ever and, given the extent of present day knowledge, with its satellite-inspired maps, electronic detectors and mechanical diggers, the modern prospector is far better equipped than any old-timer with his swag on his back, his pan in his hand and a sturdy pair of boots on his feet.

Even if you never find a gram of gold, you will discover how tough the men were who helped build this country, and you'll develop an awesome respect for their persistence and hardiness. – JOHN COCKERILL

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



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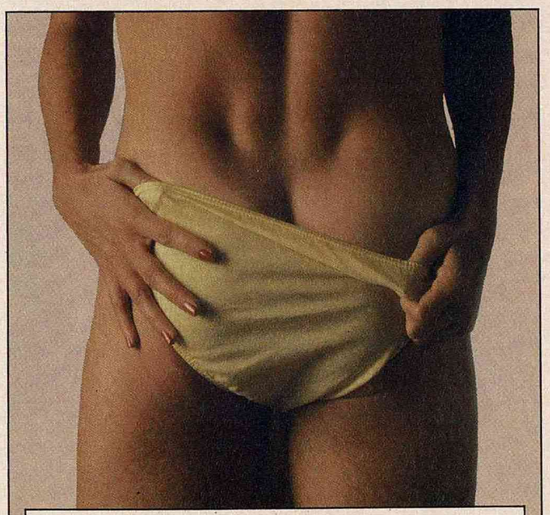

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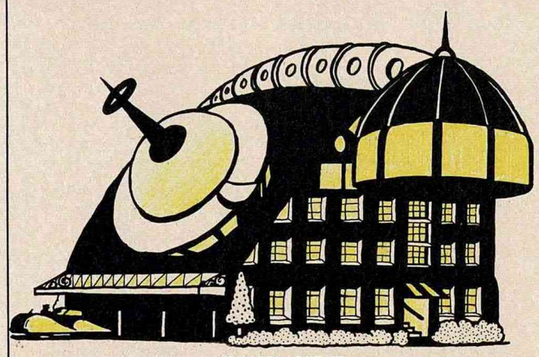
COSMO BEAST

Shake your theatre in an ethnic jigger and sip an *art nouveau* version of the magic fairy-tale Beauty and the Beast. Dressing his players in authentic costumes of Peking Opera of the '20s and Japanese kimino tradition, Sideshow's director Michael Matou injects a new twist to the originally-French story. The play is due to appear in November.



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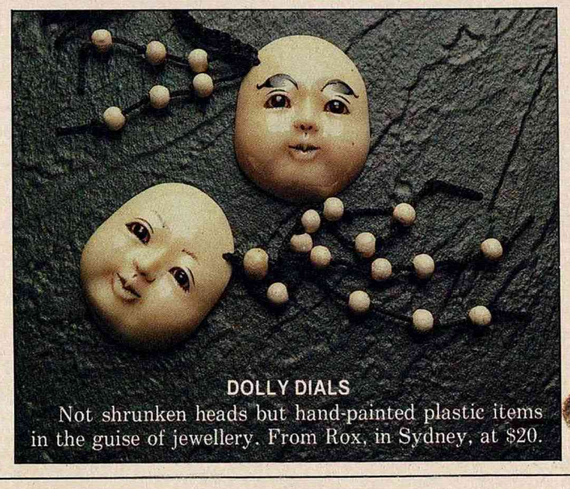


DOLLY DIALS

Not shrunken heads but hand-painted plastic items in the guise of jewellery. From Rox, in Sydney, at $20.

PRE-FURRED FANTASIES

Wrapped for hibernating or high times, she's pure slink in her full-length chinchilla coat while the ram warms in Persian lamb. Hers $22,500, while his is $5300. Available at Stephen Dattner, Clifton Hill in Melbourne.

TRAVEL TRUTHS

Silvertail and swagman sojourns can be found in the *Guide Bonvoyage*, Australia's answer to the *Michelin Guide*. Subscriptions on (02) 26 5010 for about $50.

HOT CONTACTS

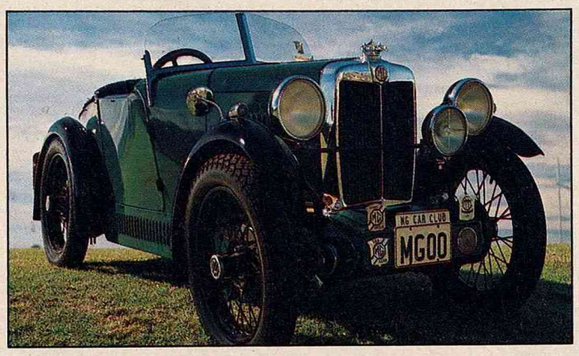
Throw away that little black book and let your finger do the walking through this most discreet telephone directory. It clips on your key chain and costs $2.50.

ON·THE·SCENE

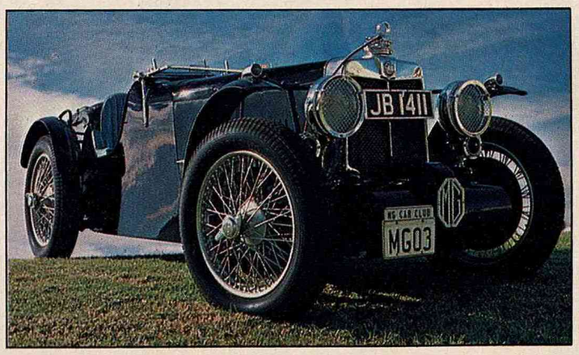
what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

TOP MARQUE

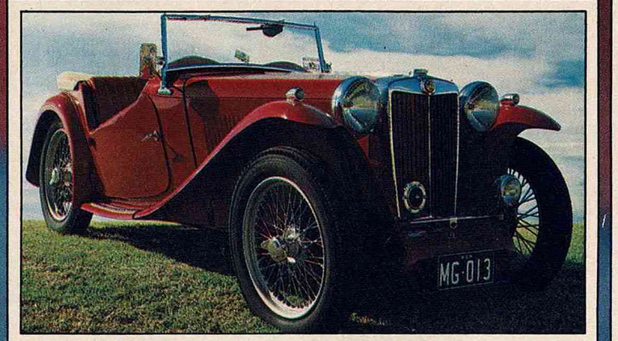
Halfway up a country lane, peaking in third and grabbing for fourth, the spoked wheels spit dust into the drainage ditch and the exhaust's low, sweet growl crackles through the hedgerows. The MG's gleaming sides reflect a running image of the grass as the tiny sports car surefoots its way through the tightest of curves. This is what sports cars are all about — and it all started back in 1922 when Cecil Kimber applied a spanner to his first prototype in the Morris Garage. It was a re-worked standard production chassis that formed the basis of the first MG, grand-daddy of today's sports cars. Kimber's hobby struck a commercial vein in England, where the country lanes were better suited to short-wheel-based sports cars than lumbering roadsters and saloons. The MG underwent changes in body style, but always retained a cheeky sense of dash and individualism. When British Leyland decided to halt MG production, there was such an outcry from sports car lovers that Aston Martin stepped in to preserve the marque. Perhaps it was genuine recognition that some thoroughbred bloodlines are certainly worth preserving.



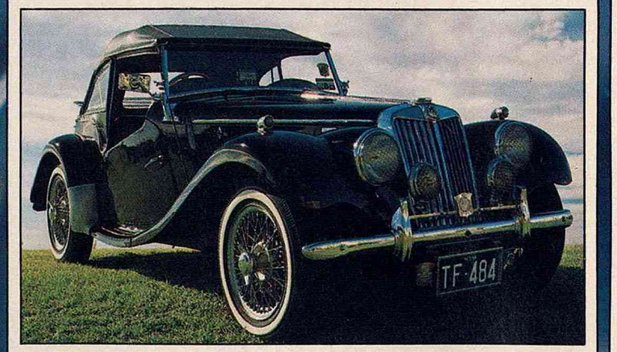
The 1930 MG Midget was originally designed as *sporty* but offered such good roadholding that it was soon regarded as a sports car.



The most prized MG in the world, the K3 Magnette is one of the greatest 1100cc racing cars ever built, selling at $71,000 today.



After World War Two, introduction of the TC Midget precipitated the craze for high-performance British sports cars in America.



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MOVIES

the local film industry adds to its legend with the breakaway success of morant

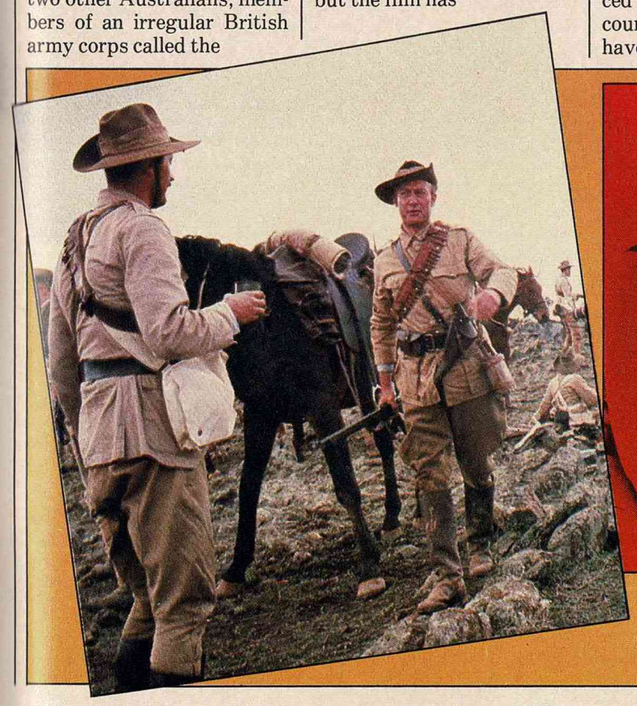
MY one surprise on seeing **Breaker Morant**, Bruce Beresford's wonderful and heartening new film about the last days of a great Australian patriot and adventurer, was that no one had made a film about him before. What a luminous and irresistible character he was! A man of surpassing courage and physical prowess, an intrepid soldier, a horseman of legendary skill, a poet and balladeer, a fervent lover of his adopted country, and a personification of the idealism and national pride that marked the early days of Australian nationhood. It is difficult to think of another person whose career as a man of action and a man of feeling contained more of the elements of good cinema. If Harry Harbord Morant had not existed, it would have been necessary for the Australian Film Commission to invent him.

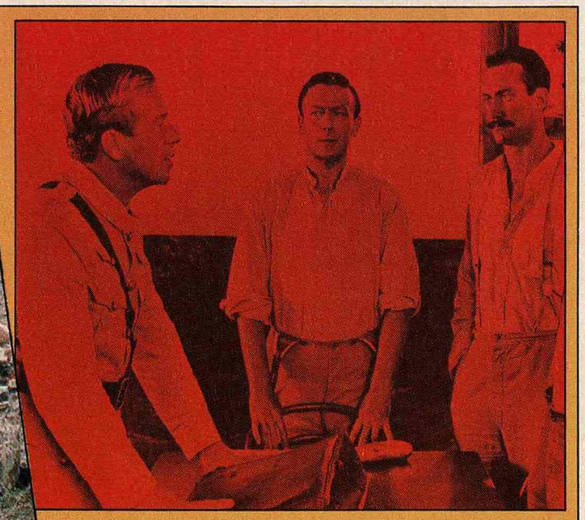
Mr Beresford's film is based on the play by Kenneth Ross and deals entirely with an incident in the Boer War, in which Morant and two other Australians, members of an irregular British army corps called the Bushveldt Carbineers, were court-martialled and executed by the British for the murder of Boer prisoners. But there was much more to Morant's career than this. Born in Devon and claiming to be the son of Admiral Sir George Digby Morant (a claim denied by the putative father), Morant migrated to Australia in the 1880s, reputedly because of an unpaid gambling debt, and worked in Queensland as a drover. He gained a reputation as a horseman, and tales of his riding feats were told long after his death. In 1891, he began contributing ballads to the Sydney *Bulletin* under the pen name of The Breaker.

Since fact and fiction are irretrievably mixed in Morant's life, much of it clouded by romantic legend, it is difficult to say how much of the film is reliable as history. Some of it certainly seems to be dubious; so let me deal quickly with some carping but necessary criticisms. Morant was in fact charged on three separate occasions, but the film has telescoped these incidents into one for narrative convenience. It also, I think, takes liberties with the character of P.J. Handcock, one of Morant's fellow-officers and co-defendants, who is painted as every bit as dashing and romantic as Morant himself—a sort of Butch Cassidy and Sundance combination which probably stretches the facts too far. (There was actually a fourth officer charged by the British, a man named Picton, but no mention is made of him in the film; however, it deals sympathetically with Witton, the third defendant, whose sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.) Because of the way the film is structured, we are told little of Morant's early life, with the result that the motivation and character of the man remain somewhat mysterious throughout.

For all that, *Breaker Morant* seems to me wholly successful — enthralling as a documentary narrative and as a work of art. It is also the first Australian-produced movie set in another country. No other film I have viewed captures more powerfully the early stirrings of Australian national pride and the emotional springs of patriotism as a positive and creative force. The film opens with the court-martial in a bleak military barracks near Pretoria. A series of carefully integrated flashbacks illustrate the military actions and incidents leading up to the trial. This is a hazardous technique but Beresford handles it with great skill, and a mass of complex material is presented with pace and lucidity. There is a rousing action sequence when a group of Boers attacks the British barracks during the trial and the three Australian prisoners help repulse the attack. Even without this Butch Cassidy-like sequence (which contains some of the best stunt work in an Australian movie since *Mad Max),* our interest in the story never flags.

Beresford and producer Matt Carroll have put together what is perhaps the best array of actors ever assembled for an Australian movie, and their collective performances cannot be ignored. Edward Woodward





Breaker Morant gained attention at this year's Cannes Film Festival when Jack Thompson, above, was cited for his role as the solicitor who defends Morant and Handcock (Edward Woodward and Bryan Brown), shown at left.

Although they need no introduction after topping the charts with record sales well in excess of 40 million, the Village People (pictured above) are the big news in producer Allan Carr's maniacally exuberant and glittery "with it" musical, **Can't Stop the Music.** Unisex is alive and well (or sick, if you insist) and throbbing through every frame of *Music.* Whether the boys are individually gay or straight is pretty much beside the point when Glenn, Ray, Alexander, David, Felipe and Randy start breaking things up with an exhilarating filmed version of their hit single YMCA, plus a showstopper called Liberation and other disco-tempo happenings by composer Jacques Morali,creator of the Village People.

Valerie Perrine plays a top model, recently retired from the limelight, who's dabbling in the music biz with her roommate (Steven Guttenberg, as the music composer Jack Morrell), abetted by her current suitor (Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner) and an old flame (Paul Sand). The script is silly and obvious, perhaps the ultimate example of a movie made as a promotional gimmick to hype album sales, with everything modish and merchandisable thrown into the hopper. Yet, like any really snappy commercial, it's a dynamite entertainment, all the same. One of the movie's most pleasant surprises is Jenner, appealingly loose and goofy as a square tax lawyer who learns to let himself go after a brief exposure to the Village People. Comedienne Nancy Walker directed *Can't Stop the Music,* in effect splattering years of showbiz savvy over the screen with a trowel. Milos Forman's *Hair* and Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz* were 10 times more skilfully made. *Music* will probably make 10 times more money than either of them. That's a slightly grudging tribute to the entrepreneurial genius of Carr, who also produced *Grease,* not very good but still the highest-grossing musical in film history. Carr must be doing something right, and he has flamboyantly done it again.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

brings just the right combination of insolence, bravura and inner contemplation to the part of Morant, and Bryan Brown is splendidly engaging as Handcock, the larrikin warrior. At the risk of enumerating the entire cast, I would praise also a young newcomer, Lewis Fitz-Gerald, as Witton; Charles Tingwell, excellent as the intolerant Colonel Denny who presides at the court-martial; and Vincent Ball, who turns in a masterly vignette as an urbane perjurer. But the surprise is Jack Thompson who, for all his rugged charm, has never seemed the most sensitive or contemplative of Australian actors. As Major Thomas, the small-town solicitor with the hopeless task of defending the Australians, he gives a performance of commanding confidence and authority. His final summing-up to the court is a model of impassioned restraint.

Morant's final work in his death cell is a ballad for the *Bulletin* and a letter to his wife, in which he writes the inscription "Australia For Ever". Such is the strength of the film that the words don't strike us as a cheap slogan but something more in the nature of a personal credo. "Shoot straight, don't make a mess of it," Morant calls out at the last moment. It is advice that might well have been given to Beresford and his scriptwriters before their work began. As it happens, the advice was not needed. They have shot it straight, and they have certainly not made a mess of it. *Breaker Morant* is an ambitious, important, deeply-moving film, superbly photographed and edited, and realised with telling understatement and maturity. It is just the sort of movie our local industry needs at the moment.

•

The Chain Reaction, a new Australian thriller by Ian Barry, is an excellent contemporary conception and opens with ominous promise as Russell Boyd's camera tracks in chill, pre-dawn light through a strange, refinery-like installation that is identified as WALDO (Western Atomic Long-term Disposal Organisation), a nuclear-waste repository situated somewhere in the central Australian desert. A distant explosion is heard deep in the innards of the plant, and we are carried swiftly along labyrinthine corridors past deserted storage tanks as a scientist struggles to find the source of the blast and repair the damage. Later, we learn that an earth tremor has ruptured a tank and released a catastrophically huge quantity of radioactive waste into an underground water supply. Heinrich, the scientist attempting to repair the leak, receives a fatal dose of radiation. Realising that the accident poses all sorts of threats to neighboring life and limb, and pursued by sinister WALDO officials anxious to conceal the truth, Heinrich escapes from his sick-bed in an inexorable, desperate attempt to warn humanity of its fate.

So far so good. The early scenes, exploiting the impersonal desolation of the nuclear establishment and its silent, lethal technology, are executed with such flair that

Sinister scientific agents in the sci-fi thriller *The Chain Reaction* victimise innocent target Carmel, played by Arna-Maria Winchester.

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we have little time to reflect on the obvious questions. I was never sure, for example, even at the end of the film, how serious the threat was meant to be, but I gather the whole continent, if not the planet is supposed to be imperilled. (The title at least suggests as much.) This seems improbable however one regards the potential hazards of nuclear power. But if the accident indeed poses a threat to human survival, then why is it that WALDO people bother to conceal it? Surely, in such an extremity, no one would have much to lose — or are WALDO themselves unsure of the potential effects? If the desert-set establishment was no more than a dumping ground, why should it be manned full-time by scientists? What are they supposed to be doing, unless it is to guard against a nuclear mishap and take necessary precautions to premonish the public? In any case, the motives of the WALDO corporation bosses (here personified by Ralph Cotterill in clipped accents and grey business suit) seem hard to follow. It may be that I have a very naive or imperfect grasp of the film's message. But for a work which deals with an issue of so much momentous consequence, it is surely only fair (and socially responsible) that the factual basis of the film should be as credible and authentic as possible. I'm afraid it is not.

•

In painting, Picasso; in music, Sibelius; in literature, G. B. Shaw and Bertrand Russell; in theatre, Sybil Thorndike and Edith Evans; and in cinema, Alfred Hitchcock. Those 20th century artists, whose work and impact have spanned more than five decades of active creative life, are a select and precious band; and none was more revered and imitated than Hitchcock, who died in Los Angeles halfway through the production of his 54th film. Alone among film directors, his work stretched back to the very beginnings of the cinema, encompassing every technical innovation from sound to color to widescreen. All lovers of the art, especially those who presume to be its critics, must be allowed a last brief tribute to him. For me, he was never so much the master of suspense as the supreme master of entertainment. By modern standards, his movies were rather tame, and, with the notable exception of *Psycho*, relatively free of gore and bloodshed. His techniques were old-fashioned and often laborious, and his characters shallow; even the most suspenseful sequences had a certain self-conscious predictability, as if Hitchcock were slyly mocking not only his audiences but even the medium itself. Yet there was a charm and integrity in all his work that set it instantly apart. One has only to compare the crop-duster sequence in *North by Northwest* with a similar sequence in a James Bond movie to realise that Hitchcock never used violence for its own sake; violence, in fact, was a more rare ingredient in his movies than romantic love. The idea of some specific "Catholic" reference in his work is probably somewhat far-fetched, but that his films make a serious statement about moral ambiguity and the fragility of social order seems indisputable. Three of the finest works from his American period — *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Vertigo* and *Rear Window* — have never been re-released. Hitchcock, with typically mischievous, commercial cunning, is said to have bought all the rights to these three films and kept the master copies in his private vault. I hope it will not be long before some enterprising local repertory cinema gives us a second viewing. The TV stations might even be tempted to screen some of his delightful English films — such as *The Lady Vanishes* and *Foreign Correspondent* — but since they were made in black and white, we would probably have to wait till midnight to see them. — EVAN WILLIAMS

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SHOWBIZ

what is long-time radical richard neville doing on the mike walsh show? chatting

ANARCHISTS left over from the swinging '60s who are still bitching about the status quo were no doubt seriously unnerved by the appearance of Richard Neville as a regular on *The Mike Walsh Show*. We all know that Mr Walsh could hardly be described as an aggressive political thinker, and Mr Neville has spent the past 20 years stamping on conservative toes as the noisiest spokesman for the radical left. But the duffle-coat, funny cigarette brigade can relax. Richard hasn't sold out. "Sure, I've been accused of giving up, but it's not as if I was about to start doing the six o'clock weather," he said.

"Quite frankly, I regard the Walsh show as a broad spectrum antibiotic against intolerance. I mean, what other chat show would switch from Jeannie Little to discussions about homosexuality and abortion?"

Fair enough, but will his contribution fit in with the undeniably bland formula?

"Of course it will. There are a lot of intelligent people out there you know. And I'm not going to spend my entire time running around the communes and yapping to dope smokers. There's no way I want to be a Keith Smith to a lot of aging hippies. There are a lot of issues that need to be covered, and it's nice to do it on a regular wage."

•

Speaking of rather strange television performers, Mr John Singleton continues to astound people with his somewhat rough and ready chat show on Sydney's Channel 10. It's not exactly a huge puller of ratings, but it's doing nicely enough to ensure its survival until the end of the year. (That at least was the prediction at the time PLAYBOY went to press. Singo works on a three-monthly handshake agreement and both he and his boss, Rupert Murdoch, are famous for snap changes in direction.) Anyway, is the former advertising genius, football fancier and stirrer enjoying himself?

"Oh, I don't know, mate. It's pretty rough having to leave the beach at five o'clock and go and yap to people about whatever you like and then get paid a fortune for it."

And the highlight of the show so far? "I reckon the night we had Tiny Tim on, wearing a Mickey Mouse suit and talking with three female impersonators about whether it's okay for blokes to dress up as birds was pretty good stuff. I reckon that you'd be battling to get something weirder than that on TV."

Bottle-blonde punk rocker Deborah Harry and Blondie are due for a return trip to Oz. If someone can come up with the money.

•

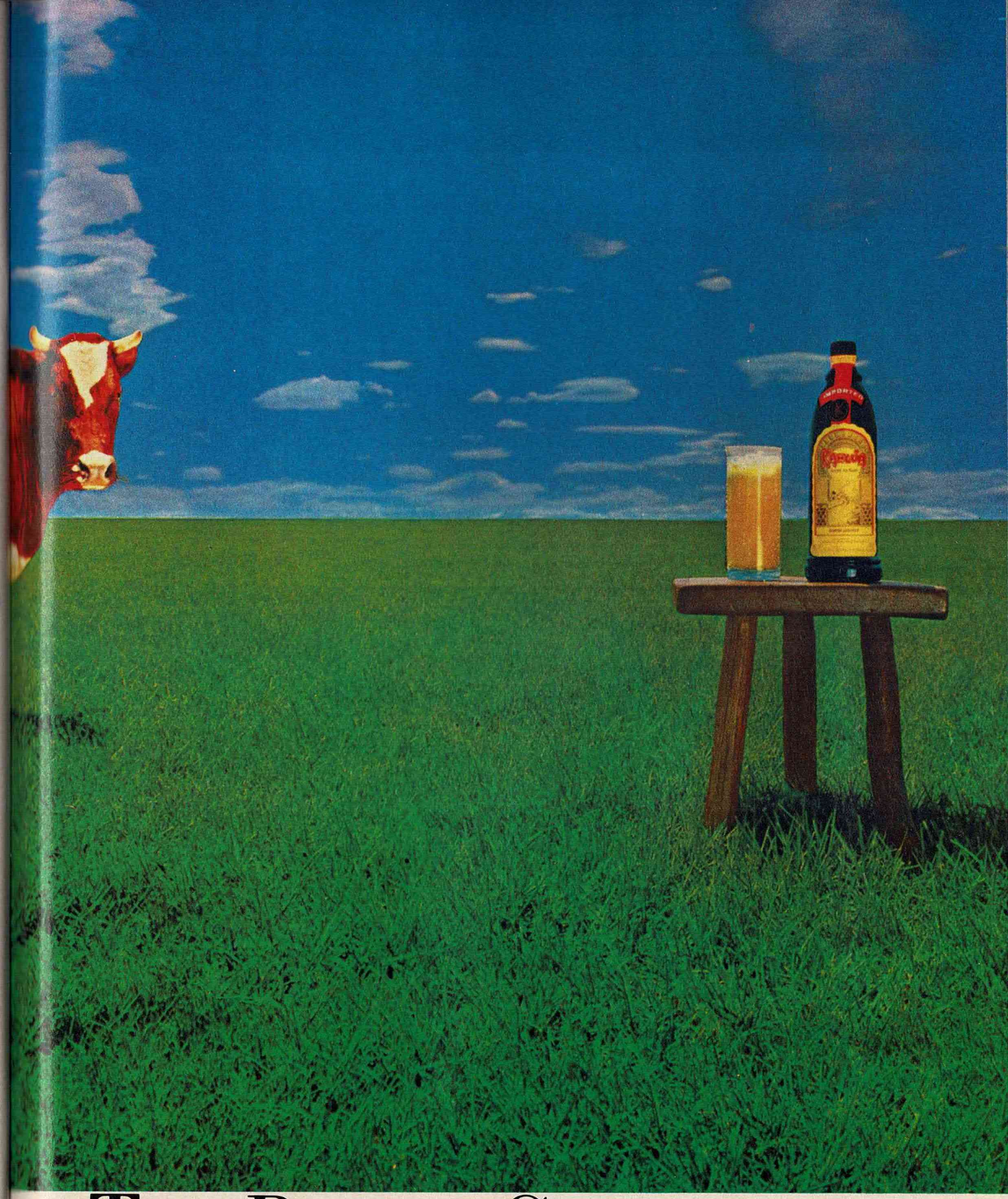
Those who fancy birds with bottle-blonde hair and even features will be ecstatic to hear of tour plans by Miss Deborah Harry, the former PLAYBOY bunny, and singer who fronts New York band Blondie. Miss Harry and the lads have come, as they say, a long way since their last disastrous tour of Oz in 1977 when the people stayed away in droves. Three years ago, the band was, well, a little rough (more churlish critics at the time preferred the term bloody awful) but they're much improved under the direction of the millionaire record producer Mike Chapman. One hopes that Miss Harry will not take herself so seriously on this second tour. Last time she was here, the influence of English punk was pretty strong, and the lady distinguished herself by being hideously awful to anybody who got within range. So awful, in fact, that she was given a canning by almost every journo in the country. And when can we expect another dose of fashionable New York pop? Well, probably about September-November . . . assuming a promoter can come up with the dough.

•

It looks as if a 31-year-old Sydney actor, who is far from handsome and who usually looks very grumpy in publicity stills, is set to become the major Oz movie star for the '80s. Bryan Brown . . . it's a familiar name, but few people can actually put a face to it. Assuming, of course, that you aren't a regular viewer of Oz pictures. Those who are will be sick of the sight of him. In the past four years he's had major roles in (and this is quite a list) *The Irishman, Weekend Of Shadows, The Money Movers, Kathy's Child, The Odd Angry Shot, Quarter, Breaker Morant* and the soon-to-be-released ripper called *Stir*. So far he's avoided working on the tube, except for a guest appearance in *Against The Wind*. But he'll finally reach a wider audience early next year with the premiere of the Seven Network's new series, *A Town Like Alice*. That and the expected impact of *Stir* (a film about the Bathurst prison riots which caused your correspondent to down several double brandies after its devastating preview recently) will almost establish him as your actual top star. A dubious honor, but at least he's a good actor.

•

Sydney papers, in fact most papers around the country, have had a wonderful time lately bleating about Paul Hogan's secret-shock - horror - exclusive plans for a movie. Well, to put the record straight, we can report that, yes, he and manager John Cornell have written a script for an adventure picture. And, yes, it's planned to star Hoges as a truck driver who gets into appalling trouble at the hands of some revolutionaries (in a foreign location), but that's as far as things go. There's no shooting date planned, the backers still haven't been finalised, and they're still talking about distribution. Despite his yahoo image, Mr Hogan is a nice bloke who loathes the showbiz bull which surrounds matters of this kind. Hence his reluctance to say anything about the project until everything is final. Meanwhile he continues to work alone on a series of specials for the Nine Network under an amazing agreement which allows him to work as much as he wants when he wants. ANDREW SAW



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BOOKS

sexual secrets of the orient and somerset maugham make sizzling reading

IF YOUR sex life leaves something to be desired, a coffee table sized book called *Sexual Secrets* (Hutchinson) could be just what you're looking for to broaden the imagination and set your body straining to equal the physical accomplishments of those horny Asian ancients.

Author Nick Douglas spent eight years in the Himalayas researching the secrets of oriental lovemaking, many of which he claims have never before been revealed to the West. Certainly some of the sexual positions — there are more than 600 illustrations by British artist Penny Slinger — defy imagination — such as the Posture of the Gobbling Fishes, which is of simultaneous benefit to all three parties involved; or Turning the Dragon, Mounting the Tortoise (a long, slow climax, this one) or Cranes with Joined Necks. And many, many more that you probably have never even dreamed were possible.

But first you'll have to know the theory of Tantric lovemaking (the tantra in Sanskrit is associated with weaving, an art demanding a sense of synthesis, care and attention). To succeed the way the ancients did you'll have to devote a good deal of time in meditation, rituals and various mantras to awaken the Kundalini (that inner fire likened to a serpent) and soar to the heights of liberation. Rather than go into the theory, I'll try to present a picture of what might happen to the average suburban couple after they have read this book. . .

There are more than 600 illustrations showing oriental sex positions in *Sexual Secrets*. Author Nick Douglas spent eight years researching the book — the poor fellow.

Madge prostrates to Shiva, the great god or the immortal divine principle whose symbol, an erect phallus, stands before her on the dressing table. Nothing like it to help concentrate the energies. Norm prepares himself with the intoning of "OM-Bhur-Bhuwah-Swa" — the mantra he uses to control and focus sexual energy. They meditate to detach themselves from all wordly things and grind their teeth seven times to produce much saliva while repeating: "May the Golden Essence of the Original White Light bring my five Inner Flowers to life."

Smoothly they move into the first position, Splitting the Bamboo, and then to Fixing a Nail and the Alternate Yawning Position as Norm goes through the Four Techniques: Downward Motion ("like a smith hammering a metal mirror"); Retention ("to hold the delight as one would the lamp in a storm"); Backward Motion ("like an elephant drinking the water") and Saturation ("like a farmer watering his crops"). He has his mind on Yang things such as mountains and volcanoes while Madge is visualising the passive Yin images such as valleys, water and pools.

Madge, feeling the fires rising, calls out "Hun hun hun", evoking the sound of the quail rather than the worldly western noises to gain some control over her ecstasies. Norm meanwhile holds back, making a big effort to draw the energy upwards, tracing the flow in his mind's eye. He mentally intones the seed mantra SWAHA at the moment of ejaculation and touches the top of Madge's head as an act of empowerment.

"I think I made it to the three realms that time," Madge confides later, talking about her journey to this world, the next, and the eternity. All done from their suburban bedroom.

But all Norm can think about is trying out the Herd of Cows position with all Madge's tennis friends. . .

Seriously, this is a very entertaining and deeply researched book which aims to help you explore the joys of sexual awareness. But it is a very conservative book, too, warning that mutual commitment is an essential ingredient to unlocking the sexual secrets. It cautions against male homosexuality (but not lesbianism), anal sex — and even masturbation, saying the Yang force of Heaven (man) and the Yin force of earth (woman) need to complement each other in lovemaking.

But nearly everything else goes. — ROSS FARQUHAR

•

I had read all of Maugham's stories by the time I was 15, and was greatly attracted by their urbanity, their cynicism and their spare but powerful prose style. The next writer whose style impressed me, though for different reasons, was Jack Kerouac. I read *On the Road* in 1959, six years before Maugham's death, and it is striking to note that Maugham's career began in Victorian England and survived into the psychedelic 1960s.

When he was born in 1874, Tennyson was Poet Laureate; when World War One broke out he was too old for active service, yet this prince of Edwardians died shortly before Kerouac, King of the Beatniks.

When Maugham published his first novel — *Liza of Lambeth* in 1897 — the Oscar Wilde scandal was still reverberating throughout polite English society, and Maugham knew many of Wilde's friends. And even though Maugham often saw prostitutes in his youth, married, and had a child, he was a homosexual until well into his 80s. His fear of exposure and public humiliation led him to disguise his sexual inclinations.

It is no coincidence that the main charge levelled at his work was that he showed no human warmth. In his own personal life, too open a display of his feelings could have had disastrous results.

There have been many books about Maugham — some slanderous, and some well-intentioned but inaccurate. He was a secretive, contradictory and sometimes deceitful man, and his own memory was often faulty. *Somerset Maugham* (Jonathan Cape) is the most thorough treatment of his life available, and Ted Morgan has done an excellent job of setting the record straight. The book is more than 700 pages long, and almost 100 pages of it consist of notes and references. That still leaves some 600 pages to deal with a writer who lived and worked into his 90s, and one of the book's faults — at least for the casual reader — is that we get too much.

As with all biographies, the sparkle comes from the anecdotes. One of my favorites: when Maugham was in his late 80s, senile and erratic (he once defecated behind a sofa while distinguished guests were entering the room) he remarked of Winston Churchill, a friend and neighbor: "If you think I'm gaga, you should see Winston."

Maugham made a fortune from his writing. He wrote more than 70 plays, novels and collections of stories and essays, and managed his financial affairs with an obsessive attention to detail. By the time he was an old man he was a millionaire, and though he was generous to his friends, he kept a streak of meanness to the end.

He is one of the most popular and widely-read authors of all time, yet the critics generally looked down on his work. This book is rather long-winded, but does give a perceptive view of his virtues and foibles. It also outlines his achievements as a writer, which came from a sharply observing eye and years of hard work and his faults, which developed out of a repressed and bitter personality. — JOHN TRANTER

•

"In all societies, the man or woman who is not decorated — in some way changed from their natural animal state — is, in a sense, dumb. Like gesture, body decoration is a kind of language or code which is spoken through hair styles, mutilation, tattooing or painting." This is the conclusion of anthropologist Robert Brain in his book *The Decorated Body* (Hutchinson).

Doesn't that make you feel better about the $20 for that razor cut or just trying out that new moisturiser — sorry, skin conditioner.

When most of us think of decorated bodies, the immediate image is of "primitive" people daubing themselves with soot and ochre. We tend to forget the same things compose most European makeup. But in this book Brain never lets us forget for a moment.

This scholarly but readable and certainly beautifully illustrated work sets out the universality of body decoration and tries to place it in some sort of social, sexual or religious context.

Brain spares few cultures from his analysis although he seems to deal more gently with a culture the more it differs from our own. In fact, he shows a positive anti-European bias.

Perhaps his approach is, more than anything else, an attempt to shock the complacent Western reader with quite a new way of looking at things like corsets, plastic surgery, high-heeled shoes and even dieting. It does make our approach seem a bit stitched up.

By Brain's admission, the book has been rather arbitrarily divided into chapters to give some order to the mass of material he presents. The first five chapters deal primarily with what various peoples do to their bodies. Starting out with painting, tattooing and scarring, it's then on to mutilation such as Chinese foot binding, 19th century Western corsetry, circumcision and clitoridectomy, and head shaping. Finally, he deals with the "plastic body", covering body shaping by diet, exercise or the surgeon's knife.

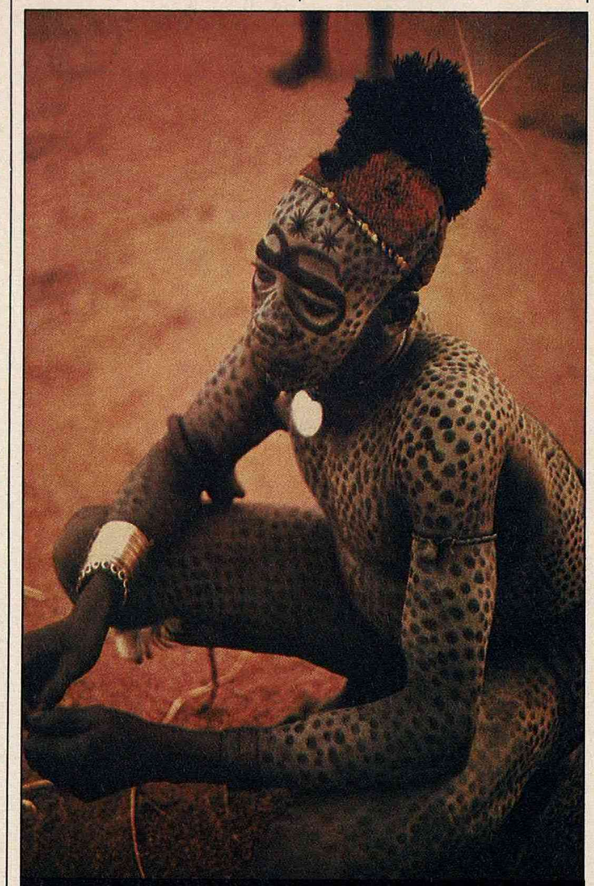
The second half of the book is an attempt at explaining why people decorate themselves. Brain discusses symbolic, sexual, social and religious attitudes as well as "the animal body" and rites of passage.

While at first many of the practices appear repellent, with Brain's unsensational style the context of the activities gives them, if not an aura of normalcy, at least credibility. Certainly many other cultures seem to be much more at ease with their bodies, using paints or tattoos on the skin to emphasise beauty rather than clothing the body.

Although many of Brain's conclusions in the final chapter seem rather simplistic, there can be little doubt about the research, sincerity and care which went into this book. And, with its dozens of often rather provocative photographs, it should certainly bridge the gap between academic and popular anthropology. — JERRY DEAL

•

It used to be a common malpractice for authors to take a smattering of fact, embellish it with purple prose and excuse themselves their literary licence with that apparently legal but venal let-out: All the characters in this book are



Don't mock the body paintings of "primitive" tribes. We encourage women to daub themselves, and Robert Brain's comparisons in *The Decorated Body* are hardly flattering.

fictitious and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is just pure coincidence. A coincidence? Codswallop! Any author who claims he hasn't borrowed on his personal experience or his inter-relation with others, their fortunes, misfortunes or mannerisms either bears false witness or is deluded into believing his own romanticism.

Thankfully, many of the current crop of new authors are more honest. They admit their imagination has been fired by factual events and real people, and that they have chosen the fiction route to express their interpretation of what might have been. They then leave it to the reader to try and sort out the fact from fantasy.

In fact only two people have ever known the correct balance of truth in Brian Garfield's latest book, *The Paladin* (Macmillan). One, Winston Churchill, took his share of the secret to the grave. The second, "Christopher Creighton", has loaned his pseudonym to the book as a collaborator, and it is obvious that he has been willing to tell Garfield only part of the truth. But even if there is only an essence of truth in the rich brew that is *The Paladin*, the book bares another chilling facet of the lengths to which Churchill was prepared to go to shape his own destiny as one of the great men in history.

As Garfield relates it, Churchill and Creighton's paths first crossed when, as a 15-year-old public schoolboy, Creighton fell over an unmortared brick wall being built by his mother's landlord. Churchill was the bricklayer and landlord. A bond grew between the man and the teenager, and when the Nazi march began Churchill called on the boy to exploit his school friendship with a Belgian prince to discover details of the occupational pact between Germany and Belgium.

Thus Creighton was launched on an incredible trail of espionage in which he leapt from public schoolboy to man to killer in just a few months. It is almost impossible to believe that Creighton was used in such key roles at the most critical stages of the war, even allowing for the fact that fact is often less credible than fiction. Perhaps *The Paladin* is best read as a morality play on the bastardisation of youth in the cause of God, King and Country. – RUSSELL DEILEY

•

Real-life heroes and anti-heroes of the 20th century also decorate the pages of the Derek Marlowe novel *The Rich Boy from Chicago* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson). But unlike the admirable Creighton, the rich boy, Freddie Geddes, is overwhelmed by history, not part of it. By a quirk of timing, Geddes escapes being kidnapped by the Nietzsche-powered killers of the roaring '20s, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, and spends the rest of his life apologising for not keeping that appointment with death.

Geddes is caught up in the slipstream of John F. Kennedy, but is unmoved by the magic of Camelot, and the spectre of Burgess and McLean touch his blighted life. He holds the centre stage as reluctantly as any character in modern literature, and the mere fact that he is able to command our interest, pity and contempt through the 440 pages is testimony to the skill of a very fine author.

Marlowe's style conjures an almost surreal effect. The influence of Scott Fitzgerald seems embarrassingly obvious in the opening chapters, but Marlowe mocks our premature judgment with one devastating observation of Geddes by a bit player: "He thinks he is Gatsby, but he's just a rich Jewish snob." That is the signal for a subtle but distinctive change of gear by one of the most lucid and interesting breed of young writers.

Rich Boy is a low-key tragedy of a man who lost his way, his God and his ability to give emotionally unto others as they give unto him. – RUSSELL DEILEY

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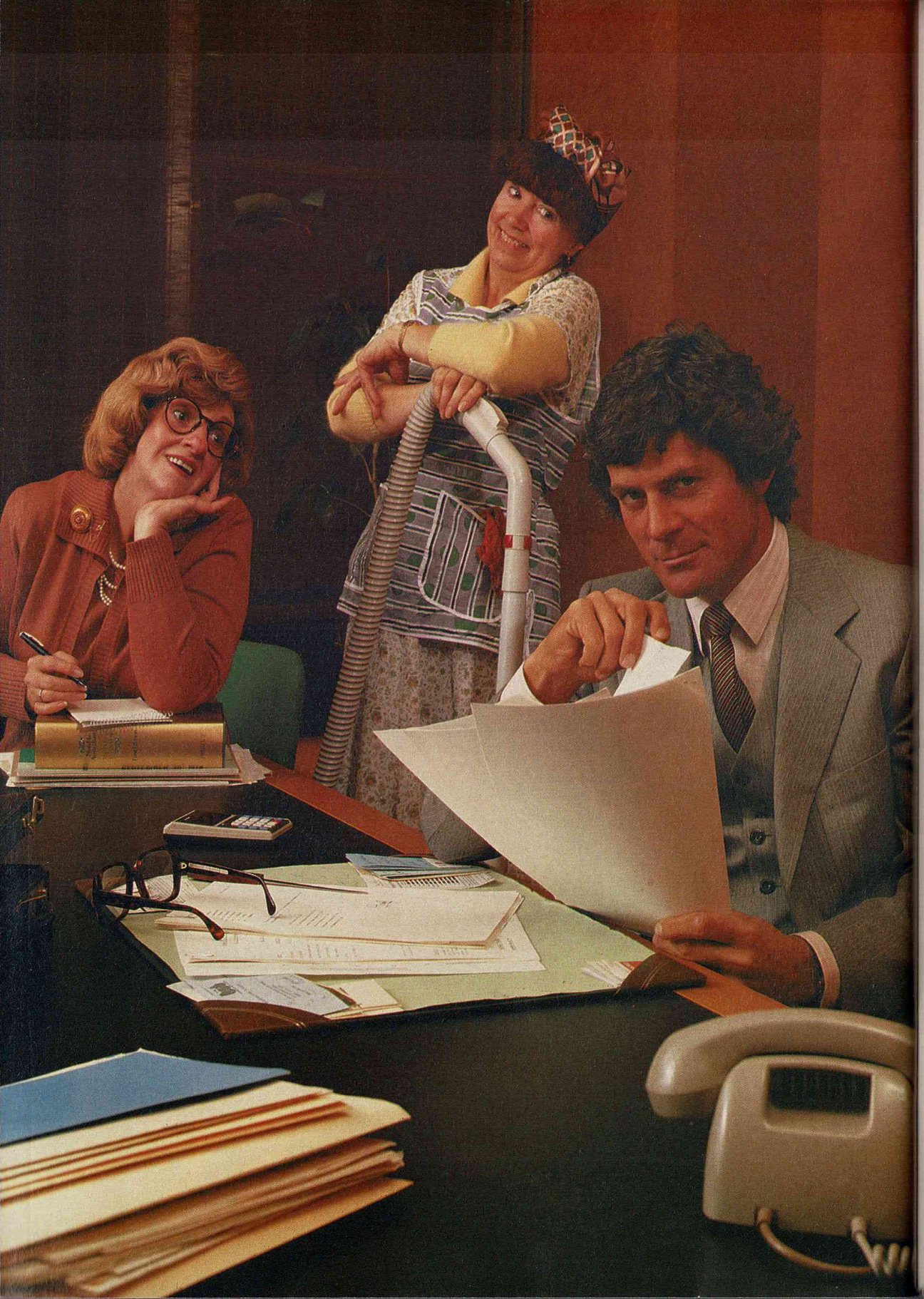

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MUSIC

boz scaggs shuffles an old deck and deals a fistful of aces on middle man

RUNNING THE risk of losing his grip on that slice of market carved out by the monumental *Silk Degrees* album, Boz Scaggs determined to come up with the goods on his latest colossus, *Middle man* (CBS).This new record, while never quite matching the all-round balance of *Silk Degrees*, has at least captured that Scaggs feel for pace and diversity that was definitely missing on the more recent *Down Two Then Left.*

The man has the rare gift of being able to pen blue-blood melodies which, when cast in behind his distinctive voice, convey a power base of originality. And if there was any risk of that failing, he enlisted enough class musicians to ensure that it would at least sound as good as possible. Despite a memorable solo from Carlos Santana on You Can Have Me Anytime, it is the presence of keyboard and synthesiser whiz David Foster which puts the high octane in this set. Of course, Scaggs has flung the fillies in for that rich vocal support, but it is Foster's presence, both as musician and as co-writer, which is all-important. His power-laden intro to the title cut is but a tiny portion of his overall influence.

Produced and engineered by Bill Schnee, *Middle man* has put Scaggs right back in centre stream where the tried and true formula of good tunes put down by the best people always adds up to quality.

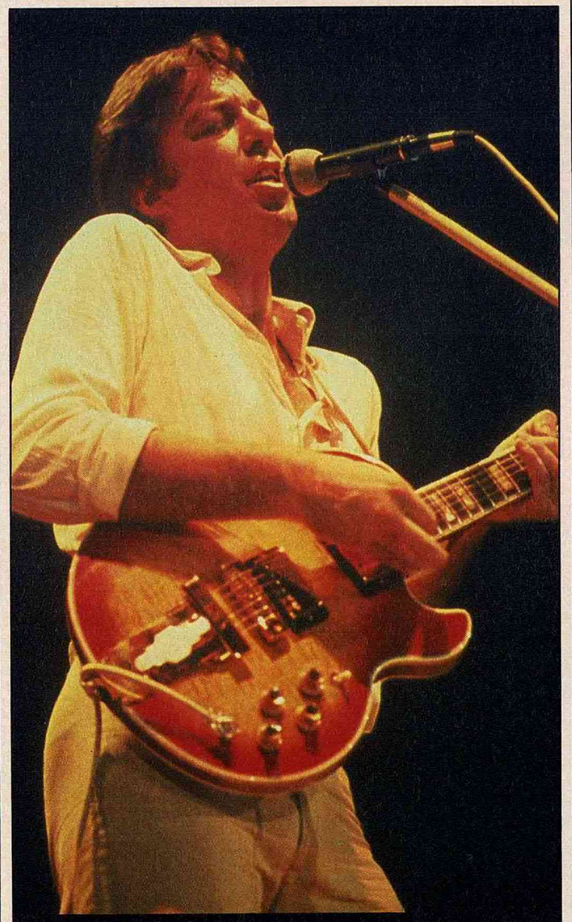
•

Genesis, winners in the game of survival, have dug their way out of the recording studio clutching their 10th album in 10 years. *Duke* (Charisma) is the recorded clincher that the nucleus of talent which carried Genesis through the '70s is still strong enough for the '80s. These Brits have created more spin-off talent than almost any other UK outfit with their grand theatric Peter Gabriel leading the line-up followed by smart guitarist Steve Hackett, Tony Banks, Michael Rutherford and Phil Collins pursuing separate projects at different times. The rock press has written Genesis off on numerous occasions but, like Ali, the band keeps coming back.

Duke holds no truck with the popular return to short snappy pop tunes. Genesis is still very much the grand old testament in terms of UK rock history and the *Duke* is royalty in the strictest early '70s fashion. Grand keyboard passages from Banks and those willowy Collins vocal leads say more about Steve Winwood than Elvis Costello. It's got nothing to do with back-dating; it's an acknowledged recognition by Genesis that not everyone is surfing the new wave or plucking punk.

•

No matter what the jokes might convey, the only true generalisation that can be made about the Irish is that they defy classification. And the same goes for Eire's beautiful ethnic music. The latest, and no doubt, finest sampling of the music is *Boil The Breakfast Early* (CBS), the Chieftains' ninth album released here. In terms of cultural interchange and ethnic blending throughout the history of mankind, it has been Ireland's isolation which more than anything has preserved that distinctive Irish psyche and the people's love for music and expression. It is a passion which defies the march of time and trend, and proof of the basic beauty of the music can be found in the tremendous world-wide popularity enjoyed by the Chieftains. Paddy Moloney and his five mates count Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, Paul McCartney and the Pope among their fans, proving once again that their music is the most complex yet commonest of any language.



The formula behind *Silk Degrees* — slick production, whawha female chorus, big band — was Boz Scaggs' recipe for success, and he follows it to the letter on *Middle man.*

On *Boil The Breakfast Early*, the traditional blend of fiddle, harp, flutes, bodhran, bagpipes and tin whistle unearth the very peat of Ireland's rich, dark musical history. It has the ingredients of celebration, mourning, passion, humor, whimsy and all those in-between moods of which the Irish appear to have a monopoly. Consider the liner notes to the tune, When A Man's In Love:

"Kevin learned this song from the singing of Paddy Tunney of Fermanagh who first had it from his Uncle Mick, and in his lovely autobiographical book *The Stone Fiddle* he writes that, 'When Mick spat out the mouthful of tacks with which cobblers and shoemakers are wont to clutter that area between tongue and palate, he could declaim a love song with any swain who fell victim of Cupid's Bow. He revelled in the range and drama of a song like When A Man's In Love He Feels No Cold, and indeed he was the first man or woman I ever heard sing it'." Brilliant!

•

Wouldn't it be nice if record companies would not haunt our memories with items like the Beach Boys' *Keepin' the Summer Alive* (Caribou)? Just when reviewers had packed away the Sex Pistols, nuked the Knack and Harry Butler-ed the Flying Lizards jabber, along comes the sound of endless summers past to melt the wax on our surfboards and the lining of our fob pockets.

If the truth be told, the title is rather misleading because the album has more of the sophistication of the splendid *Holland* album than the stompie-wompie ingredient. There's lots of fun in the title tune and the belt-along vocal bash of Sunshine; but the real style is tubed away in the ground swell conveyed by When Girls Get Together, Goin' On and Oh Darlin'.

The supporting entourage is not exactly an old beach bums' reunion, but faces like Joe Walsh might not have been on the coast when the Wilson and Love combo first hit the beach. Produced by Bruce Johnston, the album closes with his Endless Harmony — the gospel according to the Beach Boys:

"Ocean lovers who like to harmonise,
They're all cousins,
friends and brothers,
And they make their mommas cry.
They're record making, heartbreaking,
Just West Coast boys,
But I know it's the beginning of an endless harmony."

•

Two cute babes do not a rock and roll album make; but Heart almost gets there on *Bebe le Strange* (Epic). The Wilson sisters, Ann and Nancy, wear the signature dials on this five-face line-up and, for those who like their Led Zeppelin without the luxury pack, it might make for useful listening. The real surprise comes in the lead vocal of Ann Wilson who is game to tackle anything from a heavy metal bawl to Joplinesque blues. Ann is the voice and Nancy is the instrumentalist. With the adaptable Howard Leese supporting, she slides comfortably from lead to rhythm, and slots in a standard acoustic or mellotron whenever needed. A generalisation might dismiss the work as bottom-line rock, but contradictions in the form of a gentle acoustic break like Silver Wheels or a blast from the Tower of Power Horn Section make an instant dismissal impossible. The Wilsons and Sue Ennis wrote just about everything on the LP and they've strung together 10 tunes guaranteed to steal ya' heart away.

•

It was more the writing punch of Steve Marriott and Ronnie Lane than the streetwise keyboard funk of Ian McLagan which gave the original Small Faces a popular edge. Some years and a few bands later, McLagan has regrouped all his energies to deliver *Troublemaker* (Mercury), a tidy little collection featuring contributions from Keith Richards, Ron Wood, Ringo Starr, Jim Keltner, Bobby Keys. Familiar faces, and a familiar sound. The old Faces-Rolling Stones clique is a tough, tight pedigree which leans very heavily on the strengthening Wood-Richards association. So, if you've stuck with the Stones thus far you'll probably enjoy this package. It's got that big rhythm drive powering out front of those subdued guitar runs and McLagen's tough keyboard straddle. If that's not familiar enough, the Richards influence is strongly mirrored by the inclusion of a token reggae offering in Truly. The raucous party-crashin' Little Troublemaker might be the real memory-jogger but the cut that stands up to repetitive playing is Mystifies Me, a moody piece of mischief that puts McLagan's vocals in a kind light.

•

If you've ever wondered why record labels snap up lightweight rock outfits like fruit pickers on commission, the answer is simple: they sell. It's a smart equation and explains the rise of San Francisco quintet Journey. The band's third album release is tagged *Departure* (CBS), and it is probably primed to take off for the planet platinum. You'll recognise the formula: wrap non-demanding lyrics with racy rock, garnish heavily with a few ripping solos, a dash of pop/blues and bake to oblivion in a powerhouse tour package. When done, wrap up in a garish album cover and watch it sell like hotcakes. If you can't afford it, don't worry — your neighborhood lick will have it blaring from the back of his midnight blue, mobile brothel. And, if you're lucky, a reproduction of the artwork will be emblazoned on the tailgate.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

Australian jazz enthusiasts have received yet another very welcome release from RCA, thanks to the foresight of their indefatigable adviser Ron Wills whose encyclopaedic knowledge is perhaps better recognised by my generation than those of much less venerable vintage.

It is a double album under the title of *The Legendary Jazz Men.* Some truly historic recordings between 1928-1949 are included, even if the Benny Goodman Quartet is rather underrepresented by Vieni, Vieni than many other tracks that might have been selected. But this is a minor quibble when one considers most of the other 23 pieces.

Anyone wanting a first-rate coverage of that 20-year period should add this set to

Heart and soul: the Wilson sisters, Ann and Mary, sock it to us on their most recent album, *Bebe le Strange*, with a tower of power collection of self-written, bottom-line rock 'n' roll.

their library as, for once, the description "legendary" is fully justified. King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Jack Teagarden, Muggsy Spanier, Earl Hines, Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, Meade Lux Lewis, Count Basie, Henry "Red" Allen, Johnny Hodges, Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie "the Bird" Parker, have tracks under their own names and some of the performances remain true classics of jazz, despite the passage of time.

I particularly commend: Bechet's Blues in the Air (1941), one of the artist's own favorites; Hawkins' unparalleled version of Body and Soul (1939); Gillespie's Anthropology (1946) from the famous sessions that also included Milt Jackson, Al Haig, Ray Brown and J. C. Heard; Hodges with one of his best ever — and this covers a lot of territory — That's the Blues Old Man (1940); Spanier's Relaxin' at the Touro (1939) which epitomised one of the most exceptional jazz sessions ever played anywhere.

Armstrong's inspiration, King Oliver, provides a lulu in Too Late (1929) that confirms all the reasons why Louis so revered his famous predecessor. His own Jack Teagarden Blues (1947) is perhaps not one of his classics, but with people like Big T, Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko, Ernie Caceres and Johnny Guarnieri, it **had** to be good. Naturally Teagarden and Louis trade licks both vocally and instrumentally in a swinging effort that's characteristic of the immediate post-war years.

Jelly Roll is perfectly represented by I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say, with perhaps his best known vocal and some fine soprano saxophone again from the great Bechet.

There must have been more stirring Bix Beiderbecke available than Mississippi Mud (1928) by the Paul Whiteman Orchestra! Certainly it was a celebrated recording with a young Bing Crosby making an early appearance as one member of the band's Rhythm Boys. Nevertheless, Bix' solo was electric and this sound was to shape a school of trumpet playing that is thankfully still with us.

Trumpeter-cum-vocalist Wingy Manone gives one of his zany efforts in Swingin' at the Hickory House (1936) with a group that included Eddie Miller, Matty Matlock, Artie Shapiro and Ray Bauduc. Wingy was to use this same theme under a different guise several times in the years to come. Tunes such as North Hollywood Blues — how they jumped!

Four piano solos of note are also included: Hines' Rosetta (1939); Waller's Numb Fumblin' (1929); Lewis' Honky Tonk Train Blues (1937); Jimmy Yancey's great Yancey Stomp (1939), while Ellington has Pitter Panther Patter (1940) from that wonderful session when he was backed only by bass player extraordinaire Jimmy Blanton who was himself a legendary figure who changed that instrument thereafter.

The finale is one of those Metronome All Star sessions from 1949 when the poll winners for the year put down Overtime with a remarkable line-up that included Bird, Ventura, De Franco, Miles Davis, Fats Navarro, Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, Lennie Tristano and Shelly Manne.

It is a tremendous album that boasts surprisingly good sound quality and a ton of talent, most of it in top form.

•

I cannot be quite as enthusiastic about *The Best of Herbie Hancock* (CBS), being a collection of reissues from 1973-1979. No doubt it is representative of this quite remarkable keyboard player and sometime vocalist who moved from straight jazz into being one of the most successful practitioners of cross-over music. He first achieved public recognition during his years with Miles Davis, and since then has done very well, both solo and with groups.

Several of his popular hits are here: Chameleon (from his Headhunters LP); Hang up Your Hang-ups (Man Child); Doin' It (Secrets); Ready or Not (Feets Don't Fail me Now). Naturally there are the mandatory vocal choruses, clapping hands and echo effects.

It is a fine example of the genre, and the perfect representation for someone looking to find what Hancock through the 1970s was all about. It moves. The musicianship is superb. But to my ears it all sounds a trifle plastic and anonymous. But then I always did like to distinguish Goodman from Shaw from Pee Wee, which, in those far off days, was easy. They were individualists and had something to say. — KYM BONYTHON

NEWSBREAKS

Mental As Anything's new album, *Cargo Cult,* takes its moniker from a peculiar phenomenon observed among primitive Papua-New Guinea tribes. During World War Two, supplies were dropped from aeroplanes, and natives struck up a cult centred around the worship of Western appliances, which were said to contain the "magic" of the white man. The set of bizarre MAA tracks, which record company Regular informs us are "tougher" than those on the last album, includes Troop Movements In The Ukraine. The Mentals begin an Eastern States tour soon, which coincides with the album release. Band manager **Jeremy Fabini** is praying this foray will be more pleasant than the previous one. "It seemed like the gods had taken our *Get Wet* tour slogan too seriously," Fabini comments. "We arrived at the same time as the Queensland floods, the Perth floods, Sydney storms and blackouts in Adelaide."

Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons' *Hats Off, Step Lively* is out after re-mixing delays. This album is the second Falcons/**Peter Solley**/Mushroom collaboration and is a heavily produced, more experimental outing than *Screaming Targets* which nevertheless should prove highly commercial . . . And the flood of Australian products continues. Out now or shortly: *The Secret Policemen's Ball,* a music/comedy LP featuring **Pete Townshend** and **Monty Pythonites** including **John Cleese** . . . Double live album *Roadworks* by **Supertramp,** *Warm Leatherette* by black New York disco queen **Grace Jones,** a very-much-requested-by-punters *Best Of Chain,* an ear-opening LP by West Indian Rasta poet **Linton Kwesi Johnson** *(Bass Culture),* **Richard Clapton's** *Dark Spaces,* the soundtrack of *Roadie* (featuring **Blondie, Alice Cooper, Cheap Trick, Roy Orbison** and **Pat Benatar**), **Carly Simon's** *Come Upstairs* album, a newie from **AC/DC** and **The Blues Brothers:** What's likely to come from **Kevin Borich/Marc Hunter/Todd Hunter/John Annas** rehearsals making a lot of noise around Axle Studios? Who knows? . . .**Cold Chisel** should be starting on the north Queensland leg of their *Youth In Asia* tour about now. They're promoting their new LP, *East,* and the stage is set for the band to cross swords with **The Angels** who are promoting their *Dark Room* set at the Townsville Sound Shell on July 18. The Angels are looking for the light at the end of the tunnel of one of the most gruelling work orgies ever undertaken by an Australian band. Their early 1980 Australian tour saw them straight into the studio to record an LP. That barely finished, they headed for a six-week US tour, segued straight into a European tour and then returned to start another Aussie tour . . .

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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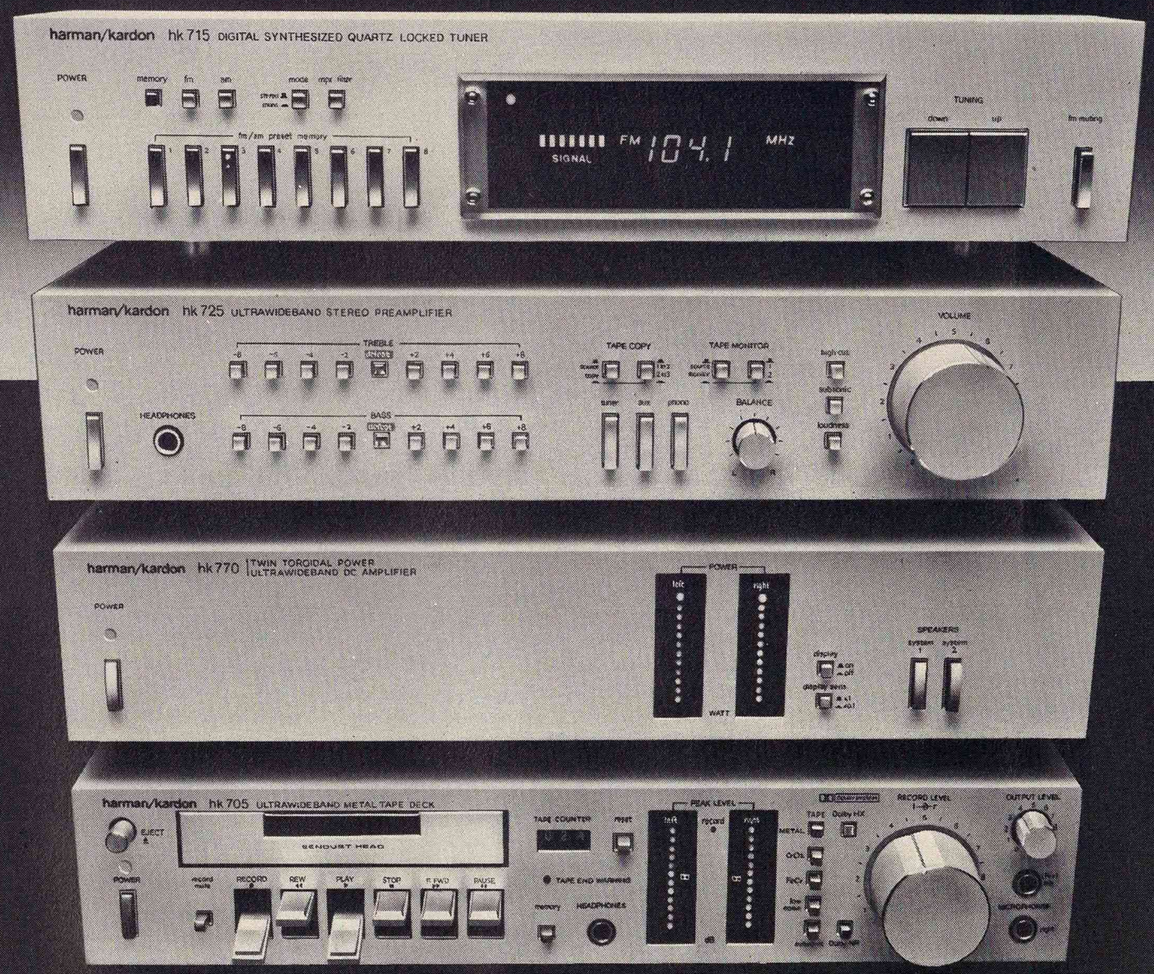

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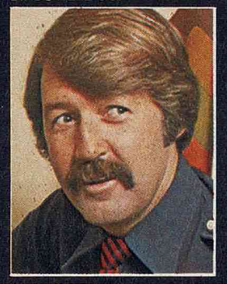
Abigail (Page 121): Fur coat by Stephen Dattner of Melbourne; jewellery by Nice Things; shoes by Raymond Castles. **Page 124:** Cosmetics supplied by Myer; earrings by Percy Marks; table supplied by Design Warehouse. **Page 125:** Skirt by Mushroom Boutique; glasses by Jonathan Sceats. **Page 126:** Gloves by J. Mayer. **Cover:** Feather boa from the House of Merivale.
Playmate of the Month (Pages 82-88): Clothes by Flamingo Park; rug by Flokotechnical; furniture and accessories by Design Warehouse.
On The Scene (Pages 160-161): Photographs of MG automobiles courtesy of MG Car Club, GPO Box 5165, Sydney 2001.

NEXT MONTH

BODACIOUS BO

BIRDSVILLE CUP


60 MINUTES

KEN WARBY

BATHING WITH BO — SO MANY MEN HAVE A YEN FOR THE TEN, WE'RE GIVING YOU A SECOND LOOK AT THE LUSCIOUS **BO DEREK.** PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUSBAND **JOHN DEREK** IN A JAPANESE BATHHOUSE NEAR TOKYO, BO AND A LOCAL LADY PERSONIFY THE BEST OF EAST AND WEST

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALAN BOND — WHEELER-DEALER OR PILLAR OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSINESS COMMUNITY? ON THE EVE OF THE AMERICA'S CUP, BOND FIELDS QUESTIONS WITH THE APLOMB AND POISE ONE HAS COME TO EXPECT FROM THE MAN WHO AT 21 WAS A SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE

BACCHANALIA, BIRDSVILLE STYLE — EVERY SEPTEMBER, THE RITES OF SPRING ARE CELEBRATED ON A DIRT TRACK 500 KILOMETRES FROM NOWHERE. **JOHN ALDGATE** OFFERS US HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE BIRDSVILLE CUP WHERE THE RACING RUNS A POOR SECOND TO THE PUNTERS' PERFORMANCE

WHAT MAKES 60 MINUTES TICK — PAUL MANN PROFILES THE PEOPLE — HYPED ON PROFESSIONALISM, ALCOHOL AND ADRENALIN — WHO PRODUCE THE HIGHEST-RATING CURRENT AFFAIRS TV SHOW IN AUSTRALIA

KEN WARBY — THROUGH THE PEN OF **RUSSELL DEILEY,** THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN ON WATER TAKES YOU ALONG FOR A 500KM/H RUN ACROSS VICTORIA'S BLOWERING DAM

SILVERFINGER — WHEN TEXAN BILLIONAIRE **NELSON BUNKER HUNT** TRIED TO CORNER THE WORLD'S SILVER SUPPLY AS AN INSURANCE AGAINST HIS OWN VISION OF THE APOCALYPSE, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH A JAMES BOND THRILLER WAS COMING TO LIFE. **HARRY HURT** DRAWS A REVEALING PICTURE OF THE MAN AND HIS POWER PLAY.

THE BILLBOARD — JOHN DIMPLE NEEDS JUST ONE MORE HOARDING TO EFFECT A MAMMOTH ADVERTISING COUP ... BUT THE PRICE HE HAS TO PAY BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN EVERYONE. A TANTALISING TALE FROM **ROBERT ENGLISH**

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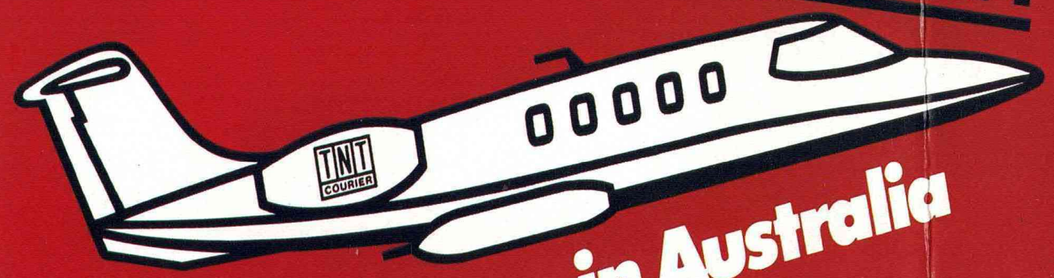

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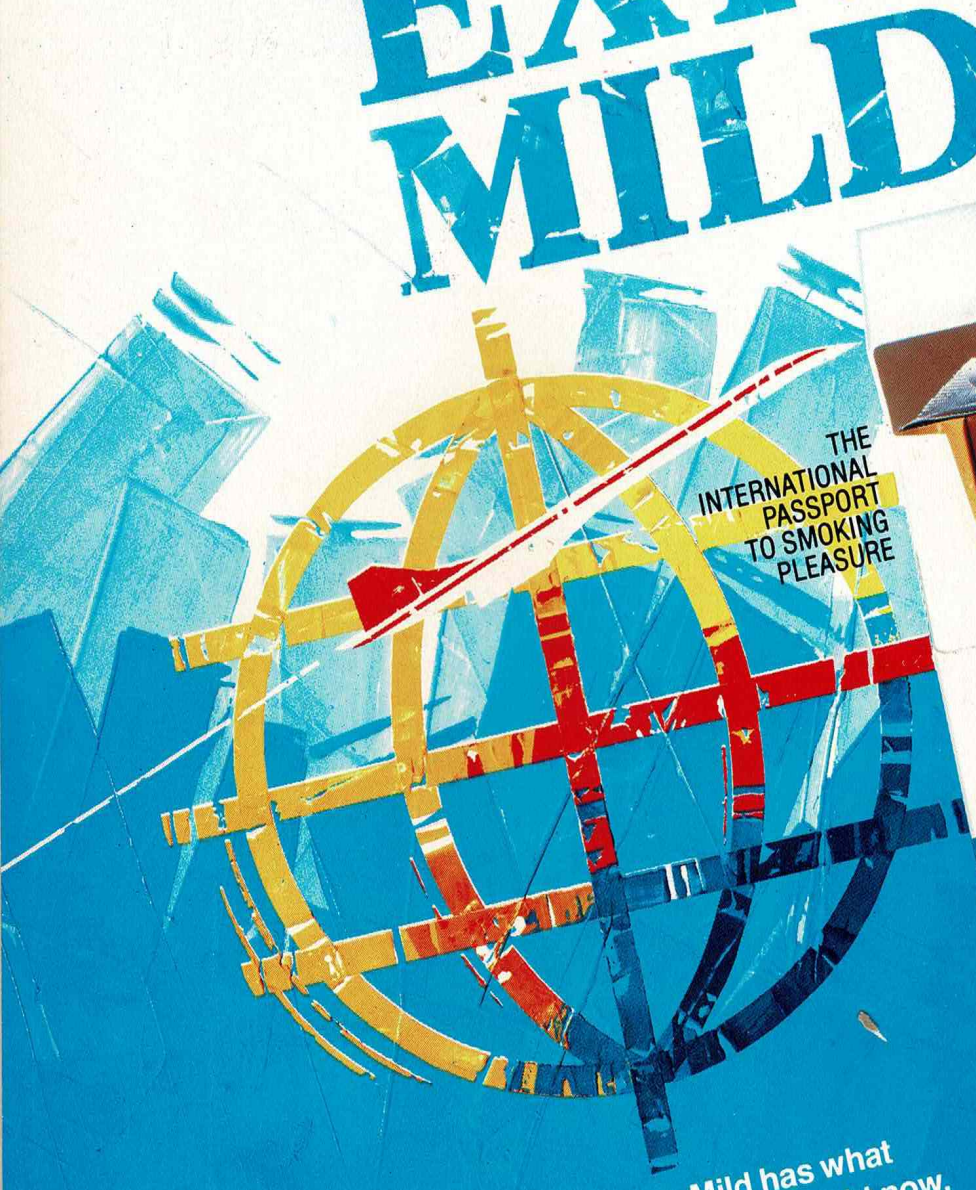

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